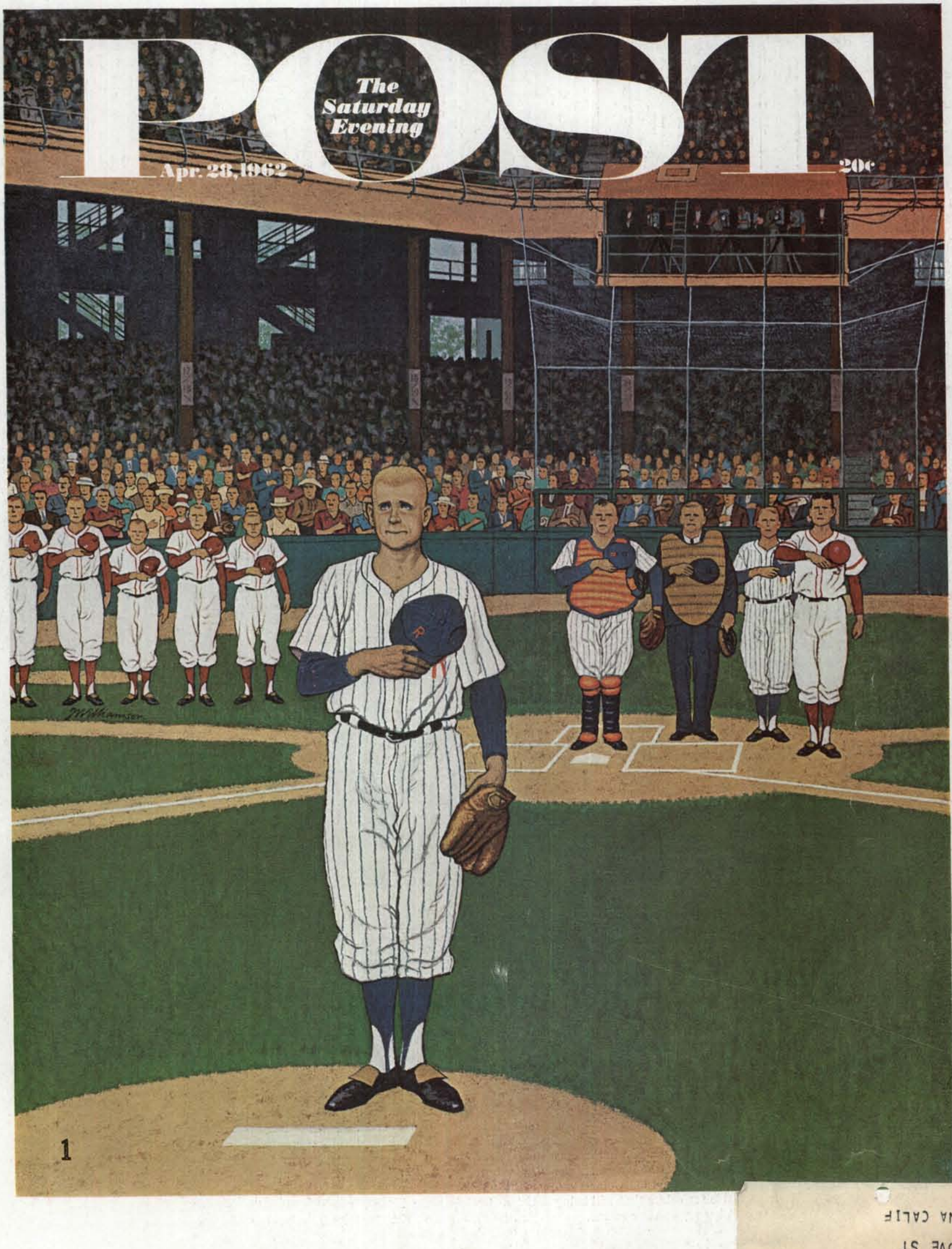
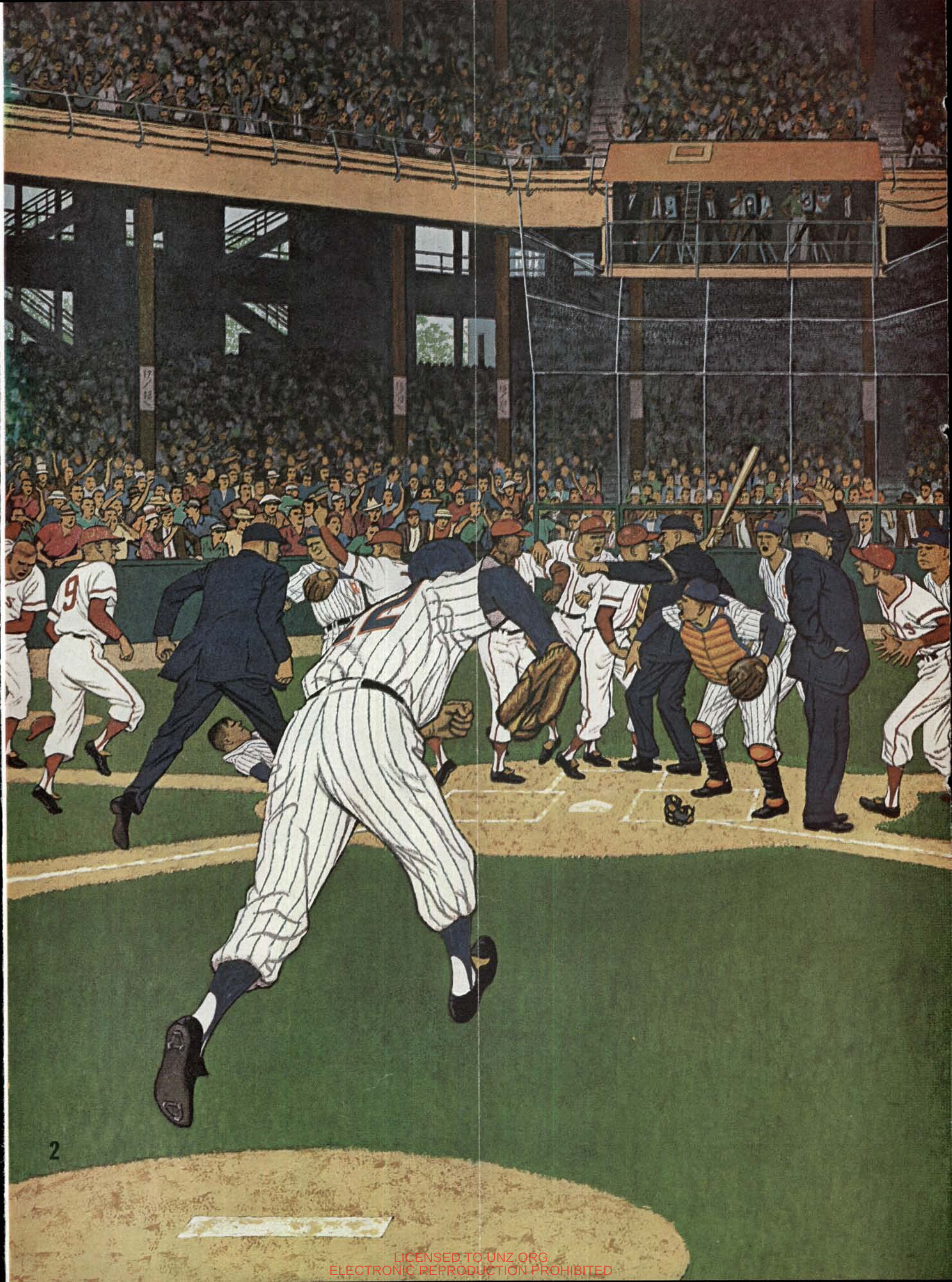
The Rev. Dr. Hargis
Merchant of the Far Right

Mighty Dick Stuart
Pittsburgh's Cocky Slugger



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RNING WARE

16 x 10-inch Broil and Serve ter. You can broil and serve in the lovely platter, made of space- Pyroceram. Lightweight, due to sive new manufacturing proc- Washes clean in seconds. Blue flower decoration matches other NING WARE. $6.95. Gleaming me-finish serving cradle with ut handles also available. $2.95.

REX WARE

Divided 1½-qt. serving dish. contemporary black-on-white l design blends with any color or of table appointments. Gleam- rass serving cradle further en- es its beauty and utility. A $3.95 — limited time, only $2.95.

Super Kem-Tone

11 — No wonder Super® Kem-Tone is America's biggest-selling wall paint! Look what you get: New easy painting — all the skill you need is in the paint. New economy — today's Super Kem-Tone goes farther, gives better one-coat coverage. New durability and washability. New 1962 colors. Money-back guarantee — complete satisfaction or the purchase price of the paint refunded.

12 — KEM-GLO® in new matching colors is the world's leading enamel for woodwork, kitchens, bathrooms . . . Kem-Glo looks and washes like baked enamel! See 1962 Color Harmony Guide for colors that will bring the most beauty to your rooms.

Sunbeam

13 — Buffet Style Frypan lets you be a gracious hostess while entertaining informally at table or buffet. Precision made, takes the "guess" out of cooking. Completely immersible, with control removed, for easy cleaning. Includes heat control (usable with other Sunbeam plug-in appliances) and metal, vented cover. Large size, Model 61B-C.

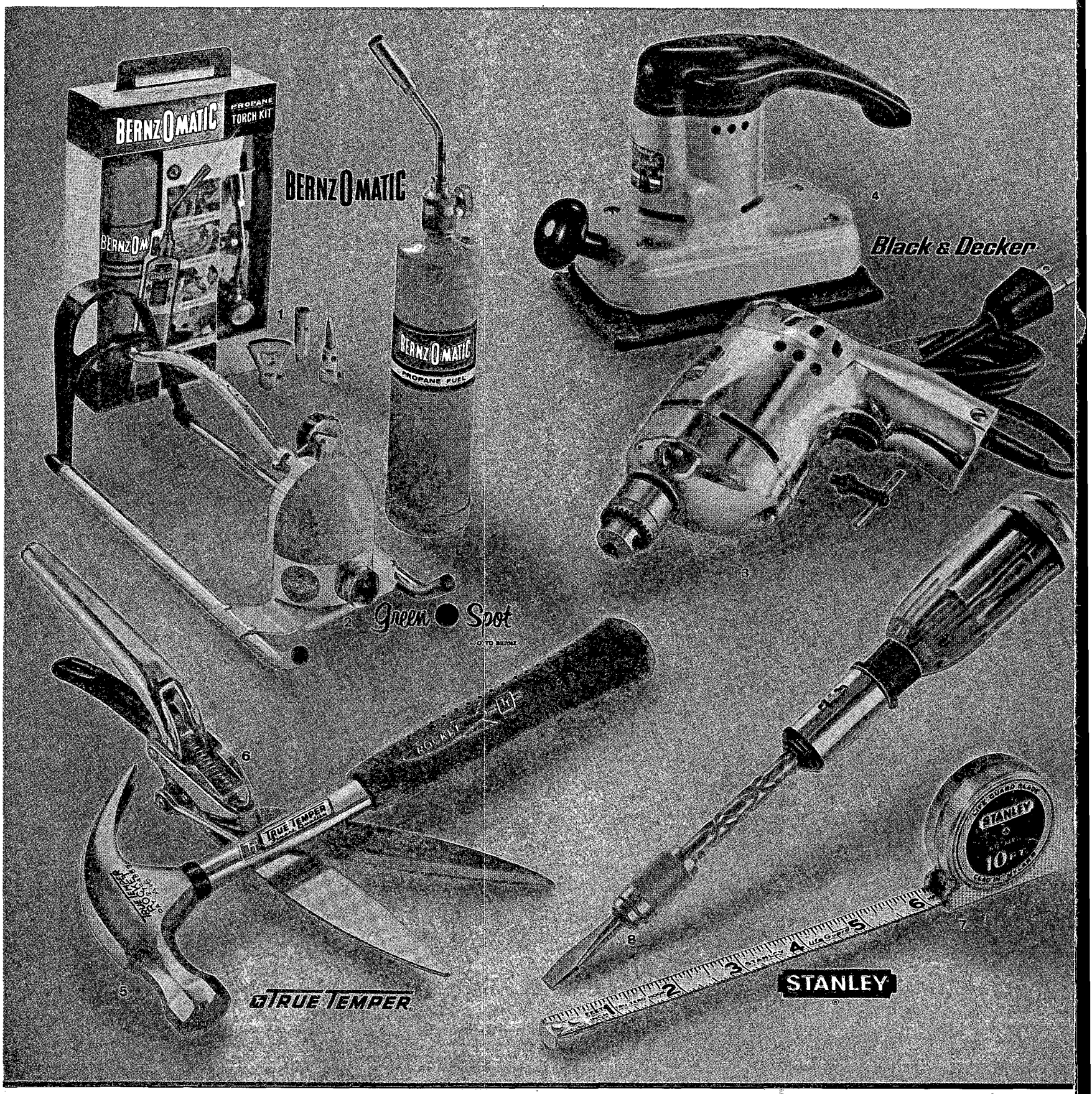
14 — Sunbeam® Steam or Dry Iron makes ironing a "breeze", as the iron glides on a cushion of rolling steam. Saves you time because you take fewer strokes. Iron maintains right temperature under all conditions. Stainless-steel tank assures you trouble-free service. Model S4D.

COSCO

15 — Get this double-purpose Cosco Step Stool, during this special spring event, at a new low price. It's the compact step stool with the smart hourglass shape. Turn the upholstered seat down, and you have an attractive extra kitchen chair. Seat lifts up to let you step up safely on roomy, rubber-treaded steps.

Strong, sturdy — yet lightweight. Easy to carry about . . . wherever you need step-up or sit-down convenience. The all-steel frame comes in chrome or tan finish. The washable, stain-resistant upholstery is available in a wide selection of colors. Choose yours right now during Hardware Week . . . at only $12.95. (Slightly higher in the Far West.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BERNZOMATIC

1 — Propane Torch Kit is one of the handiest home tools you can have. Use it for soldering, sweating copper tubing, removing paint, repairing gutters, lighting charcoal fires. No filling, no pumping, no priming. UL approved. Contains pencil-flame torch, utility head, flame spreader, soldering tip. Regularly $8.88. Hardware Week Special: only $7.88.

Green Spot

2 — Soaks lawns right down to the grass roots. Distributes water evenly. All-new wave action does it. Exclusive Select-O-Spray gives you a choice of six watering patterns, from small rectangles to 40′ x 40′. Only $6.98. Other models from $5.98 to $12.98.

Black & Decker

3 — Save $7.00 on this ¼" deluxe drill. It will make you a "pro" at drilling steel, masonry, wood and plastic. Industrially listed by Underwriters' Laboratories. Ball-thrust bearings and sturdy helical gears. A perfect "power plant" for driving B & D attachments and accessories. Model U-3 regularly $26.95. Hardware Week sale price, $19.95. (Includes geared, key-operated chuck.)

4 — Lightweight, compact U-440 Utility Finishing Sander gives you a satin-smooth, professional finish. Orbital action — no swirl marks. Converts easily to dustless sanding with a B & D dust-collecting attachment. Only $29.95.

TRUE TEMPER

5 — Rocket Hammer is the favorite of professional carpenters. It will be yours, too, when you feel the precision balance and live power. Has shock-absorbing, tubular-steel handle. Nonslip cushion grip. Head can't loosen. No. A16, regularly $5.49, now only $4.29.

6 — A slight squeeze on the comfortable handles of this True Temper Grass Shear gives you a crisp, powerful slice clear to the tips. The exclusive "floating" blade does it. And it's cutlery steel. No. 22, regularly $3.25, now only $2.49.

Other True Temper Hardware Week Values:

SL22	Heavy-Duty Lawn Rake	~~$3.99~~	$2.99
RE2	Two-Wheel Rotary Edger	~~6.49~~	4.99
AT85	Rocket Hedge Shears	~~6.95~~	4.99

STANLEY

7 — Life-Guard Yellow Tape Rules are visibly better, wear longer. Special finish resists most alkalies, acids, solvents. And U. S. Testing Co. reports Life-Guard Yellow Rules outlast other brands 3 to 10 times. Black numbers on yellow blade easier to read. MY10, 10-ft., ½" blade (illustrated) $1.69 (regular price $1.98). MY312, 12-ft., ¾" blade, $2.59 (regular price $2.98).

8 — Famous "Yankee-Handyman" Spiral Ratchet Screw Driver No. 233H drives and draws screws, drills small holes. Has quick-return action. Two screw-driver bits and 3 drill points in handle. Hardware Week Value: $4.49 (regular price $4.98).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAPPY HOME VALUES

BRANDS: HOUSEWARES, TOOLS, PAINTS, LAWN & GARDEN

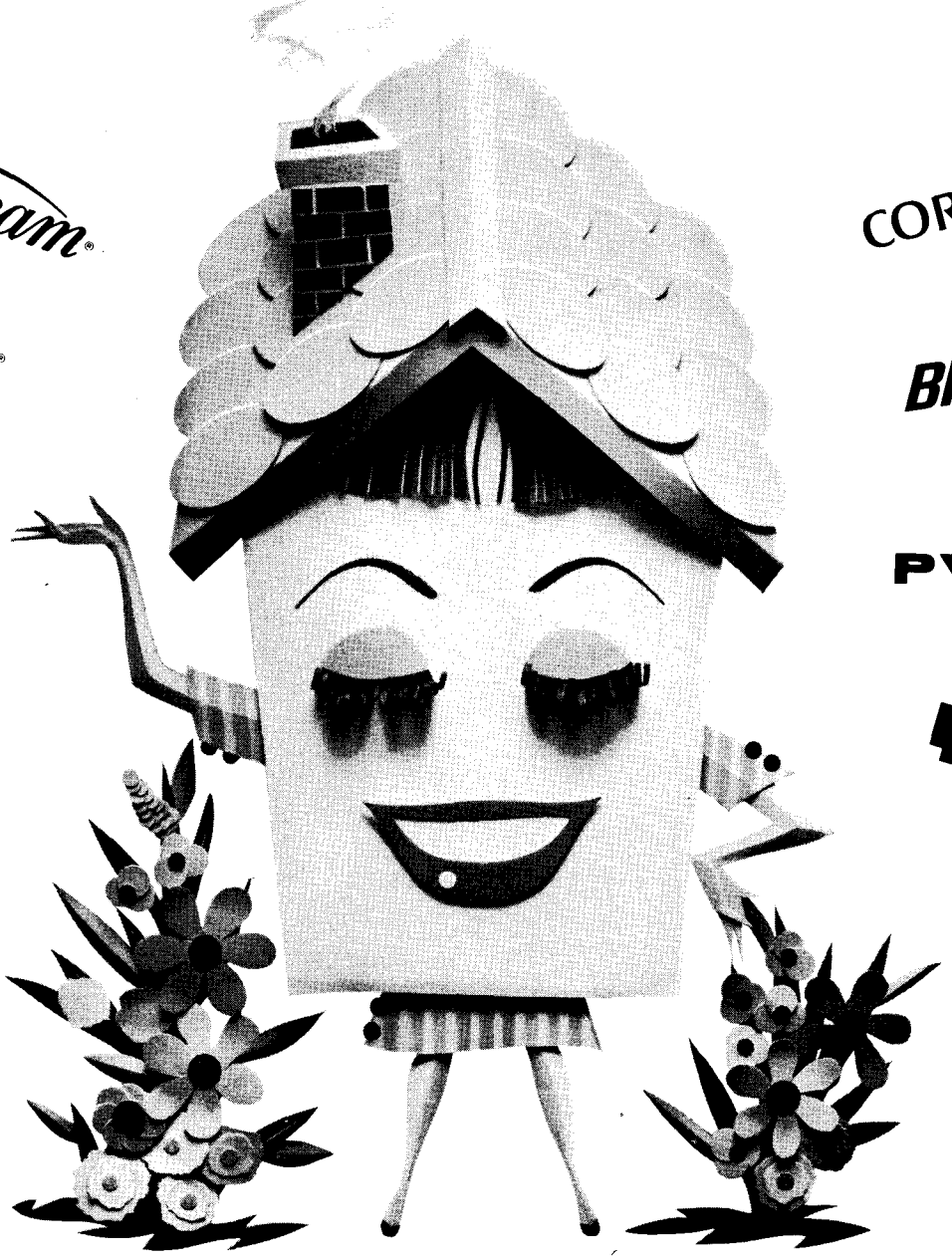
Sunbeam®

Green Spot® by OTTO BERNZ

COSCO®

Super® Kem-Tone

TRUE TEMPER®



CORNING® WARE

Black & Decker®

PYREX® WARE

STANLEY®

BERNZOMATIC®

WIN ONE OF 3 RAMBLER AMERICAN CONVERTIBLES AT YOUR NEARBY HARDWARE STORE

Three Sunfull, Funfull, Wonderfull Rambler American 400 Convertibles, equipped with the exclusive E-Stick Automatic Clutch Transmission. Spirited performers with world-renowned economy and comfort.

OVER 1400 OTHER PRIZES

Easy to win!
Nothing to buy!
Nothing to write!*

Hardware Week is sponsored by National Retail Hardware Association and its 35 affiliated hardware associations through more than 22,000 member stores in 10,278 communities.

ENTRY FORM

Take this entry blank to your Hardware Store...or sign a blank when you're there.

It's Independent HOME OWNED HARDWARE STORE MEMBER

Name_____

Address_____

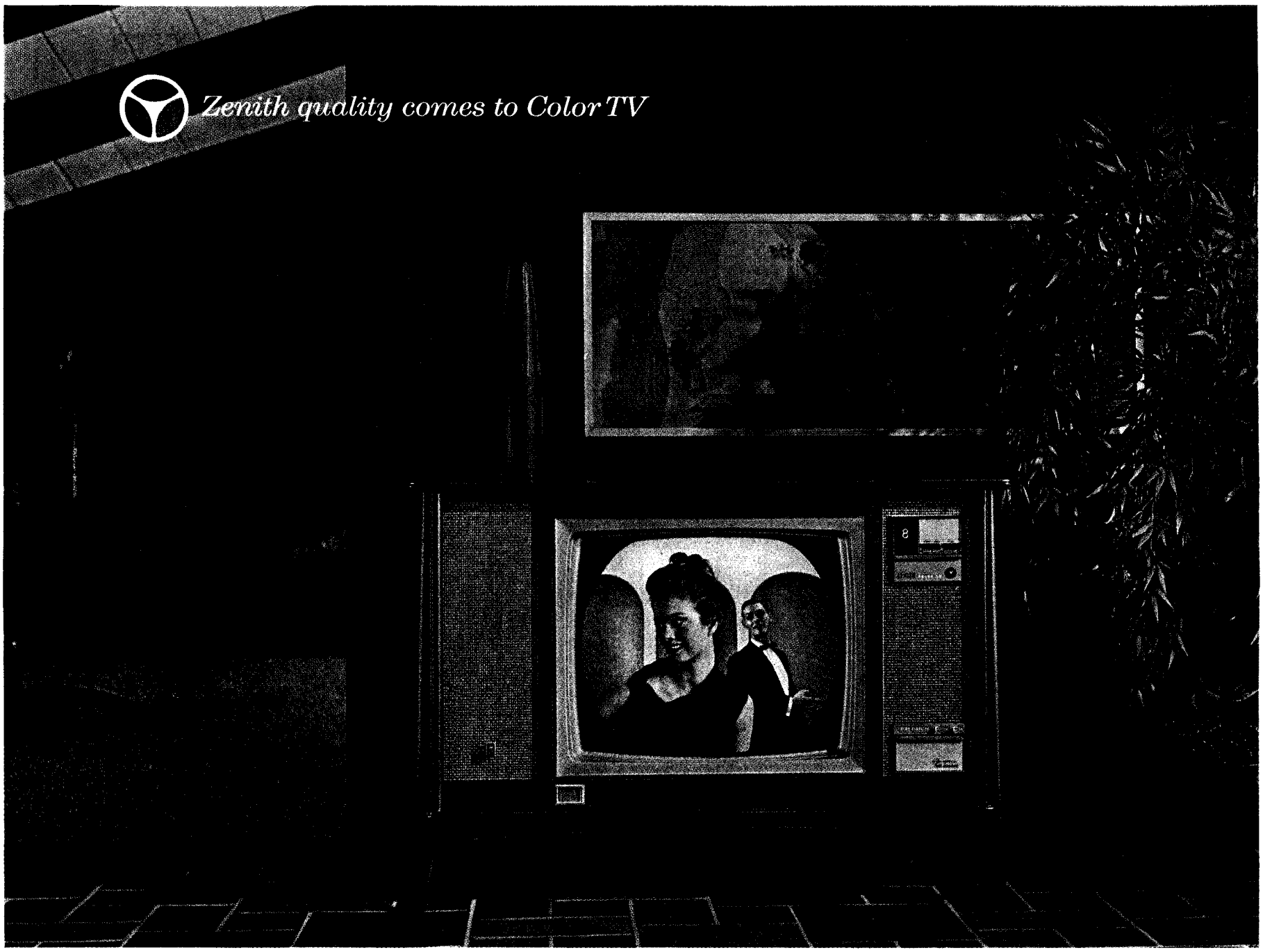
City_____ State_____

Dealer's Name_____

**1962 Hardware Week Contest subject to federal, state and local laws. Not open to contestants where participation is prohibited*

Continued on page 50
more Hardware Week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now Zenith brings the greater dependability of the Handcrafted Chassis to Color TV!

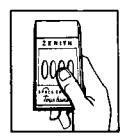
Every Zenith Color TV is exclusively designed, developed and manufactured by Zenith.

No printed circuits! You won't find a printed circuit anywhere in the Zenith Chassis! There are no production shortcuts—every connection is *hand* wired and *hand* soldered. *This* is Zenith's famous Handcrafted Quality that means greater dependability and fewer service headaches.

New true-to-life colors—with Zenith's exclusive Color Demodulator! This "electronic color brain" develops peak performance in the color picture with two exclusive new Zenith color-hue-tubes.

Exclusive Gold Video Guard Tuner gives you a sharper, purer color picture. 104 16-carat gold-filled contact points that won't oxidize or wear out assure you a sharper, purer picture for the lifetime of your Zenith television set.

Tune Color TV from your easy chair with Zenith Space Command® Remote Control Tuning! No cords! No wires, no batteries—yet this tiny unit in your hand lets you turn picture and sound completely on or off, change channels, adjust volume, mute sound from your easy chair.



From its Handcrafted Chassis to its authentic fine furniture cabinetry—Zenith's greater personal care means greater *dependability* and finer *performance.*

Pictured here, the Bellevue, Model 6040 with Zenith Space Command remote control tuning. Distinctive Danish Modern Styling in genuine Walnut veneers and solids. Zenith Color TV comes in your choice of 10 magnificent models.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO. The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 43 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.
Specifications subject to change without notice.

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In this issue

VOLUME 235, NO. 17

Articles

Doomsday Merchant on the Far, Far Right, *by Harold H. Martin* . . . 19
Czar of the Bunny Empire, *by Bill Davidson* . . . 34
The Menningers of Kansas, *by Steven M. Spencer (Conclusion)* . . . 48
Me and My Mixed-up Trees, *by Frank J. Taylor* . . . 56
Irrepressible Egotist, *by Myron Cope* . . . 65
Hot Weapon in the Cold War, *by Joseph Kraft* . . . 87

Fiction

Revenge by Fire, *by Jack Schaefer* . . . 26
Talisman, *by G. H. Calpin* . . . 32
The Conscientious Objector, *by William Chamberlain* . . . 40
Shepherd to the Flock, *by Jack Daniels* . . . 80

Departments

Letters . . . 4
Speaking Out: *What Happened to Common Sense? by Calvin D. Linton* . . . 10
People on the Way Up . . . 28
Post Scripts . . . 70
Hazel . . . 85
Editorial . . . 92

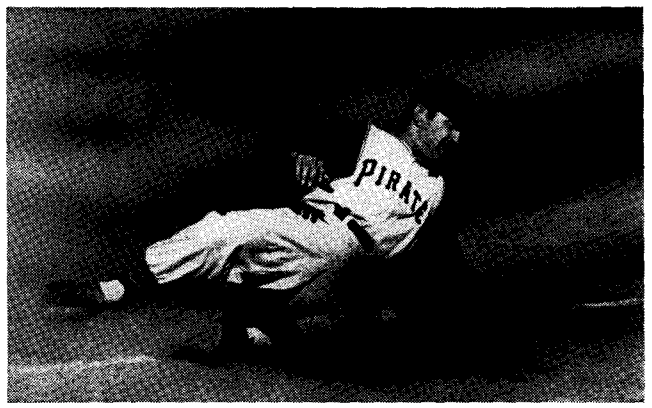
The Rev. Dr. Billy James Hargis (his doctoral degrees are purely honorary and he has lost his accreditation as a minister of the Disciples of Christ) preaches that the brotherhood of man is a false idea. See page 19.

Hefner at home with his office receptionist and frequent companion, Cynthia Maddox.

The Playboy of the Western World: That is how Hugh Hefner, publisher of *Playboy* magazine, likes to think of himself. At the faintest scent of publicity value he will throw a lavish party, as he did recently while author **Bill Davidson** was in Chicago putting together the profile of Hefner in this issue. Hefner may be the only man on earth whose pad—worth $400,000—is equipped with a special, built-in lighting system for the benefit of photographers. The on-stage Hefner plays the sophisticated Upbeatnik philosopher, but there's an off-stage Hefner too. See CZAR OF THE BUNNY EMPIRE, page 34.

King James I of Scotland. His descendant James VI became James I of England.

Murdered by plotters who might not have succeeded but for the loss of some tennis balls: Such was the fate of King James I of Scotland 525 years ago. In the night of February 20, 1437, noblemen seeking to overthrow their ruler managed to remove the bolts of the doors to the king's apartments in the abbey where he was staying. As his enemies attacked, the king dropped into a vault that gave onto the courtyard—forgetting that only days before he had ordered the opening bricked up because he had been losing tennis balls through it. Thus cornered, he fought bravely but was killed. (The plotters were tortured and executed, and the king was succeeded by his son, James II.) A legend tells how a lady-in-waiting tried to hold the boltless doors by thrusting her arm into the empty staples, only to have the arm smashed when the intruders broke in. Author **G. H. Calpin**—who now lives in South Africa—heard this story as a boy in the north of England. It caught his imagination and has remained with him. "Out of the memory," he says, "I conceived the story TALISMAN [page 32], changing the locale and taking all manner of liberties with dates and characters."



Pirate out of bounds: Trying to snag a Dodger hit, Stuart slides over first-base line.

The "Irrepressible Egotist" (page 65) is Pittsburgh's slugger Dick Stuart, who finished the 1961 season tied for fourth place in home runs among National Leaguers. "His spoken tributes to himself used to infuriate Pirate players, but they have learned to laugh at them."

The Cover. What more proudly do we hail than the fine, character-building, 100 percent American game of baseball? Certainly these upstanding young men inspire confidence that fair play is their only concern. Unfortunately, nobody in the second scene of James Williamson's fold-over cover seems to agree on what fair play is. Yet the fine, character-building, 100 percent American game of baseball is hardly subverted by an occasional rhubarb. Each team is trying only to live up to Francis Scott Key's admonition, "Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just."

Changing Your Address?

DON'T FORGET YOUR POST

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

© 1962 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company,** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home

Robert Sherrod, Editor
Clay Blair Jr., Managing Editor
Kenneth Stuart, Art Editor

Assistant Managing Editors:
John Bird
Davis Thomas

Martin Sommers, Foreign Editor
Beverly Smith Jr., Washington Editor
Douglas Borgstedt, Photography Editor

Senior Editors:
Ben Hibbs
Richard Thruelsen
Stuart Rose
Pete Martin
Robert Murphy
Wesley Price
Robert L. Johnson Jr.

Contributing Editors:
Stewart Alsop, National Affairs
Arthur W. Baum, Business
Demaree Bess, Foreign Affairs
Ernest O. Hauser, Foreign Affairs
Harry T. Paxton, Sports
Steven M. Spencer, Science
Harold H. Martin, Special Assignments
John Kobler, Special Assignments
Peter Wyden, Special Assignments
Don A. Schanche, Special Assignments
Bill Davidson, Special Assignments
Peter Maas, Special Assignments

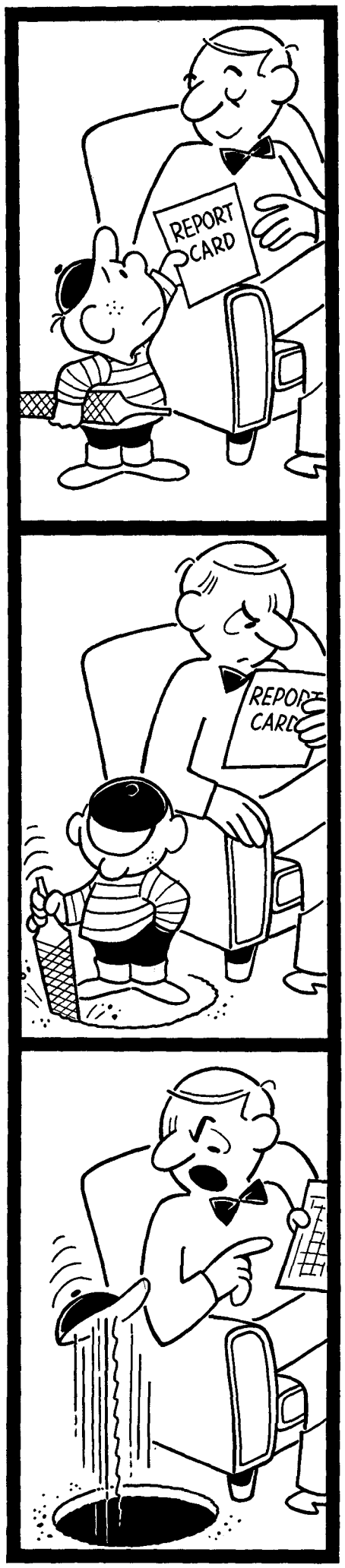
Day Edgar, Assistant to the Editor
Frank Kilker, Associate Art Editor

Associate Editors:
Peggy Dowst Redman
Arnold Nicholson
Ashley Halsey Jr.
Merrill Pollack
Richard L. Lehman
Bill Breisky
Morton D. Hull
Robert N. Taylor
Irv Goodman
Thomas B. Congdon Jr.
Robert Cahn
Art Seidenbaum
Katharine Britton Mishler
Benton R. Patterson
John R. Wells
Zen Yonkovig
Jack Haring
David A. Lyle

Assistant Editors:
William J. Bailey
Gwen Lysaught
Vivian Croake Ward
Mary Duncan Wright
Dick Pryce
Homer Grosvenor
Harold P. Hostetler
Nathan A. Haverstock
Elizabeth L. Green
Don Oberdorfer

Editorial Assistants:
Gladys Ann Müller
Jane Denis Smith
Sally A. Reukauf
Roger Vaughan
Andrée L. Abecassis
Stephen Berg
John Horan
Kent Owen
Nancy Mahoney

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE"

NICHOLSON

Files, Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades, Hole Saws, Rotary Burs, Industrial Hammers, Ground Flat Stock

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 1, RHODE ISLAND

LETTERS

Susskind: Pro and Con

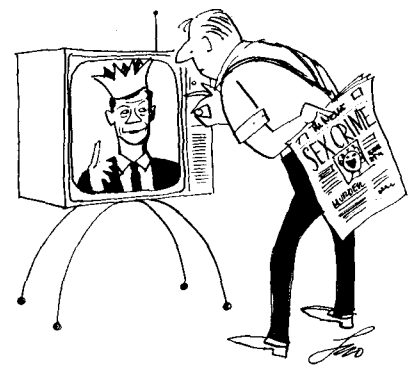
Dear Sirs:

I am constantly concerned by those same thoughts so effectively presented by David Susskind [SPEAKING OUT: THE MENTAL MIDGETS TAKE OVER, Mar. 24]. The sensationalism of our press is unnecessarily frightening, the moral standards of our people seem to be deteriorating to the point of no return, and hardly any of us live up to the potential of our capabilities.

BARBARA KEITH
Hayward, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I have to smile at Mr. Susskind's badgering of the "mental midget" class. His . . . striving for sensationalism and



shock would lead me to offer him a gray-flannel crown to lead this sex-satiated mass.

WALTER E. BROWN
Fitchville, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I say "Amen" to David Susskind's despair over sex, violence and poor journalism in many of our newspapers. But, for a Harvard graduate and an informed person, as he seems to be, he made a grievous error in omitting the name of *The Christian Science Monitor* as one of the leading exponents of good reporting, especially in the field of foreign affairs.

MRS. L. ROTHSCHILD
Riverdale, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

For an article that plugs for greatness, it is curiously full of cliché and platitude. . . . In the field of politics Mr. Susskind obviously attributes intelligence only to those who back Mr. Kennedy 100 percent.

E. NELSON BRIDWELL
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Because Mr. Susskind is a movie and TV producer, etc., I am thrilled to rediscover there *are* people in his trade who *do* believe in "telling" the people of America about interesting things in this world other than sex, chintzy gossip columns, horoscopes and advice to the lovelorn.

VIRGINIA CUSTER
Pitman, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Susskind's remarks about the American motion-picture industry are too exaggerated to merit serious consideration. He implies that mediocrity in American films is more pronounced than in any other communication medium. . . . The ratio of good films in relation to Hollywood's total output is, and has been, remarkably high. It *has* to be to compete with the ubiquitous presence of television. Obviously no one is going out and pay for the same mediocrity they can get at home. . . . Perhaps Mr. Susskind, before accusing the motion-picture industry of being run entirely by mental midgets, should take a look in the mirror.

JERRY WALD
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

David Susskind's article has been the best to date in the fine SPEAKING OUT series. As a college student, I am in direct contact with the up-and-coming Mental Midgets of my generation, the worshipers of the almighty buck, as well as with the rash of trash that is passed off as literature on the book counters—including those of the campus bookstores—in a deluge of paperbound attempts at a portrayal of anything that will justify a racy, colorful cover.

RONALD G. RESS, '65
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have read the shocking confession of Mr. Susskind that after twenty-five years of control by liberals we are producing nothing but mental midgets and mediocrity. I am equally amazed by his alibi of McCarthyism. To ascribe this so-called general decadence to the brief and rather futile career of Joe McCarthy is ridiculous. It illustrates the intellectual dishonesty which characterizes so many modern liberals. They are unwilling to accept responsibility for the consequences of their false philosophy and practices.

MARTIN DIES
Lufkin, Tex.

■ *Reader Dies, who served as a Congressman from Texas for twenty years, was the originator and first chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.—ED.*

Sugar Ray Cheered, Booed

Dear Sirs:

Jimmy Breslin's article on Sugar Ray Robinson [THE LAST DAYS OF SUGAR RAY, Mar. 17] is interesting, but overdramatic, and not necessarily true. I saw the Moyer-Robinson fight on TV, and thought Robinson won—by a narrow margin of a round or two, like 6–4 or 5–4–1.

If anyone will review the movies and count the blows, he will find that Robinson landed more than Moyer, and harder blows—and blows are points. Often when Moyer appeared to land, he came just short of a retreating Robinson. And Moyer's habit of pressing forward, and wrestling, gave a superficial impression of victory.

PHILIP MARSH
Hawkins, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

A fool and his money soon part. Seems Sugar Ray hadn't heard. Ho hum.

JOSEPH F. PROVOST
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I think Mr. Breslin should write a book on the greatness of this man as a boxer, sportsman, champion and American. Sugar Ray and his fans deserve something better than just an article on his "last days" as a boxer.

JAMES CLAYTON
Spokane, Wash.

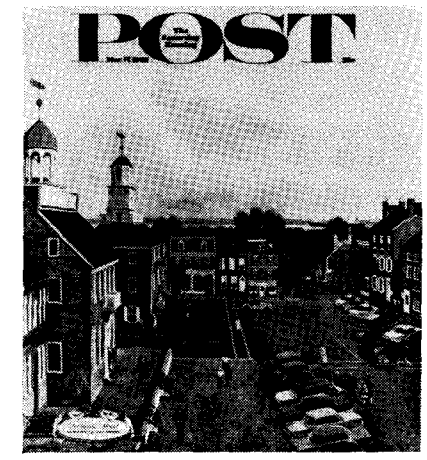
Dear Sirs:

Re your article on Sugar Ray: "Boo hoo!"

MARJORY R. CANNON
Concord, Mass.

A Scenic, Friendly Town

I was delighted to see your Mar. 17 cover painting [by John Falter, below] of New Castle, Del. Last summer a schoolmate and I made a bicycle trip from Rhode Island to Georgia. After



riding all day in hard rain, we arrived in New Castle about dark. We explained our situation and limited means to the police chief, who gave us a warm, dry sleeping place on the floor of the mayor's office. Not only is New Castle a scenic town, but also a friendly, hospitable one. We shall not forget it.

BILL CAMPBELL
Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Your cover was a delight to the people of New Castle; and we are sure it was a pleasant reminiscence for the many people across the nation who have visited our quaint town. A visit to New Castle is always a charming experience, but one day a year, on the third Saturday in May, there is "A Day In Old New Castle." Townspeople don colonial costumes to welcome visitors to many of the most interesting homes and buildings. . . . We hope your readers will visit us on May 19.

RICHARD H. STEWART,
Publicity Chairman
A Day in Old New Castle Committee
New Castle, Del.

Gals on the New Frontier

Dear Sirs:

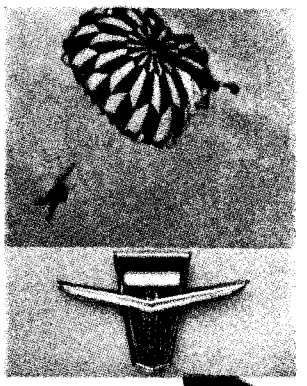
God have pity on us if incidents [described] in THE NEW FRONTIER WOMEN [by Flora Lewis, Mar. 17] are indicative of the intelligence of the New Frontier staff members and their wives.

SUSAN N. TOWNES
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

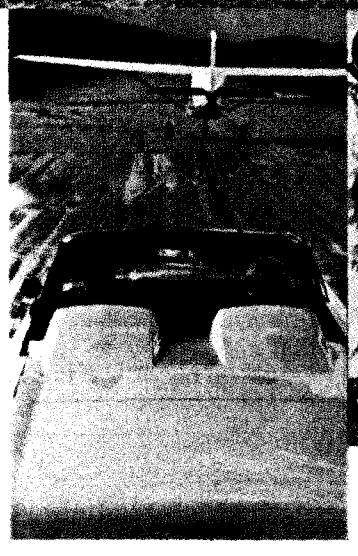
After I read Flora Lewis's article, I determined to send a letter congratulating you on the positive approach *The Post* has taken toward the position of women in the modern world. . . . I am a senior at Emmanuel College in Boston and am keenly aware of the obstacles which society places in the path of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

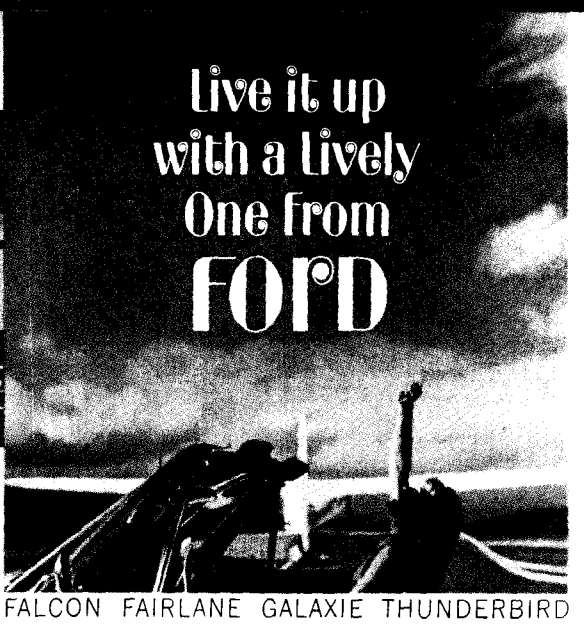


the altimeter is an optional extra!

THUNDERBIRD SPORTS ROADSTER. This is the only missile you can inspect without security clearance. With new slipstream headrests and wire wheels, a Sports Roadster looks airborne even when parked. (However, we're forced to admit it really doesn't have an altimeter.) The new assist bar and unique Swing-Away Steering Wheel are practical touches. Versatility's another trait. It's a 2-seater with the tonneau cover on . . . a 4-seater with it off. Ready to solo? Your Ford Dealer has a Sports Roadster—and 3 other lively Thunderbird models—warmed up, and ready for your countdown.



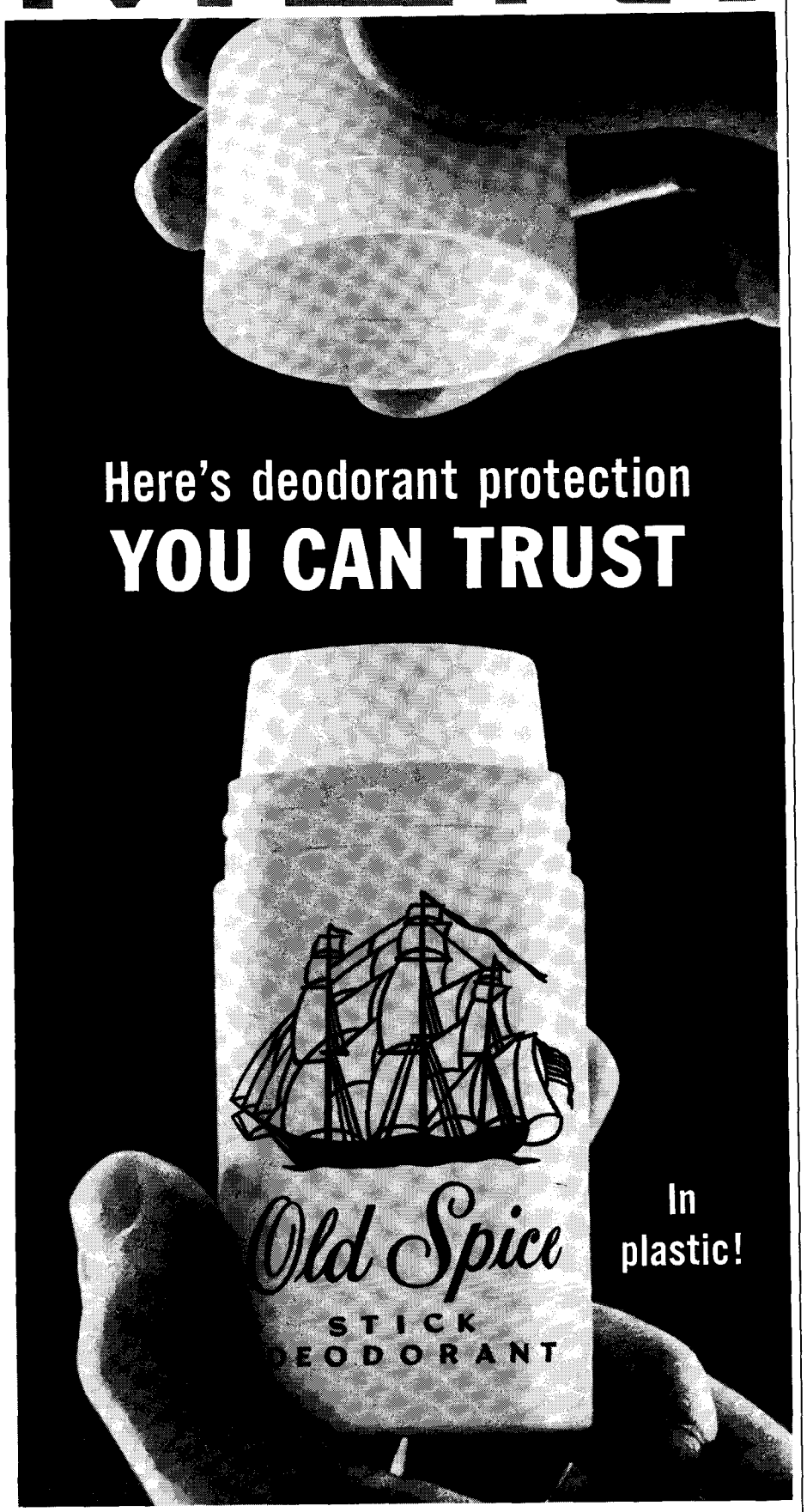
A PRODUCT OF
Ford
MOTOR COMPANY



FALCON FAIRLANE GALAXIE THUNDERBIRD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEN!



Fastest, neatest way to all-day protection. Old Spice Stick Deodorant glides on smoothly, speedily; is never sticky and dries in record time. The active deodorant for active men... absolutely dependable. 1.00 plus tax

Also available in Canada

SHULTON

LETTERS

women who have much to contribute to the community, the nation and the world.

PATRICIA L. CURRAN
West Roxbury, Mass.

Competing With Europe

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial, OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR COMPETITORS TOO, [Mar. 10] is one of the greatest things I have read in a long time. I wish that all our officials in Washington would read and consider it closely. Maybe if it had public opinion back of it, something could be done to stop sorry workmanship and materials, and the unreasonable demands of labor unions in increased pay and shorter hours.

JOSEPH G. HEYCK
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! It is refreshing to note that there are Americans who do not view Europe as just an "outlet" for American aid.

FRED KWANT
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Since we have operations in Europe, we are aware of the change in the economic structure of the Continent. I can fully confirm everything in your editorial as being most realistic.

JOHN W. BOWMAN, *President*
Berkshire Knitting Mills
Reading, Pa.

Saving Wasted Kids

Dear Sirs:

I was very much disturbed over your series of articles, WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR [by Mary Conway Kohler and André Fontaine, Mar. 10–24]. Our high schools are already more concerned about turning out star athletes than they are scholars. Are we to add mechanics, cooks, plumbers and beauticians to that? Trades can all be learned later, but never again will most of them have an opportunity to learn the academic subjects which teach them to use their minds to *think*.

MRS. ALLEN CHURCHILL
Calais, Maine

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your series. . . . Here in Nebraska we have established a State Trade School at Milford, and it is doing an outstanding job of fitting our young people for employment in the higher skilled jobs, such as electronics and television and radio. . . . It seems that other states would have even greater need of such schools. They could well study what we Cornhuskers are doing in this area.

WALTER WOLVIN, *Principal*
Primrose Public School
Primrose, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

A million kids a year ARE wasted.... I hope your fine series will interest a million people to help solve the problem. Passing of the President's Youth Employment Opportunities would be a good start.

MARJORIE WALKER
Manager, Berkeley Office
State Employment Service
Berkeley, Calif.

Coming . . . in Next Week's Post

America's Miraculous Harvest

By Orville L. Freeman, Secretary of Agriculture

While Communists battle famine, our farmers produce more than we need.

Backstage With Andy Williams

By Pete Martin

A popular singer who is headed for a top slot on TV.

Also: Articles by Two Pulitzer-Prize Winners

Why I Am Running For Congress
By James A. Michener

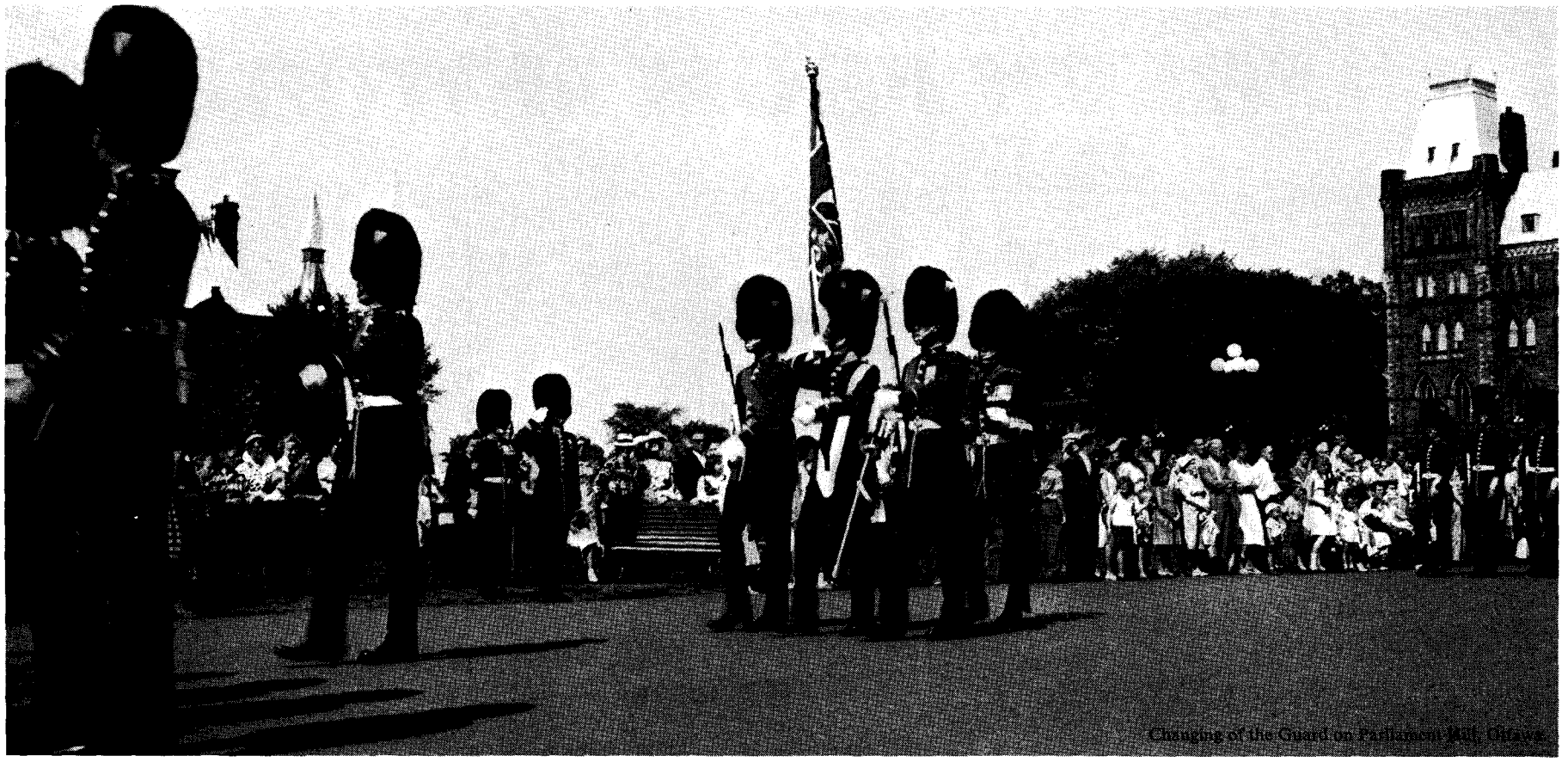
The Neutron Bomb
By William L. Laurence

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

3–John Bryson; Wide World; Bettmann Archive. • 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25–Bill Shrout. • 26, 27–Barry Geller. • 28–Bill Shrout. • 29–Carroll Seghers II. • 30, 31–Gary Gladstone. • 32–Kurt Ard. • 34, 35–John Bryson. • 36–Slim Aarons. • 37, 38–John Bryson. • 40–Tosh Matsumoto. • 48, 55–Inge Morath. • 56–Joern Gerdts. • 65, 66, 68–Larry Fried. • 81–James Bama. • 87, 88. 89, 90–Larry Fried.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Changing of the Guard on Parliament Hill, Ottawa

You can see a lot of Canada in one summer vacation by family car!

Families, once again, will head for the Canadian border this year—off to a summer of fun in America's most popular vacationland. People return again and again to Canada... the wonderful world at your doorstep.

The new Trans-Canada Highway is an open road leading to the infinite variety of Canada. The longest paved highway in the world, it spans the nation from British Columbia to Newfoundland.

Along the way are campsites and picnic areas, many of them near or in the great national and provincial parks.

Events and Festivals

Across the country are festivals celebrating myriad different things. (They are listed in the booklet "Calendar of Events"—we'll send you that.)

Some of the highlights are: The Dawson City Gold Rush Festival (July 1—August 17)—a premiere event where you'll re-live the rugged and romantic days of the Yukon Gold Rush. Hotels, emporiums and the theatre are being re-opened. You can pan for gold, eat a sour-dough breakfast "on the trail," even hunt for a white whale. All are part of the Festival schedule (see your travel agent).

The Vancouver Festival (July 16—August 20) has two theatrical companies from France, the Banayihan Dancers from the Philippines, opera, drama and music in its two splendid new theatres.

Shakespeare once again will dominate the world-famous Stratford Festival with productions of *Macbeth*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Tempest* (June through September).

Montreal (in addition to its fabulous French restaurants) will have festivals of music, film and drama (August 2—31).

The Calgary Stampede (July 9—14) is "the biggest outdoor show on earth." It's a breath-taking spectacle that includes all that you'd expect of a rodeo with unique Canadian attractions added. Throughout the west, local rodeos are a feature of the summer season.

History and Pageantry

Every Canadian province has its share of unique, colourful summer attractions. "The Changing of the Guard" takes place daily on Parliament Hill in Ottawa. The precision drill of the famous Fort Henry Guard at Kingston is another daily event—see this along with a visit to Upper Canada Village, a faithful *living* reproduction of early Canadian life.

In Nova Scotia you can attend the Highland Games played to the skirl of the pipes. In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia you can see the scarlet-coated Royal Canadian Mounted Police executing their famous Musical Ride—a stirring sight that thrills adults almost as much as youngsters.

See Canada's Cities

Canada's cities offer shopping, sightseeing and the fun of sophisticated night life. You can, for example, make a grand tour of Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec City in a leisurely week of motoring. You'll enjoy restaurants, hotels, motels that rank with the world's finest. Smart shops and boutiques offer attractive bargains in woollens, china and Canadian handicrafts. And only in Canada will you find a variety of the unique (and coveted) Eskimo soapstone carvings and sealskin prints.

Enjoy the Great Outdoors

Wherever you go, you're within tempting reach of some of the world's finest fishing waters. Boats and guides are readily available. Golf courses are invariably challenging and, because of their beauty, you'll enjoy walking them as much as playing them.

Everywhere the sky is blue and wide, the sun is sparkling and the climate refreshing. Young families spend much of the summer by, on, or in the water. Whether at a resort, a cottage, cabin or campsite, you'll enjoy an abundance of outdoor pleasures.

You can budget your vacation in Canada almost to the dollar. Prices for accommodation and services cover a wide range, from modest to luxurious, and a choice is always available. Advance reservations are helpful, but not essential. Canadians are used to looking after the touring family and they will make your stay a thorough pleasure.

Free Booklets

We would like to send you the "Canadian Vacation Package" which has a lot of colourful, useful and informative literature to help you in planning your Canadian vacation. Send the coupon, or visit Canada's travel bureaux in New York, Chicago or San Francisco.

... the wonderful world at your doorstep!

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send the Canadian Vacation Package to:

NAME_____

19_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

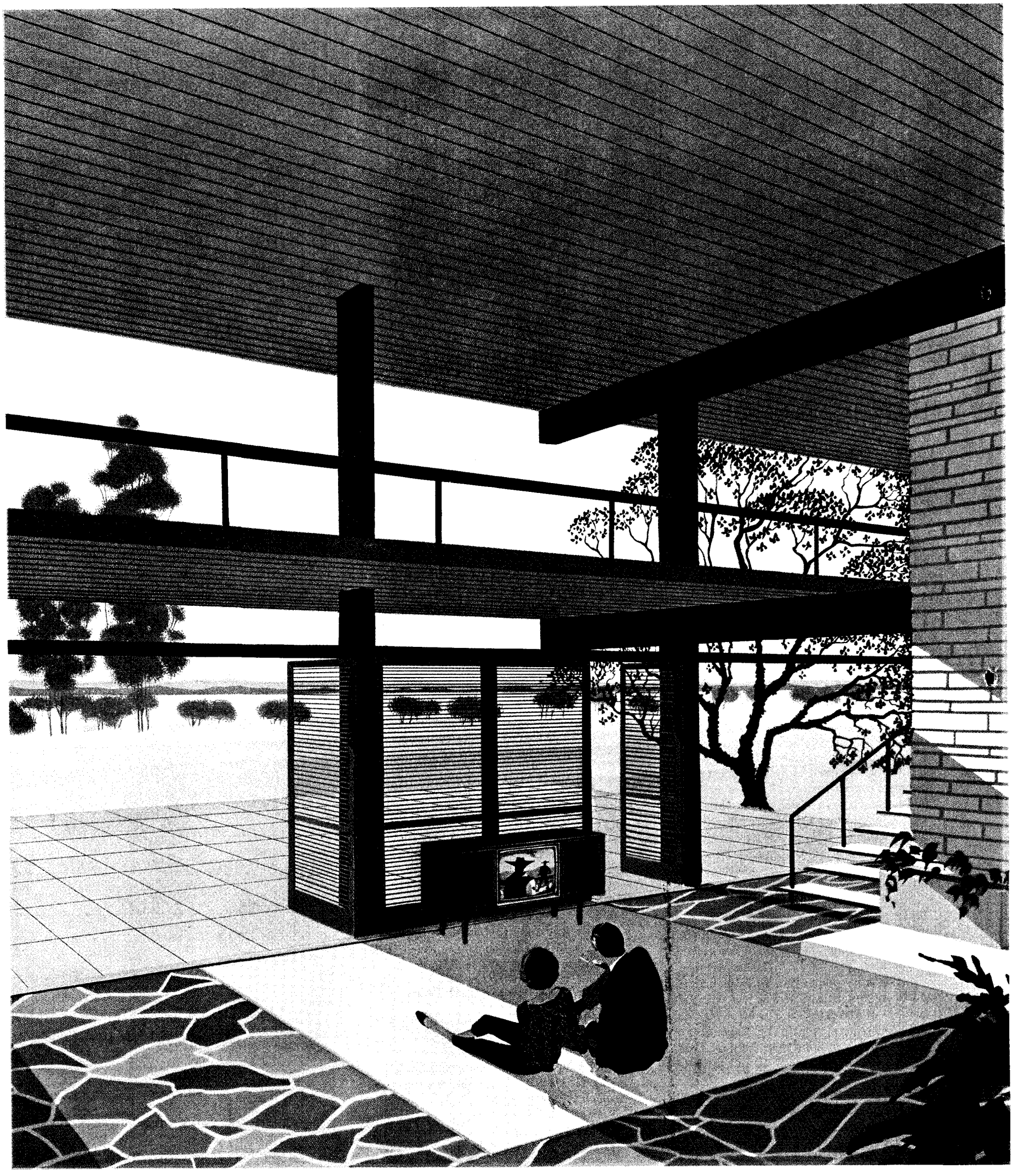
CITY/STATE_____

_____

X-1-11-03

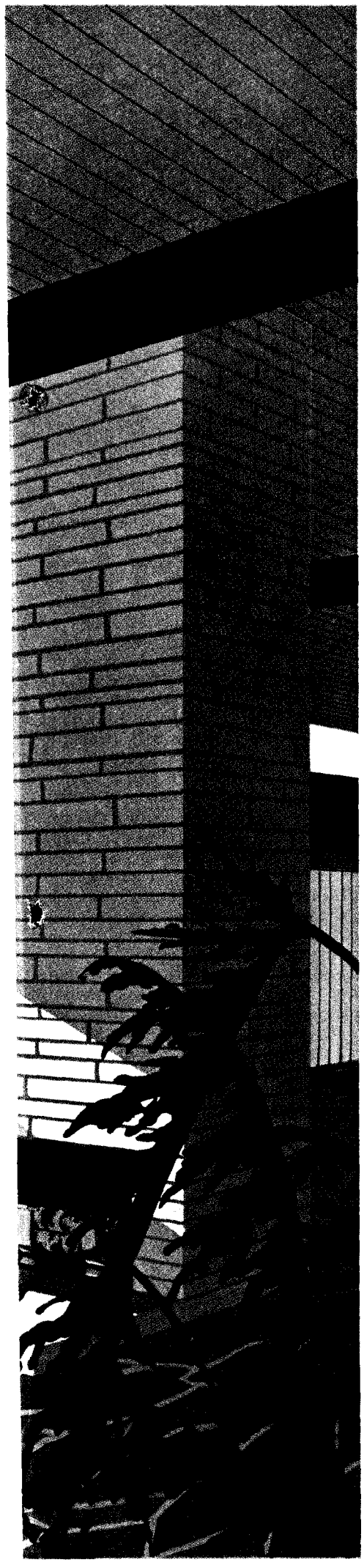
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRESH FROM MOTOROLA...



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new leader in the lively art of electronics



Old-fashioned reliability comes back in style in modern Motorola® TV

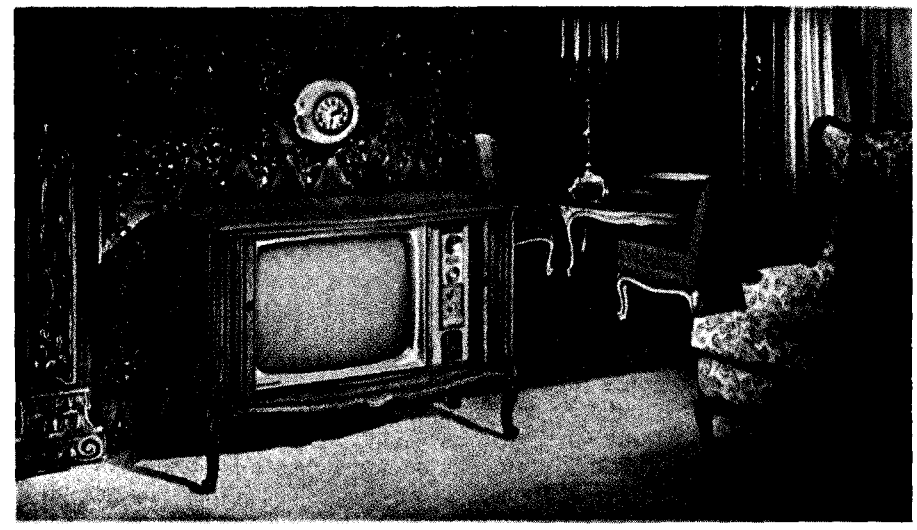
For that spot in your living room where you now have an old TV set that has a genius for conking out during your favorite program, there's a new Motorola that will not only fit in nicely, but also keep giving you a clear, sharp picture until that last ornery cattle rustler gets what's coming to him, and you're ready to call it a night.

Take the TV-Stereo Hi-Fi combination at the left. Your wife will be partial to the beautiful Drexel cabinet (a Motorola exclusive), but you're more likely to appreciate the exclusive Golden Tube Sentry Unit, protecting the tubes against destructive warm-up power surges, main cause of tube failure. That's one reason why Motorola—and only Motorola—guarantees* all tubes and parts on every model for a full year, instead of the usual 90 days.

You can have this famous Motorola reliability in the type and size TV you want (with or without remote control) in a TV-Stereo combination, console, table model or portable. Prices start as low as $139.88**

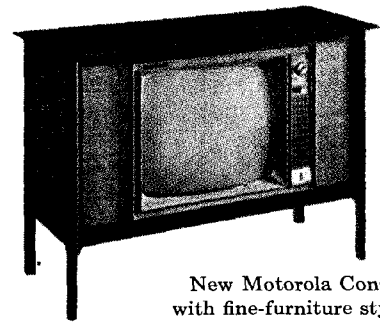
◀ This country living room, created by Eyvind Earle, achieves an exciting linear pattern through the imaginative use of glass walls, louvered doors, and wooden beams. Motorola's TV-Stereo Hi-Fi combination is taken from Drexel's *Declaration* grouping.

New Motorola Console from Drexel's ▶ *Touraine* collection features sliding tambour doors, 23-inch screen (overall diag. meas.; 283 sq. in. viewing area), and Golden Satellite® Remote Control.

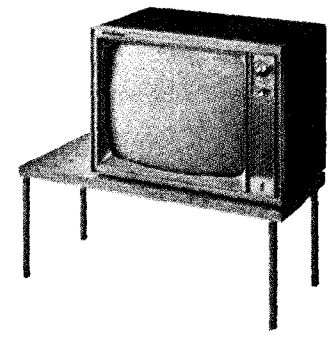


MOTOROLA

Manufactured in Canada by Seabreeze Manufacturing Ltd., licensee



New Motorola Console with fine-furniture styling.



New Motorola Table TV with 23,000 volts of picture power.

*MANUFACTURER'S ONE YEAR GUARANTEE COVERS FREE EXCHANGE OR REPAIR OF ANY COMPONENT PROVEN DEFECTIVE IN NORMAL USE. ARRANGED THROUGH SELLING DEALER. LABOR EXTRA.

**MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS. UHF OPTIONAL, EXTRA. PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

WHAT HAPPENED TO COMMON SENSE?

BY CALVIN D. LINTON

We live in the best-educated age in human history. It also may well be the most gullible. Gullibility is not a matter of *what* one believes, but of *why*. The modern educated man undoubtedly believes more true things than his predecessors. He has more to choose from. After all, our fund of knowledge doubled between 1900 and 1950, we are told; it doubled again between 1950 and 1960; and it is expected to redouble by 1963.

But it is just as gullible to believe the right thing for the wrong reason as to be convinced of a falsehood. And to believe nothing at all—as some highly educated people prefer to do—is the final, the ineffable gullibility.

It is the testimony of history that man has constantly exerted his efforts to know, to understand, to protect himself from deception. Our modern system of higher education, erected upon an ever-rising mountain of factual knowledge, is a monument to man's use of learning as a shield against credulity.

And to a certain extent it works. When a Communist tells us that it was largely due to the activities of the Red Army that Japan was defeated in World War II, we know, through our learning in history, that he lies. When a quack tries to sell us a nostrum guaranteed simultaneously to cure cancer, dandruff and bunions, we know, through our learning in science, that he is trying to deceive us. When a politician tells us that all we need to do is to support a law that bread prices shall not rise above five cents a loaf, and all the hungry will be fed, our knowledge of economics shakes its wise head. When a philosopher tells us that chance is the ultimate cause of all order and meaning, our knowledge of logic rebels.

But factual knowledge does not work nearly so well as we like to think. Indeed—and here's the real rub—there is evidence that certain tendencies in modern education are more likely to *increase* than to decrease human gullibility.

Dark suspicions of this tendency have been uttered, but not listened to, for some time. In 1924 George Bernard Shaw declared twentieth-century credulity to be more gross than that of any previous period. Two decades later Alfred North Whitehead, kicking himself for having swallowed without question everything he was taught in his college years, including Newtonian physics, noted that "by 1900 Newtonian physics was demolished, done for! . . . I've been fooled once, and I'll be damned if I'll be fooled again." And in our own day, it is the conclusion of Martin Gardner's book, *Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science*, that the national level of credulity is astonishingly high.

Gardner is particularly concerned with the tendency of the modern educated man to accept things on authority rather than on evidence. And I know what he means. In college classes I have seen students—and often professors—smile as they note instances, say, of the gullibility of the Middle Ages. How easily our ancestors believed the unreasonable, simply because the accepted authority of the day said so! How superior we are to them! I once even had a student who expressed the most generous admiration for William Shakespeare because, long before multiple college courses in psychology, he was able to depict characters with such astonishing psychological validity.

And yet ten minutes later these same sophisticates will buy a certain brand of cigarettes because it has "been proved to contain less" cancer-producing material—less than what is not stated; possibly a bonfire. Or they will swallow without a hiccup some incredible assertion about the nature of the atom—incredible and probably quite true. Or they will stand with well-simulated admiration and respect before some art exhibit which looks more like the scene of an accident, with heavy loss of life, than art. Or they will be convinced that the Kinsey report proves something. The catchwords trigger the automatic assent: "latest statistics show" or "science has proved" or "uniquely original vision" or "authorities now believe."

What characteristic of modern higher education fosters such credulity? There are several more or less obvious culprits. One is the development in many academic disciplines of an artificially inflated vocabulary which only the initiated—and not all of them—can understand. Another is overspecialization and its consequence, fragmentation—ugly by-products of our explosion of knowledge.

But the key reason, to my mind, the one underlying all the rest, is the abdication of what used to be called "common sense" as the judge of what is or is not to be believed and trusted.

Common sense! That ultimate sovereign so praised by the Age of Reason, so ardently looked to in an earlier age as the unassailable arbiter, believed to be so inevitably right once artificial pressures of prejudice and emotion are removed, so hopeful because it is "common" (universally distributed), so comforting in the very sound of the world "sense"—this sovereign has fled murmuring, and with it many rays of light. Psychologists have kicked it out, declaring—in Huck Finn's phrase—that "it's not a circumstance" compared to the subconscious, where the real work goes on. Logicians have pointed out that common sense must be self-authenticating—it must, so to speak, take itself on faith. And that spoils all the fun at the outset. But most of all, worst of all, most ultimately annihilating of all, is the forced abandonment of common sense by that pinnacle of our contemporary pride, science.

This is a controversial statement, so I run for cover to one qualified to speak. Huston Smith of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology said [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND: THE REVOLUTION IN WESTERN THOUGHT, *The Saturday Evening Post*, August 29, 1961]: "The problems the new physics poses for man's sense of order cannot be resolved by refinements in scale. Instead they appear to point to a radical disjunction between the way things behave and every possible way in which we might try to visualize them. How, for example, are we to picture an electron traveling two or more different routes through space concurrently or passing from orbit to orbit without traversing the space between them at all? . . . It is such enigmas which are causing physicists like P. W. Bridgman of Harvard to suggest that 'the structure of nature may eventually be such that our processes of thought do not correspond to it sufficiently to permit us to think about it at all. . . . We have reached the limit of the vision of the great pioneers of science, the vision, namely, that we live in a sympathetic world in that it is comprehensible by our minds.'"

These are appalling words. Their implications are so vast that we cannot, at the moment of reading them, begin to grasp their significance.

But to some extent we all acknowledge their truth. Who among us would think for a moment of refuting some new discovery of science by arguing that it simply "does not make sense"? The day when we could, with Dr. Samuel Johnson, refute Berkeley's subjective idealism by kicking a stone is long past. Kick if we wish, but our sole reward is a sore toe.

For example, we have read recently of the discovery of yet another subatomic particle, the omega. And we read that some physicists believe that *protons* may contain as many subatomic particles as the ninety-odd chemical elements which, it was thought, compose all matter. The omega itself may turn out to have complicated structures of its own, and two of the discoverers of the omega, Dr. Luis W. Alvarez and Dr. M. L. Stevenson, declare that there may *never* be an end of this incredible process of peeling one layer from another.

Who among us would deny this on the grounds that it violates plain common sense? Or who would dare contradict the scientist who tells us that if all the space in each atom of the human body were squeezed out, the remaining matter would be invisibly small but would still register 170 pounds—or whatever—on the scales? Presumably the omega is true, the neutrino is true, the relative amount of space in the atom is true—but the layman can know neither the truth

---

Dr. Calvin Darlington Linton is dean of liberal arts and professor of English literature at The George Washington University, Washington, D.C. He had his first lesson in gullibility at age ten, from a book called The Whole Art of Boxing—"*which, when mastered, did little to protect my nose or to enable me to make bloody wrecks of my playmates, as enticingly promised.*"

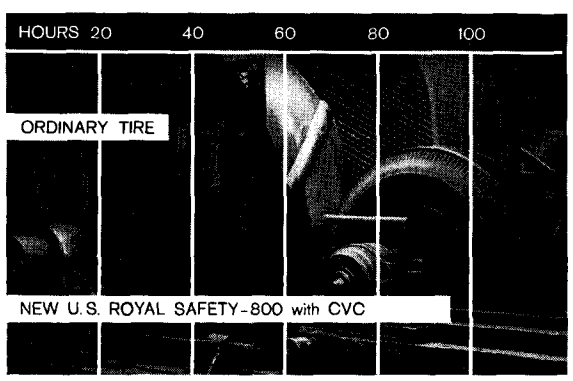
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States Rubber Announcement!

NEW U.S. ROYAL TIRES WITH CVC* RETAIN THEIR STRENGTH FOR THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES!

New patented process gives U.S. Royal tires road stamina never before possible!

UP TO NOW, passenger tires were only as strong as the rubber and cord in them ...*and* the bonding agent that held them together. *If the bond didn't hold, the tires failed.* Now U.S. Rubber scientists have developed an extraordinary new substance trademarked CVC – catalytic vulcanizing compound—that actually stops tire failures before they ever have a chance to start.



One of the tire industry's toughest tests is the murderous "cleated wheel," made to destroy tires in the shortest possible time. Recent tests prove the new Safety-800 with CVC* withstands almost *three times* the punishment an ordinary tire could take a year ago. That's *endurance!*

Heat and pressure are the natural enemies of ordinary tires made with ordinary adhesives. Failures are bound to occur. But CVC compound licks this dual problem. It does *more* than hold the elements together and *more* than bond rubber to cord: *It polymerizes them into one.* Thus the bond is as strong as rubber itself. No matter how many miles the tire travels, CVC compound virtually eliminates the chief reasons for tire failure.

You get thousands of extra trouble-free miles as a result.

CVC compound is available only in tires made by U.S. Rubber. Right now it's putting extra miles into the new U.S. Royal Safety-800 on 1962 cars. In mileage and every other respect it is the best tire we have ever made for original equipment and general replacement. Read what else you get from this great *new* tire:

Maximum mileage. Superior skid resistance, thanks to a new tread design with deeper grooves. "Low Profile" construction that flexes less than ordinary tires, runs quieter and cooler at high speeds. New high strength cords and the finest rubber stock superlatively engineered to provide "total reliability," mile after mile after mile.

The *new* U.S. Royal Safety-800 with CVC compound is on the finest 1962 cars. Your U.S. Royal Dealer has the right size for *your* car. Go see him. See *it.* Soon.

**Trademark of United States Rubber*

U.S. ROYAL Safety-800

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, N.Y. 20, N.Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Co., Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evening at home

Like many another courageous girl, she's married her young doctor in the making. And now she shares with him those long, gruelling years of medical study and internship.

In a very real sense, they're her years of preparation, too. For ahead stretches a lifetime of marriage to a man with whom . . . day or night, week-ends or holidays . . . the needs of patients will always come first.

You'll find dedication, as well, among the men and women who carry on A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. It keeps them persisting through months and years of discouragement. For it may take a thousand trials and experiments to achieve a single success . . . a single better medicine to help your doctors of today and your doctors of tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS CO., INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Robins

PHARMACEUTICALS RESEARCH

Making today's medicines with integrity . . . seeking tomorrow's with persistence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW POSES! For prints of Northern's 4 little girls (11" x 14") in their new poses, send 25c in coin to Northern, Box 895, Hinsdale, Ill. (Offer limited to U.S.)

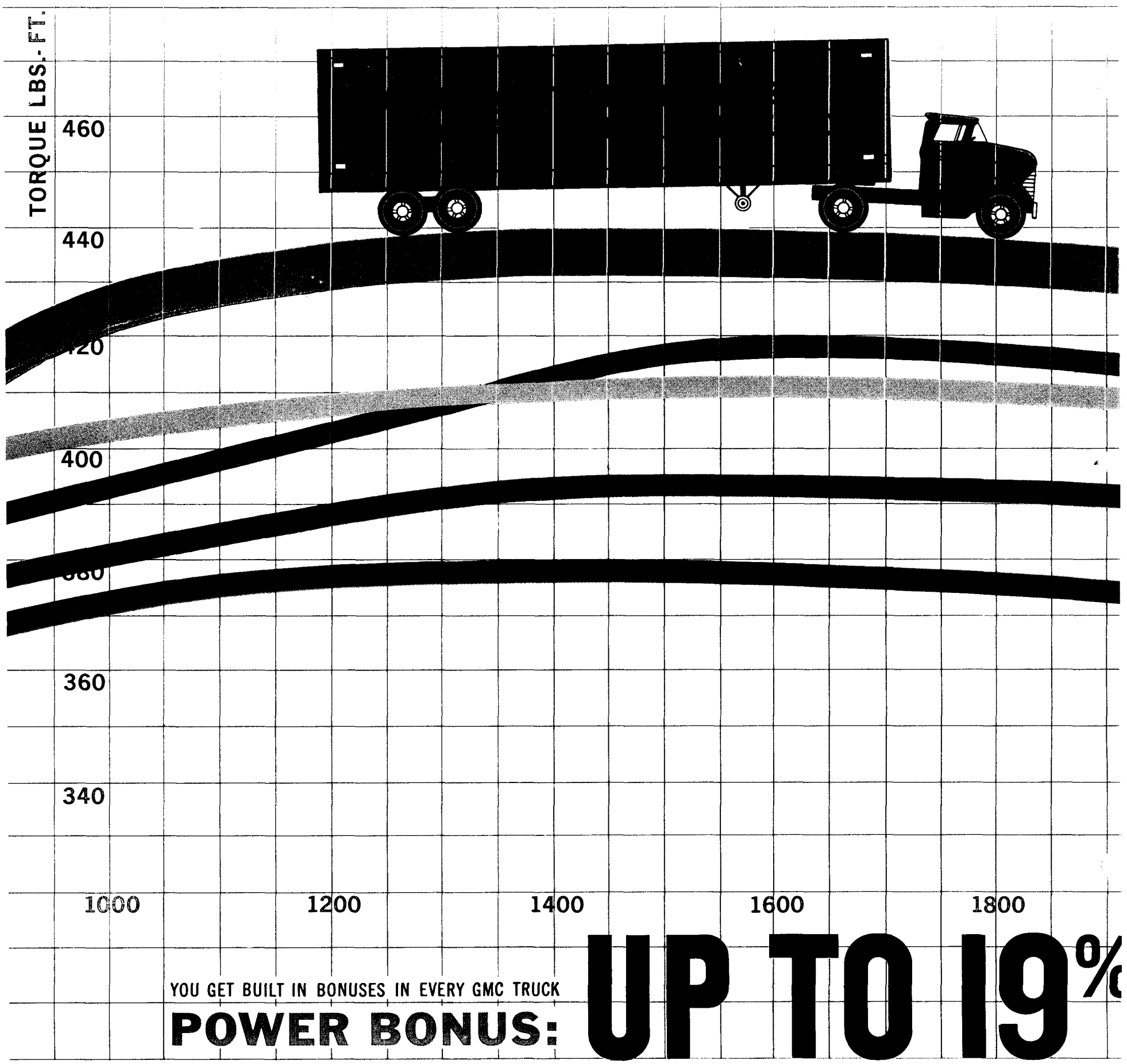
"Oh, tie a string around your finger
So you won't forget
That Northern Tissue colors are
The softest colors yet."

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOU GET BUILT IN BONUSES IN EVERY GMC TRUCK

POWER BONUS: UP TO 19%

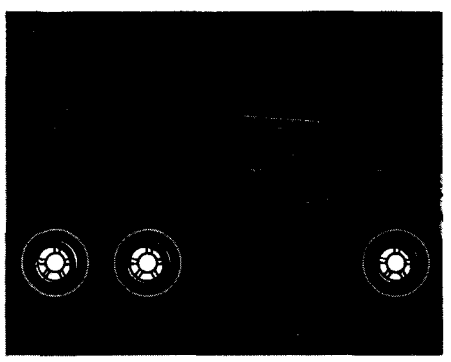
Torque—the true measure of a truck's working ability. And, as the red curve in the above chart shows you, GMC's new 478 V-6 engine has more torque than all standard or optional engines in its class . . . up to 19% more torque . . . more torque where you really need it . . . at low engine speeds . . . up steep hills, in stop-and-go traffic!

The 478 V-6 is a new member of GMC's road-proved and exclusive V-6 family. It has 235 horsepower. It has up to 440 pounds feet of torque . . . torque developed in the easy-stroking 1200-2000 rpm range. Results? More work in high gear. Less downshifting. Less engine wear. Less gas consumption. More profit money.

The new V-6 power plant is standard equipment in GMC's new 6500 Truck Series. One of these new models may be the costbusting answer to your trucking needs!

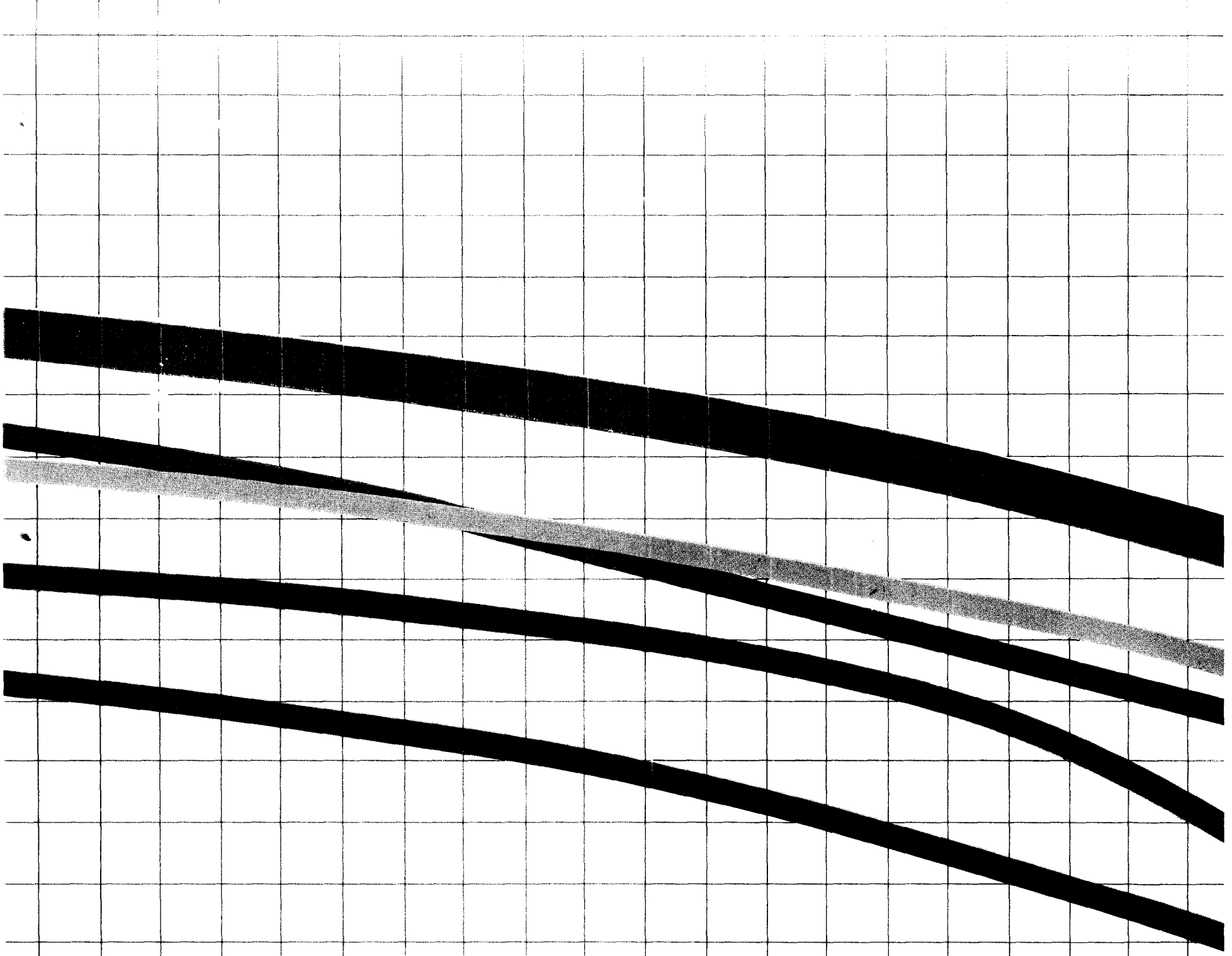
A look at the new 6500 Trucks tells you they're built for heavy-duty hauling. The 6500 Series is offered in three cab types (right) and covers anything in the 30,000 lbs. GVW to 65,000 lbs. GCW range. This wide selection is typical of the entire GMC line. Stake trucks, pickups, tilt cabs or conventional models . . . you'll find the truck that is best able to slash your transportation costs. Ask your GMC Truck Dealer to point out a few of these built-in bonuses. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

GMC Truck & Coach . . . a General Motors Division, Pontiac, Michigan.

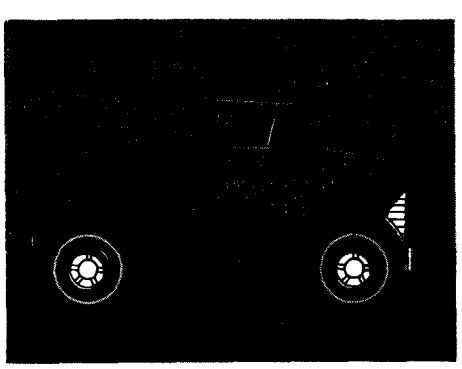


105" conventional gets big loads goin and keeps them going at the lowest po sible cost. Both four wheelers and tandem are available. High-strength, light-weigh parts let you haul biggest loads without pr mature failures.

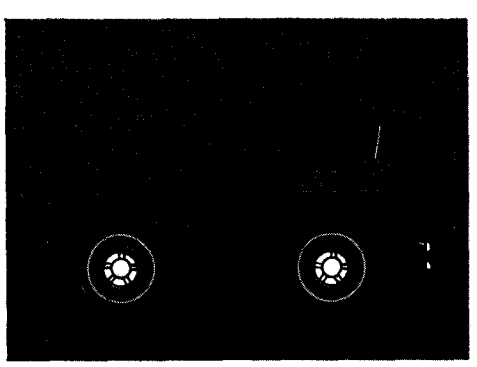
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



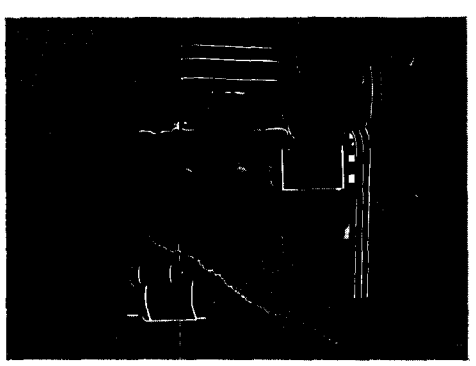
MORE TORQUE!



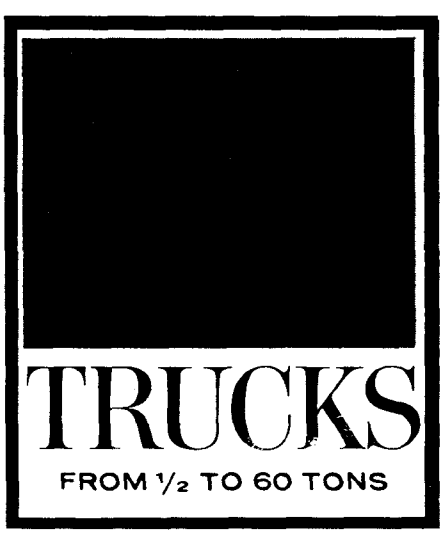
0″ conventional is a costbuster! Chas-s and power are specially matched. You on't need optional power. And with 28″ ont axle setting you can haul maximum gal load, weight and volume in 40′ trailers thin 50′ over-all lengths.



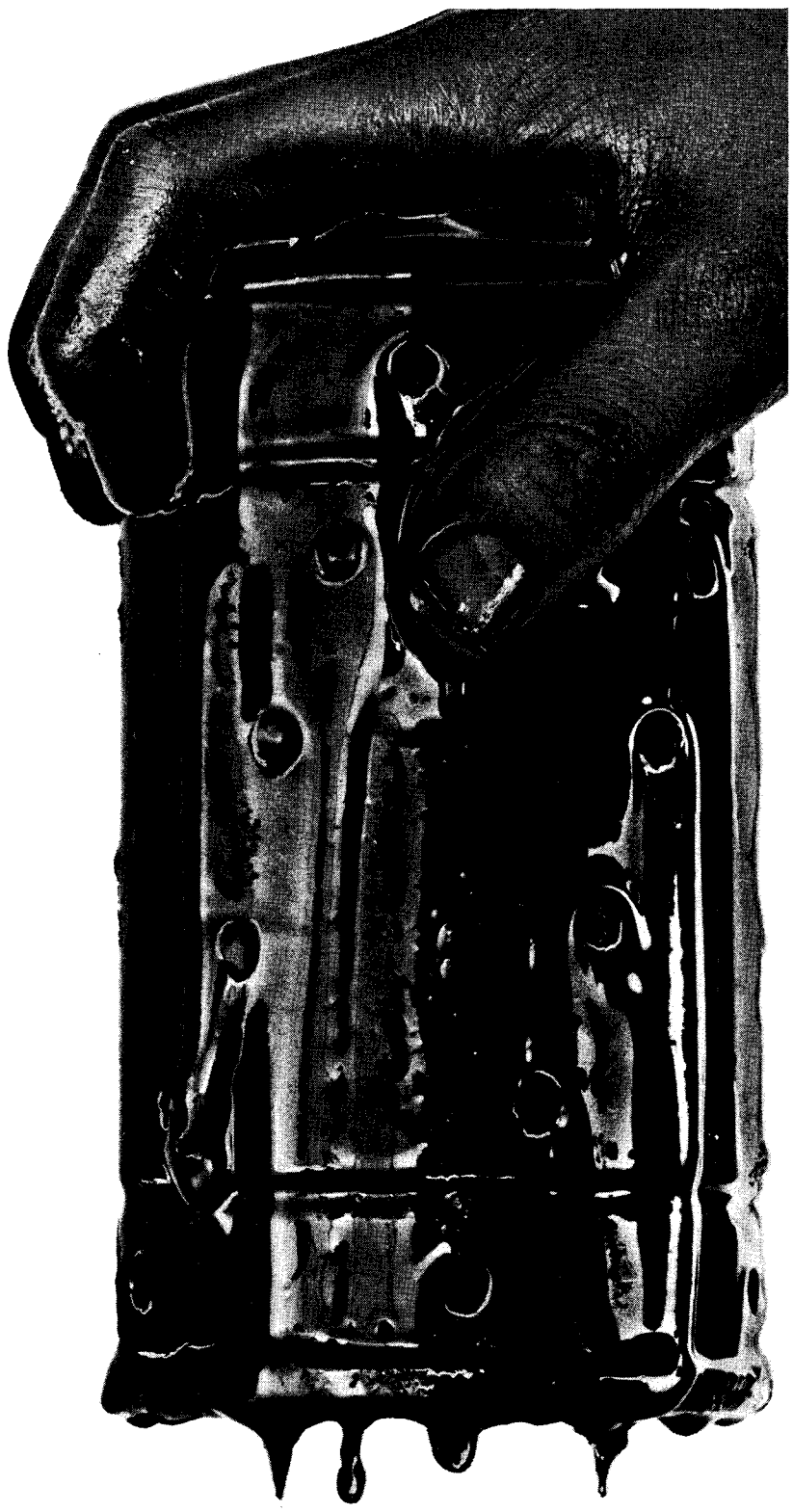
A payload-stretching 72″ steel tilt! The set-back front axle lets you load the front end to the hilt. Cab turns short, too. Get in and out of traffic fast . . . deliver the load fast . . . the 478 cu. in. V-6 gives the most "go" power of any comparable engine.



Heavy-duty V-6 truck engine. Only GMC makes V-6 truck engines and this is the new-est of them . . . the 478 V-6, the power plant of the new 6500 truck series at the left. An easy-stroking, hard-working engine that can do some wonderful things to your profit curve!

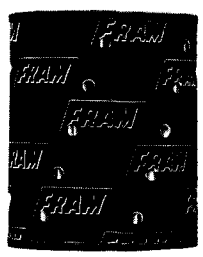


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



grime & punishment

If this oil filter hadn't been so efficient, it wouldn't look this way. The reason it's so loaded with grime is because it's a Fram "Wear-Guard" Oil Filter. Fram Filters remove up to 40% more sludge, and keep it from punishing the moving parts in your engine. But even a Fram gets its fill of sludge, and needs to be replaced. Protect your engine. Ask for a fresh Fram "Wear-Guard" Filter the next time you change your oil. Fram Corporation, Providence 16, R. I.



FRAM

"WEAR-GUARD" FILTERS

FRAM CANADA, STRATFORD, ONT., IN GREAT BRITAIN: FRAM FILTERS LTD., TREFOREST, GLAMORGAN

SPEAKING OUT

nor the possible falsity for himself. He must take such things—as people of the Middle Ages are alleged to have done—on the word of the acknowledged authority. Thus is the soil of gullibility plowed and ready for a rich seeding, either by truth or by falsehood.

Blind faith in authority in the realm of the arts is even easier to illustrate. Here is a single sentence from a piece of authoritative art criticism which appeared in *Art News* and was quoted in *The New Yorker:* "He (the artist) pictures the stultified intricacy of tension at the plasmic level; his prototypical zygotes and somnolent somatomes inhabit a primordial lagoon where impulse is an omnidirectional drift and isolation is the consequence of an inexplicable exogamy." For all its own desperate problems, ignorance permits a healthy disbelief in such semantic idiocy; excessive sophistication, on the other hand, compels acceptance—on faith. The author, after all, must be an authority or he could not write that way.

Indeed, it must be admitted that the pseudolearned mind is capable of a degree of confusion quite beyond the capacity of the unlettered. In such an atmosphere, fraud is easy to perpetrate. Several years ago two Australian soldiers with time on their hands decided to create a masterpiece of poetry. Taking words from a science textbook, an advertisement for sleeping pills, a tract on mosquito control and other sources, they strung them together and submitted the result to a poetry magazine. It was printed and hailed as "a work of genius," subtle in its balance of intension and extension, skillful in its maintenance of "aesthetic distance" and—somewhat understandably—magnificently broad in its vocabulary.

In early October, 1960, composer John Cage, assisted by pianist David Tudor, put on a concert at Venice's International Festival of Contemporary Music. The performance consisted chiefly of plucking a single string of the piano at twenty-second intervals and, later, of thumping the piano stool with a rock and attacking the insides of the piano itself with knives and pieces of tin. The result was solemnly written up by the critics.

Such bizarre performances cannot be compared to the magnificent hoax of the Piltdown man or the invention of those wholly mythical families, the Jukes and the Kallikaks, beloved of sociologists; but they are not inconsiderable efforts, and educated gullibility leaped to the bait.

And now, even at the risk of complicating my thesis, I must revert to an earlier statement: It is as gullible to believe too little as too much. Indeed, it is a rather common reaction against successive deceits for the victim to retreat into himself, like the Steig drawing of a man sitting in a box and saying, "I hate people." Or perhaps it is the pose of the learned cynic whose elevated tastes permit him to like nothing at all. Such people are the professional nay-sayers.

Probably the most vivid recent advocacy of the universal "no" as a philosophy of life has come from the gifted pen of Leslie Fiedler in his book *No! In Thunder*. He has little praise for the "soft no." It is too easy to utter. One is simply against segregation or McCarthyism or the current best seller. The only worthy negative is the "hard no," the universal negative which infuriates Our Side as well as Theirs; which, indeed, reveals that all Sides are one. Insofar as anyone is a yea-sayer, he is a liar. This is mighty close to the philosophy of anarchy, of revolution for the sake of revolution, not for the sake of rebuilding.

In educational philosophy this mood is, in part, the product of supreme emphasis upon the material, the physical fact, at the expense of value. But we cannot "believe" in matter, we cannot say "yes" to it. An education focused chiefly on facts cannot reduce gullibility. Einstein declared that it produces the student "who is a kind of useful machine, a well-trained dog," whereas it is essential that "he acquire instead a vivid sense of the beautiful and the morally good." Only a communication of intellectual power can reduce gullibility, and this is not accomplished by saying no, in thunder, to everything.

So much for the lament. What's to do?

We might be able to rehabilitate common sense a bit, but we obviously cannot try to reenthrone it. In an era of geometrically expanding knowledge the most brilliant mind simply cannot, in a normal life span, join Francis Bacon in taking all knowledge for its province. Must we then reconcile ourselves to believing whatever we are told, to trusting the authority without question? If not, by what criterion can we avoid such a condition of complete credulity?

I can offer only a hint, a very ancient and a very modern one, and it is this: When our common sense staggers and when our reason sends us a note of regret, we must ultimately trust what we truly love. This may constitute a retreat from the outer walls to the inner fortress, but at least it is not a rout.

Before dismissing this as a sentimental platitude, consider, first, that so far as we are human we must trust our deepest human capacity, the most universally distributed, the one without which man becomes less than man. If we do not, we commit a kind of hideous suicide without the honesty of a corpse. That capacity, that wellspring of humanness, is man's power to love—whether it be beauty, truth, his fellow creatures or God. Man is not mere matter. His search for that which satisfies the innermost yearning for order and meaning and purpose and beauty is motivated by his capacity for love. And any educational theory which does not deal with this factor is not reaching the deeps.

Consider, second, that trust based on love is the most broadly based of all trusts, the kind supported at the greatest number of points. Man's exercise of his capacity to love embraces his intellect, his emotions, his spirit, his body, all wielded by the mysterious power of the conscious will.

And consider, lastly, that only the trust based on love is immune to disaster. It carries its own antidote to deception. Not that we shall never trust that which proves unworthy, but that if our trust has been born of our deepest response to goodness, the deception is a disaster only to that which has failed us, not to us.

The man who trusts only in the material can find nothing but anguish when matter corrupts. The man who trusts his hates, as does the Communist, will eat death. But the man who trusts that which he loves, in the words of the poet, "and tho' he trip and fall, he shall not blind his soul with clay."

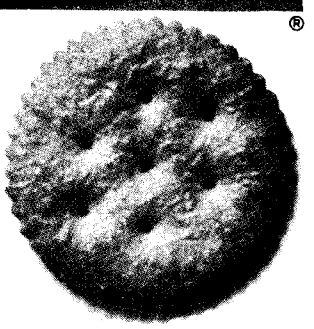
We must not become so highly educated that we forget such things.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

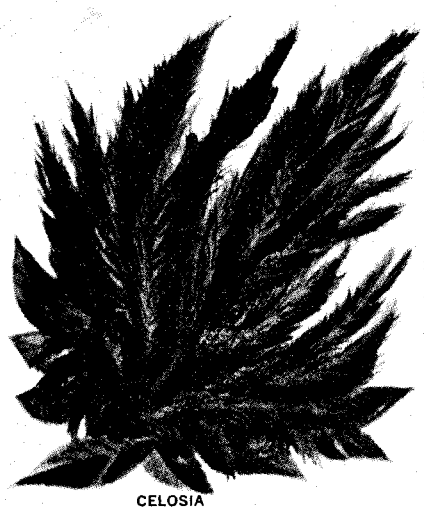
Chinese dinner fit for a Ming! Famous specialties: pineapple roast duckling with gingered kumquats. And wouldn't you know...the crackers are Ritz. Distinctively delicious Ritz! Each reclosable Stack Pack wrapping, fully sealed and moisture-proof, keeps Ritz delectably crisp. For freshness...pick Ritz!

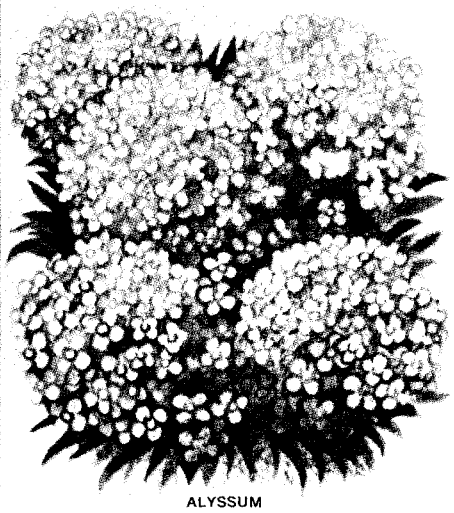
NOTHING FITS ANY OCCASION LIKE RITZ!®

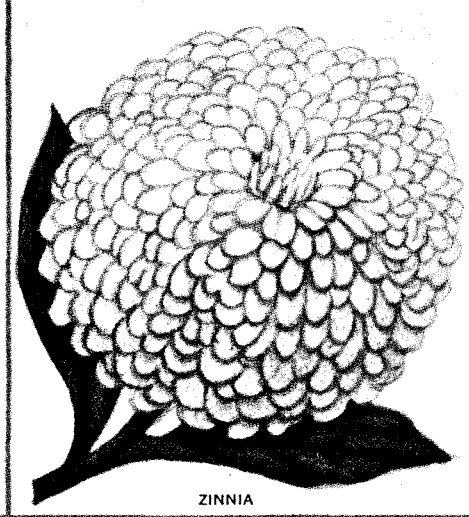


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

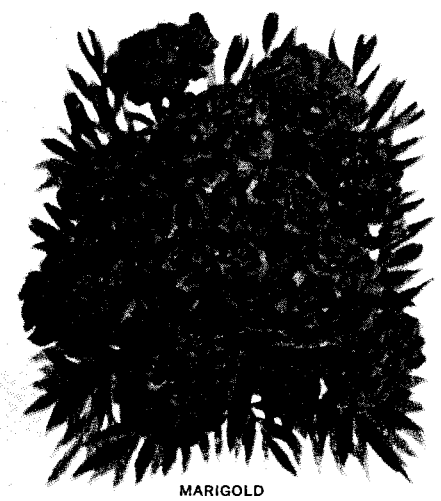
grow this garden for
ALL AMERICA

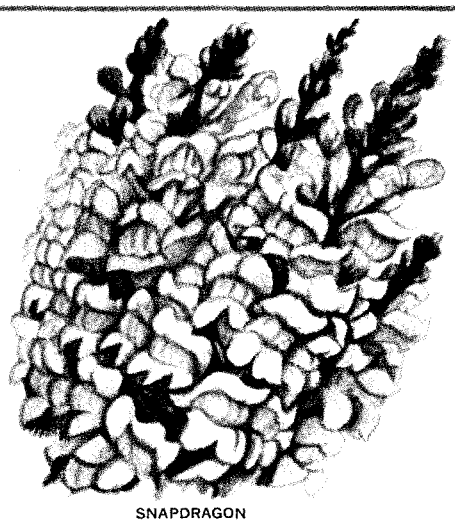

CELOSIA

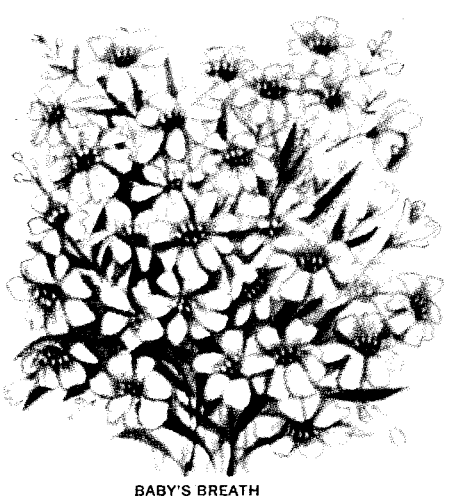

ALYSSUM


ZINNIA

FORGET-ME-NOT


MARIGOLD

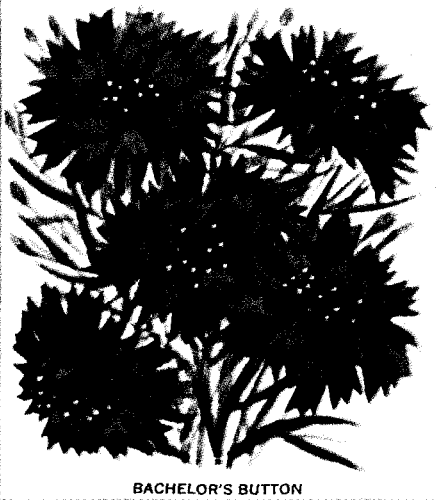

SNAPDRAGON


BABY'S BREATH

PETUNIA

ZINNIA

10 PACKETS... MORE THAN 1,000 SEEDS


BACHELOR'S BUTTON

Get it from Goodyear for only 29¢...regular $2.50 value!

You can have a colorful "Garden for All America" this summer if you plant *now!* Get all the seeds you need from Goodyear—10 varieties, more than 1000 seeds—for just 29¢. A real $2.50 retail value.

Reds! Celosia, Flame Dwarf Marigold and Shaggy Zinnia. *Whites!* Alyssum, Snapdragon, Polar Bear Zinnia and Baby's Breath. *Blues!* Forget-Me-Not, Petunia and Bachelor's Button.

Ten individual packets of famous Luther Burbank brand seeds come in one "Garden for All America" envelope. You get them all for 29¢—no strings attached. Get them now and have your garden in full bloom this summer. See your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store.

☆ ☆

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

DOOMSDAY MERCHANT ON THE FAR, FAR RIGHT

Billy James Hargis leads his million-dollar witch-hunt in hot pursuit of the Communists he sees lurking everywhere.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

ALL over the country, in schoolhouses, auditoriums, empty stores and private homes, groups of deeply troubled citizens are gathering this spring to hear the Rev. Dr. Billy James Hargis, a thirty-six-year-old Tulsa, Oklahoma, evangelist, call for volunteers in his crusade to save America from the devil, the Communists and those misguided American liberals who knowingly or unknowingly serve their cause.

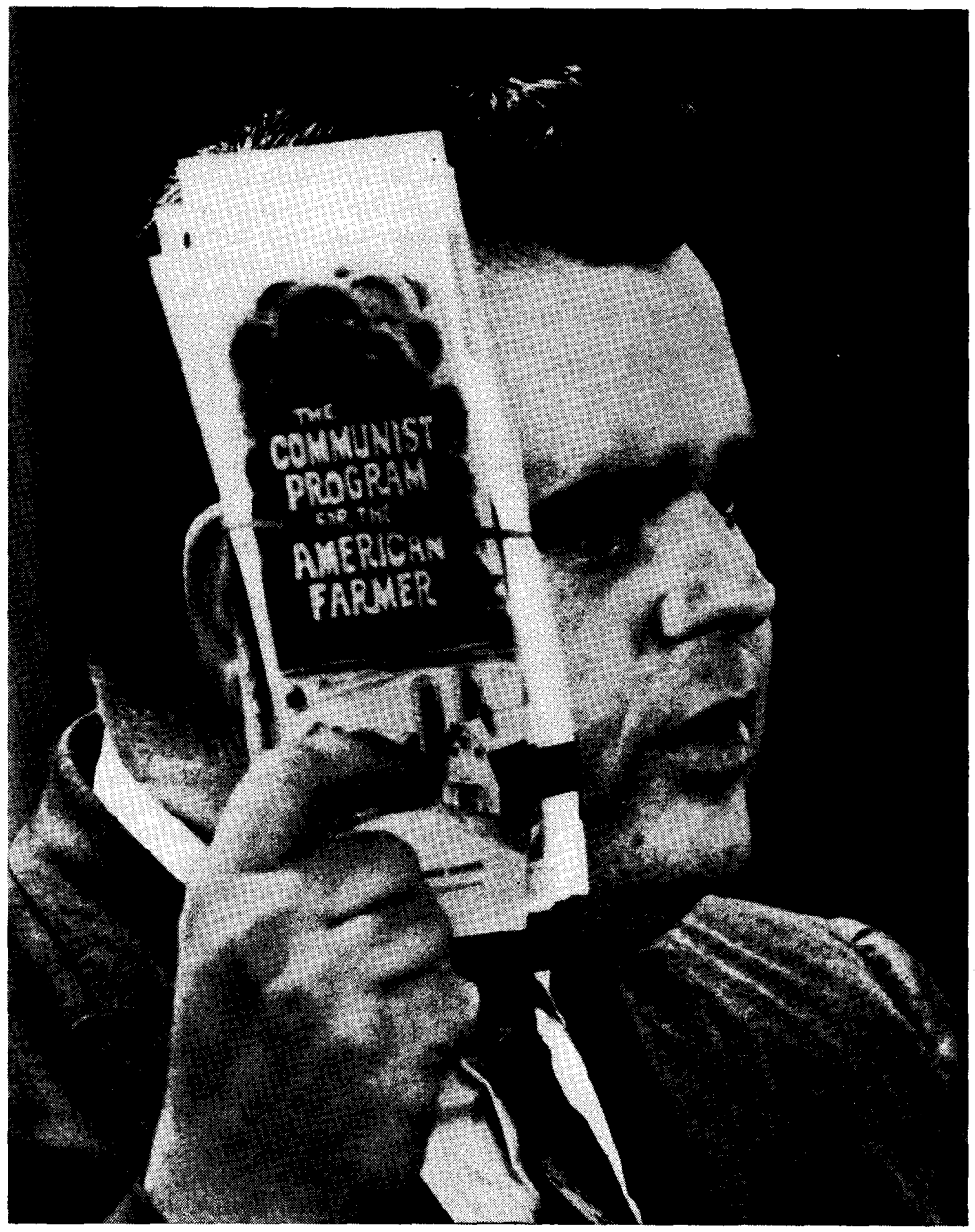
Only those who live in the larger cities will be fortunate enough to see and hear Doctor Hargis in person. Those "lonely patriots," as Doctor Hargis calls them, who reside in the country and the smaller towns must be content to observe him in action on film.

In either case it will be an experience not unlike that of watching a volcano erupt. Doctor Hargis, who weighs 270 pounds, is what his fellow Oklahomans describe as a "bawl-and-jump" evangelist. He likes to wave his arms and shout, and his violent exertions on the platform sometimes leave him so weak and spent that he is hardly able to call for the collection. This does not happen often. "Anytime I fail to ask for an offering, you'll know I must be sick," he says cheerfully. "And anytime the people don't come up and buy my books after I have finished talking, I know I have failed to put my message across."

Last year Doctor Hargis put his message across so effectively that more than 100,000 Americans gave nearly $1,000,000 to his tax-exempt, nonprofit, Christian Crusade, making it the best-heeled of all the far-right organizations. This year, with forty-odd associate evangelists hitting the villages and the crossroads while Doctor Hargis works the big towns, he hopes to do even better.

The message which Doctor Hargis is carrying into the hinterland is one of such spine-tingling terror that many of his hearers come blinking into the open air, wondering which is the mirage—the corrupted, weak and trembling America which Doctor Hargis has described or the seemingly strong, free and prosperous land which they see around them.

Their confusion is understandable. Doctor Hargis fights Communism as his evangelistic forebears fought sin—by detecting its presence everywhere and by calling down damnation upon all those who knowingly or unknowingly do the devil's work. By applying the stern disciplines of fundamentalist religion to political and social attitudes, he is able to prophesy destruction for a country which does not completely accept his conservative political views. He is also able to assail liberals and

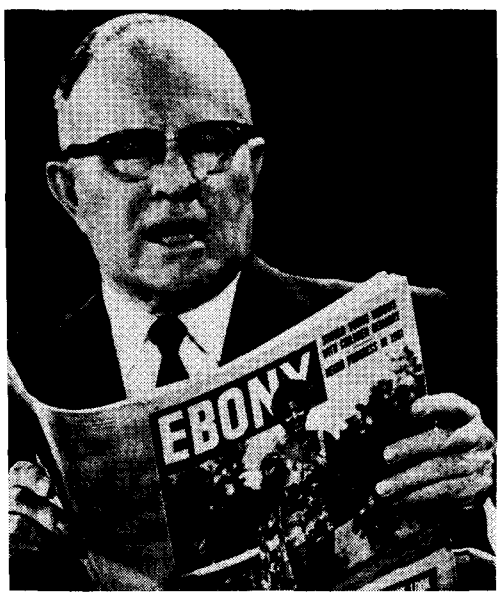


Hargis at his recent "Anti-Communist Leadership School" in Tulsa. The hard-selling evangelist urged his audience to educate themselves about the Communist menace through such authoritative sources as his books, recorded speeches and pamphlets.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Onetime journalist Edward Hunter told Hargis's students the press failed to warn the public of the Red threat.



R. Carter Pittman, a segregationist Georgia attorney, rebuked the Supreme Court for being "soft" on Communists.

University professor Revilo P. Oliver assailed liberal intellectuals as "witch doctors and fakers out to save the world."

middle-of-the-roaders as instruments of Communism, as his predecessors damned as limbs of Satan all those who took a tolerant view of dancing and card playing. "My crusade cannot fail," says Doctor Hargis solemnly. "It is of God."

Armed with this assurance, it is easy for Doctor Hargis to deliver his message of doom and destruction with a clear conscience. That message, in bare outline, is simply this: America has been betrayed.

He says that Communists, or the "liberals, welfare-staters, do-gooders and one-worlders who serve the Communist cause," are everywhere. They have infiltrated the ranks of the Protestant clergy where they are chipping away the foundations of our faith. They have burrowed deep into our school system, poisoning the fountains of knowledge by substituting the one-world philosophy of the UN for the stout go-it-alone Americanism of our forefathers.

He detects their presence in Congress, in the Pentagon and in the agencies of Government, where they impoverish and weaken us by giving away our money to our enemies. They are high in the councils of the New Frontier, where they set up roadblocks in our path to total victory in the cold war. They have permeated the newspapers, the magazines and the television industry—as evidenced by the fact that all these media at one time or another have "smeared" such patriots as Robert H. W. Welch, founder of the John Birch Society, and Dr. Frederick C. Schwarz, of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. They have even smeared Doctor Hargis. They accused him of peddling vitamin tablets along with his political and religious philosophy. This, he says, was a baseless slander. All he did was endorse these tablets in his magazine, and make a deal with the distributor whereby Christian Crusade would get half the profits on any vitamins his Crusaders sold.

The Communists and their henchmen, Doctor Hargis says, have penetrated the great foundations, where they betray us by diverting the resources of our industries to foreign lands. They exert great influence upon the Supreme Court, and he strongly suspects that they have planted their agents in sensitive posts in the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and the CIA.

All these things, in Doctor Hargis's view, add up to one dread conclusion. A Communist take-over of this country is imminent. Mr. Khrushchev himself has set the date as 1974. Doctor Hargis believes the day of doom is even nearer—unless he and his fellow prophets can arouse the people to action before it is too late.

The question the apathetic American naturally asks is, "What action?" What can he do to root out and destroy the Communist conspiracy that the FBI isn't doing already?

The first thing he must do, Doctor Hargis says, is to educate himself. He must learn the nature of the Communist menace, find out where Communists lurk and how they work. The best way to do this is by reading Doctor Hargis's book, *Communist America: Must It Be?*—$1.50 for the hard cover, one dollar for the paperback; or by listening to recordings of Doctor Hargis's speeches, which sell for five dollars. He has also written many pamphlets, which sell for from ten to thirty-five cents. These are very educational. They discuss specific perils, such as summit conferences, Walter Lippmann, socialized medicine, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., the National Council of Churches, Drew Pearson, the muzzlers of General Walker and the false idea of the brotherhood of man.

Action must follow education, Doctor Hargis says. The patriotic American must distribute anti-Communist books and pamphlets, and Doctor Hargis's headquarters in Tulsa will be glad to furnish these materials in quantity, at rates greatly reduced from the single-copy price. He must invite his friends to his home to hear Doctor Hargis's recorded speeches. He must insist that his local radio and TV stations carry Doctor Hargis's messages free or, if they refuse to do this, he must join with his friends to pay for putting these programs on the air. He must write to the newspapers, insisting that they give Doctor Hargis good publicity when he comes to town with his message. And if they give Doctor Hargis bad publicity, he must call on the editor and rebuke him. He can even boycott stores which advertise in papers which treat Doctor Hargis with disrespect.

The most important thing he can do, Doctor Hargis says, is to write letters to his congressman, to his senators and to the President, for the Communists are so well organized they can put 80,000 letters on the desk of any public official in a period of forty-eight hours.

"Write your congressman and your senator," he urges. "Don't *ask* them to outlaw the Communist Party. *Demand* that they outlaw the Communist Party in the U.S.A. Don't *ask* them to reconsider our affiliation with the United Nations. *Demand* that they get this country out of the United Nations or reorganize the United Nations against Godless anti-Christ Communism. You are not working for them. You have nothing to fear. They represent you, and you should make your wishes known."

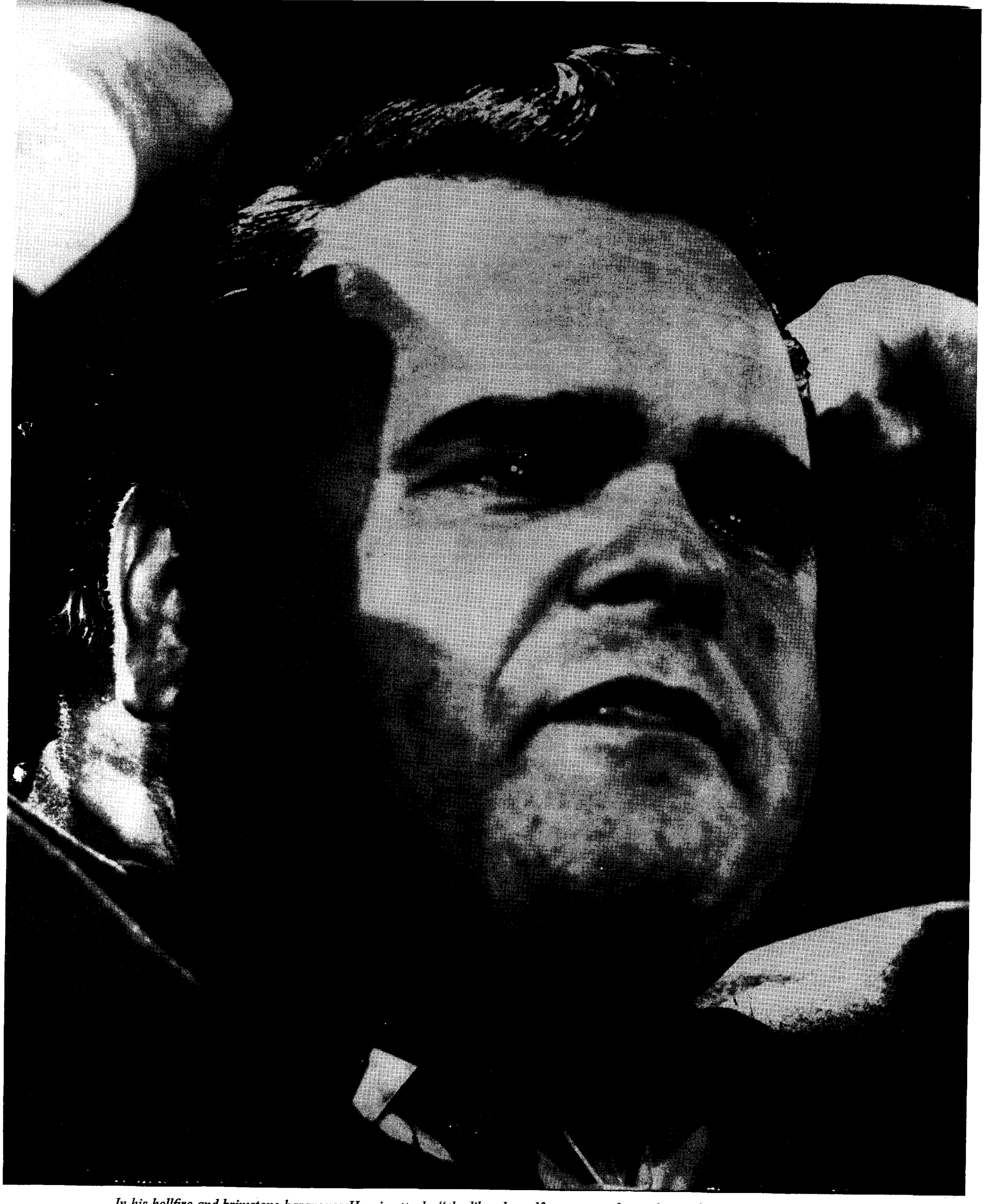
Above all, Doctor Hargis says, patriotic Americans should support him with their prayers and support his Christian Crusade with their money. Without the prayers of his followers Doctor Hargis could not find the physical and spiritual strength to travel twenty days out of every month, speaking in a different town every night. Without their money he could not buy the radio and television time, nor print the books and pamphlets by which he sends his message into more than thirty states.

Doctor Hargis does not want this money for his own use, of course. Last year, out of the nearly $1,000,000 that came in payment for his lectures, books, pamphlets and in the form of outright gifts, he took only $12,000 for himself. Christian Echoes National Ministry, Inc., his nonprofit, tax-free corporation, paid his salary and expenses and provided him with a $43,000 parsonage and a $50,000 bus, fitted out like a yacht, to travel in. All other revenues went to finance the spreading of the message.

Someday, of course, Doctor Hargis would like to do a little better for himself. He is trying to work out a corporate setup through which he can retain some of the royalties his books and writings bring in and some of the lecture fees he earns. A man with a wife and four children, and another one on the way, must give some thought to his future. Last year, for example, he was paid $145,000 for speaking at various rallies, plus $50,000 in royalties. He turned it all in to Christian Echoes National Ministry, Inc. In a few more years, he says, he hopes that his work will be done. America will be awake to its danger. The Communist conspiracy will be under control. He can then pay off the $45,000 he still owes on his 700-acre ranch near Tulsa and retire there to take up the work he loves best, that of a radio preacher.

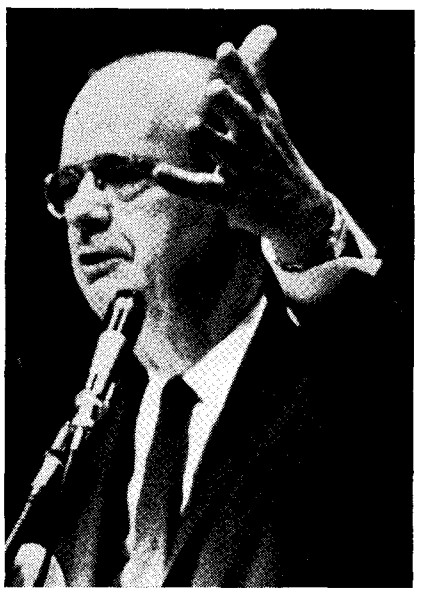
Meanwhile his labors must continue. The message must be spread to every state, and many more patriots must be enlisted in the Crusade. The campaign that is going on this spring is an effort to carry out this plan. It is the fallout, so to speak, from an anti-Communist explosion which Doctor Hargis set off in Tulsa early this year. There 178 dedicated conservatives—farmers, ministers, students, businessmen and housewives from twenty-five states—gathered at the Mayo Hotel to attend Doctor Hargis's first National Anti-Communist Leadership School. For a tuition fee of $100 each, they sat for five days, earnestly taking notes or operating tape recorders while a "faculty" of experts lectured them on how the Communists and their sympathizers undermine the foundations of our republic. From the ranks of these students Doctor Hargis has chosen the "associate evangelists" who are now fanning out over the country, armed with film and recordings taken at the school and bales of anti-Communist books and literature.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



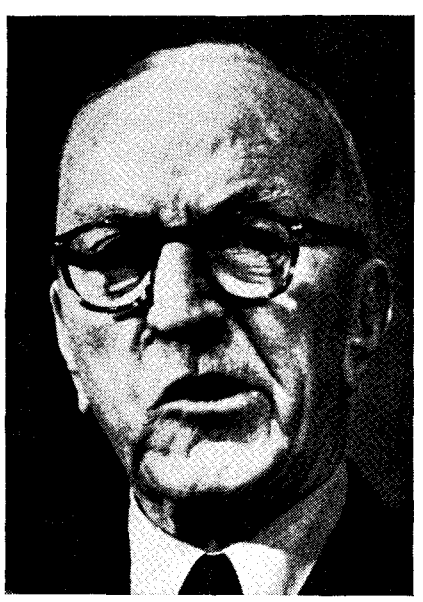
In his hellfire-and-brimstone harangues Hargis attacks "the liberals, welfare-staters, do-gooders and one-worlders who serve the Communist cause." He believes that Red agents are everywhere, that a Communist take-over in America is imminent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hargis's "faculty" member Meyers Lowman told how he keeps records on "pink" ministers and college teachers.

California Congressman John H. Rousselot, member of the John Birch Society, spoke as an "expert anti-Communist."



Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker praised the late Senator McCarthy and said that the danger he warned of is now here.

Anybody who had $100 to spare could attend the school, but Doctor Hargis chose his faculty very carefully, to be sure there were no extremists among them.

"The nuts," he said sorrowfully, "are a burden to me. They are my heartache."

At the opening session he warned the assembly that there must be no intemperate statements either from the platform or the floor. "We cannot tolerate anti-Semitic statements, anti-Negro statements; we are not here to fight Jews or Protestants, white people or Negroes. We are here to fight Communists," he said. "One wild, unfounded, bigoted statement could submarine our whole program."

With the guidelines thus drawn, the school opened with a speech by Edward Hunter, onetime journalist, now a traveler-lecturer, and author of numerous anti-Communist books. Three years ago, he said, when he returned from Afghanistan, where he had helped emancipate the women by persuading the royal family to allow females to leave off their veils, he found a tremendous thing taking place in America. All over the country a great conservative ground swell was running. More and more people were becoming alert to the Communist danger and were coalescing into groups to fight it. Curiously, he said, the American press, particularly the great prestige newspapers, chose to ignore this phenomenon. They gave it no publicity, no editorial support. Instead they give it the hush-hush treatment.

Despite this, Mr. Hunter said, the movement grew in strength until the Communists themselves became alarmed. They passed the word that a great anti-anti-Communist drive must get under way. Then, almost with one accord, the newspapers changed their tactics. They began an open attack on the conservative leaders, calling them extremists, superpatriots and other derisive names.

"America," Mr. Hunter shouted, "was betrayed by my own profession."

Many of the speakers showed a curious tendency to feel themselves betrayed by their own profession. This is also a characteristic of Doctor Hargis. Over the years he has found himself at such cross-purposes with his own church, the Disciples of Christ, that in 1957 it dropped him from its list of accredited ministers. "We are no longer in fellowship, spiritual or otherwise, with Mr. Hargis," a high church official said.

Dr. Revilo P. Oliver, professor of classics at the University of Illinois, himself an intellectual, assailed liberal intellectuals. They are "witch doctors and fakers with a sanctified itch to save the world," he said, and they are causing us to be taxed to death for the benefit of every "mangy cannibal in Africa." This latter phrase caused Doctor Hargis, who was sitting on the front row, to wince perceptibly.

He did not wince, however, but joined in the loud "Amens" when Doctor Oliver described Drew Pearson as "one of the biggest, slimiest rats in the sewers of American journalism," for Mr. Pearson was the journalist who had accused Doctor Hargis of peddling vitamin pills. Nor did he protest when Doctor Oliver described Prof. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., one of the President's advisers, as a "mountebank and shyster," and Secretary of Defense McNamara as a "former socialist professor." Those he considered temperate statements.

Mr. R. Carter Pittman, a Dalton, Georgia, attorney and an authority on constitutional law, attacked his own profession at its highest levels. He rebuked the United States Supreme Court for allowing Communists to take refuge in the Fifth Amendment, and he urged that a permanent legislative commission be created, to supersede the Supreme Court in all cases involving loyalty.

"Let its chairman get one dollar a year more than the Chief Justice of the United States," Mr. Pittman urged. "Let his robe be one shade darker and one inch longer. Let the other members draw the same salary as the justices. Let this be the appellate court in all investigative matters. When a Communist front can manipulate Supreme Court judges, it is time for a change."

Doctor Hargis found no fault with this philosophy, and he plans to distribute recordings of Mr. Pittman's speech for ten dollars, or in a package deal whereby the faithful can receive fourteen hour-long speeches for only $100. A later speech by Mr. Pittman caused him great anguish, however, and it will not be distributed. In it Mr. Pittman attacked the Negro race as being biologically and intellectually inferior to the Caucasian, described the Negro's achievements as being directly related to the amount of white blood in his veins and said that the chief difference between the Negroes here and in the Congo is that "in the Congo they eat more people than they do in the United States."

Doctor Hargis was not visible in the auditorium when this speech was delivered. He was, an aide said, "back there behind the curtain in a state of shock." He later described Mr. Pittman's utterances as deplorable. He also took the rostrum again to warn against intemperate statements. Later, when Mr. Pittman took the stage with Mr. Hunter and Doctor Oliver for a question-and-answer session, the audience was careful not to feed Mr. Pittman any questions pertaining to racial matters. They asked him instead what he thought of the European Common Market.

Mr. Pittman said he didn't know enough about the Common Market to answer. All he knew was that he didn't like it.

Doctor Oliver, whose intellectual range is vast, came to the rescue. The European Common Market, he said, is a part of the Communist conspiracy "to destroy those remote islands of white civilization such as Australia, New Zealand and the Republic of South Africa. If England joined the Common Market," he said, "Australia and New Zealand would have to sell their products to the Red governments we and the Communists have set up in the Far East—such as Indonesia and Red China, and thus become dependent upon the Communists for survival."

The leading speaker on the second day was Mr. Meyers Lowman, of Cincinnati, head of an organization called Circuit Riders, Inc. Mr. Lowman has made a career of keeping records on all Protestant ministers and college teachers who have ever been associated with an organization alleged to have a Communist taint. He compiles these records into books which he sells to people who want to check up on their preachers, or the professors in their schools.

Much of Mr. Lowman's data dates back to the war years, when Russia was our ally, and many loyal and patriotic Americans were joining organizations friendly to the Soviet Union. This has led certain hot-tempered liberals to refer to Mr. Lowman as a character assassin. Mr. Lowman prefers to think of himself as a Recording Angel, compiling a record of men's lives from "incontrovertible facts."

"We are not passing judgment," he says. "We are just keeping score. If a man joins one Commie front, that may be a mistake. If he has joined three or more, that shows a pattern. A good rule of thumb: 'Who voted to release Earl Browder? Who voted not to deport Harry Bridges? Who protested the execution of the Rosenbergs?' If a man did these three things, he goes in the book."

Mr. Lowman, in his speech, distressed Doctor Hargis temporarily by referring to the "toasting" of the Rosenbergs, but Doctor Hargis let it pass. Both he and his staff, in fact, feel deeply obligated to Mr. Lowman, for he was indirectly responsible for giving Christian Crusade its greatest boost. Several years ago Doctor Hargis wrote two pamphlets, based on Mr. Lowman's research, in which he charged that the Protestant ministry was riddled with Communists. These pamphlets later were quoted in an Air Force manual, and a fierce controversy ensued in which the name of Doctor Hargis was on every tongue. It was the first time the nation's press had paid

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Former Communist Barbara Hartle responds to questions after her speech at Hargis's Tulsa seminar. To hear the five-day series of lectures on Red techniques and rightist remedies, 178 students paid tuition fees of $100 each.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On tour spreading the word, Hargis addresses an Americanism conference at Bob Jones University. The school conferred an honorary doctoral degree on the preacher, whose own church, the Disciples of Christ, has dropped him from its list of accredited ministers.

Doctor Hargis much attention, except for a brief flurry in 1953 when he went to Europe to float balloons bearing Bible verses into the iron-curtain countries.

"The Air Force manual squabble was the best break we ever got," said L. E. (Pete) White, Doctor Hargis's able publicity man. "The membership and the contributions nearly doubled."

Doctor Hargis is not averse to publicity, either good or bad. When he is "smeared"—and any comment short of adulation is considered a smear—he tells his followers that the attack was inspired by Moscow and is proof that his Crusade is hurting the Communists. He also takes comfort in these words from the Sermon on the Mount—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely." He frequently points out that Our Lord and His apostles also were made to suffer persecution.

He expects newspapermen to say all manner of evil against him falsely, but he treats them with a jovial cordiality and speaks to them with disarming frankness just the same. He describes in detail the difficulties he encounters in raising the $90,000 a month it requires to finance his Crusade. He also describes his hungry boyhood on a drought-parched Texas farm, and the paucity of his religious education, which consisted of a year and a half at a Bible school in Bentonville, Arkansas, where he chopped wood and hoed potatoes for his tuition. His "doctoral" degrees, he points out, are purely honorary, one from a college in Puerto Rico, the other from Bob Jones University in South Carolina.

"If I'm discourteous to a reporter, he will feel free to go off and write something mean about me," he says. "If I'm nice to him, he may still write something mean, but his conscience will hurt."

Doctor Hargis puts no faith whatsoever in photographers. "They are always trying to catch me like this," he said, grasping his right nostril between thumb and forefinger, "or like this." He vigorously scratched the seat of his pants.

Though Doctor Hargis expects adverse criticism as one of the crosses he must bear, he carefully avoids situations which he feels might identify him with what he considers the lunatic fringe. He was deeply upset, for example, when Mr. Robert B. DePugh, of Narborne, Michigan, the national chairman of the Minute Men, showed up at the school, paid his $100 and started attending the lectures. He does not wish his Crusade identified with the Minute Men, an anti-Communist organization which trains its people for guerrilla warfare. "I want nothing to do with firearms," he told Mr. DePugh.

Doctor Hargis's security guards kept a close eye on Mr. DePugh, but he merely sat, quietly listening. He did not seem greatly impressed by what he heard.

"These people," he commented, "think they can talk their way to victory. My people don't think so. We are more or less resigned to a Communist take-over, either from within or without. When it comes, we'll go underground to fight as guerrillas. If it comes tomorrow, we'll be ready. If it comes 100 years from now, our grandchildren will be ready."

Congressman John H. Rousselot, of California, a member of the John Birch Society and of Doctor Hargis's "faculty," was even more disturbed than Doctor Hargis at the appearance of the Minute Man. He sternly berated Mr. Bill Shrout, *The Saturday Evening Post* photographer, for taking his picture while chatting with Mr. DePugh.

No sooner had the furor over the arrival of Mr. DePugh died down than another crisis arose. In the hall outside the meeting room, the Rev. Ralph Wright, of Midland, Texas, began passing out mimeographed sheets of what became known among the journalists as "Reverend Wright's Instant Obscenity." Mr. Wright's emissaries had gone through the books in the Midland High School Library, copying down all the sentences containing four-letter words and all the scenes describing intimate relations between the sexes. Mr. Wright's intention was to prove that Communists were undermining the nation by corrupting the morals of American youth. Doctor Hargis conceded this point, but he did not feel that such material should be placed in the hands of his lady Crusaders. He gave orders that only official Christian Crusade publications be handed out in the hallways.

This order backfired later. At one of the two public sessions at which 1200 persons came to hear Doctor Hargis, retired Gen. Charles Willoughby and Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, one of Doctor Hargis's zealous aides stopped a man who was passing out petitions supporting a "right-to-work" law. When told about this, Doctor Hargis was aghast. "Oh, my goodness," he said, "that was General So-and-So. He is one of my strongest supporters."

Other than for these small frustrations, the school went smoothly enough. No other speakers said anything that offended Doctor Hargis. The Hon. J. Bracken Lee, mayor of Salt Lake City, attacked the income tax. Mr. Benjamin Gitlow and Miss Barbara Hartle, both former Communists, spoke of their disenchantment with the party. Congressman Gordon Scherer of Ohio told a "Survival U.S.A." rally in the Tulsa auditorium that the House Committee on Un-American Activities did not engage in witch hunts, but rat hunts. Mrs. Harry Artz Alexander, of the Grenada, Mississippi, D.A.R. chapter, reported her consternation at finding certain textbooks in the Grenada schools which give more space to the UN charter than to the Constitution of the United States. Captain Rickenbacker told his hearers that someday the country would erect a monument to Senator McCarthy. The danger McCarthy warned against is here, he said. An implacable enemy is tightening his grip upon our throats. "For honor and our undying souls," he roared, "let us fight and die before the final enslavement."

The speeches were all fine, very inspirational, said Doctor Hargis, and he was pleased with the way the people were ordering tape recordings to take back home with them. He wasn't too happy, though, with the way the books were going, particularly the religious books. Last year, for $25,000, or about two and a half cents a book, he bought more than 1,000,000 volumes from a religious publishing house that was going out of business. He is now seeking to unload these inspirational works for one dollar and up, selling them as single copies, or in "five-foot shelves," or in "religious libraries" of 50 to 100 books. His record, *Songs and Sayings of Billy James Hargis*, in which he sings hymns in a mellow baritone, was moving fairly well at $4.95. But not many people were buying the $6.50 color photograph of Doctor Hargis, posed before a painting of the Savior, holding a parchment copy of the Constitution, with an American flag at one hand and a Crusader in armor at the other.

"The way it looks now," sighed Doctor Hargis, "we are going to lose about $2000 on this school."

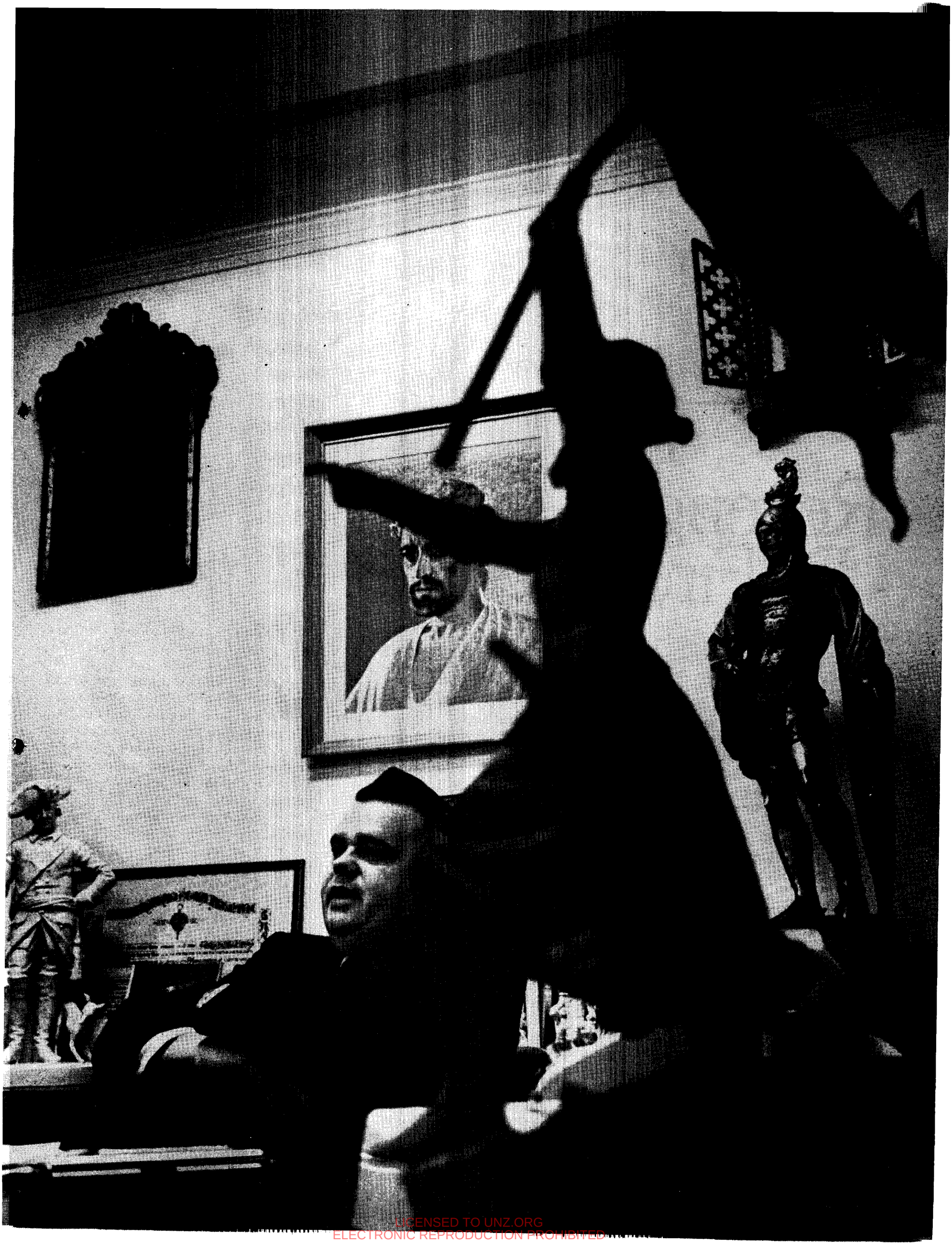
What those who attended the school lost, or gained, is hard to evaluate. For the most part they seemed to be earnest, deeply troubled people. Many were ministers, fearful of modernism in the churches. Many were students, revolting against the liberalism of their teachers. Some were mothers, worried about nuclear war and the future of their sons. Some were small-business men, troubled about taxes. A few were farmers, frustrated and angered by the fact they could survive only by Government subsidy.

Doctor Hargis gave them the simple answer that they sought. Communism was the cause of all their anxieties and their fears. Communism was their only enemy. And all they had to do to destroy this enemy was to support him and his Crusade with their time, their talents—and their money.

There are millions of others like them, hungry to hear his message, Doctor Hargis believes. And he is confident that he and his new laborers now on the road truly will find the harvest plenteous. THE END

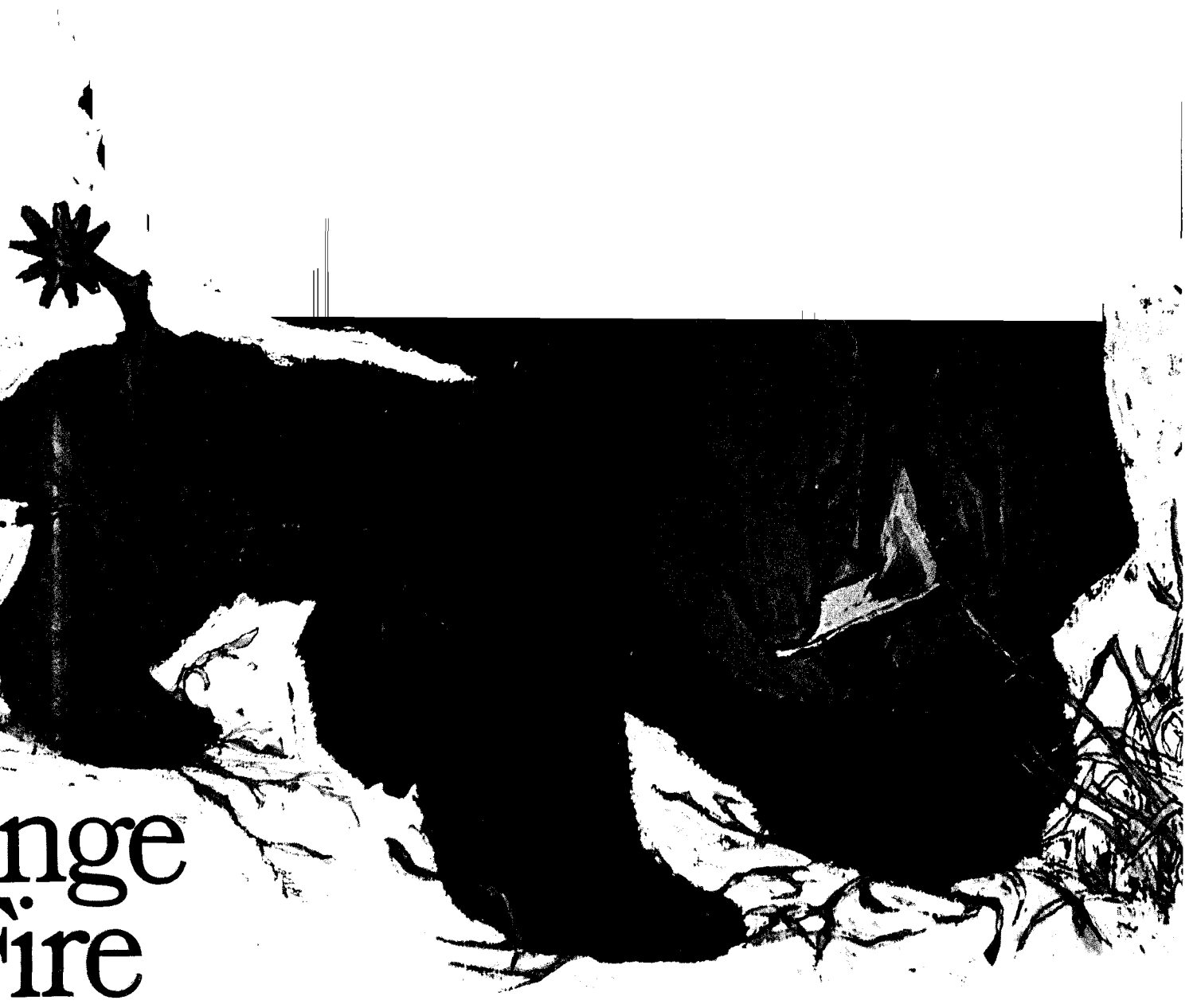
Hargis in his Tulsa headquarters. Surrounded by such militant heroes of the past as Frederick the Great and Joan of Arc, he contemplates the future of his own crusade.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A short story by Jack Schaefer



Revenge By Fire

Five times snow fell that winter, even out on the lower levels, and each time the cold spell held and the snow lingered on the ground, melting in, with little runoff. In the spring the grasses freshened early and, as the season progressed, they thickened and topped out strong, keeping well ahead of the stock roaming the Slash Y range. The horses fleshed—developing grass bellies that would slim down soon with work—and were spunky under saddles. The cattle fattened fast, losing the gaunt-flanked look of winter, and the new calves stood sturdy by their mothers and frolicked in their sudden stiff-legged rocking spurts with the vitality of new life in a good year.

Then the summer sun beat down, and no rain fell, not even the usual rare but torrential thunderstorms of midsummer, and the grasses turned brown and gold, rippling in the dry winds, curing early on the stem, good feed still but no longer freshening, growing, renewing, and the men of the Slash Y riding the range were careful with matches and sparing with campfires and kicked dirt over even apparently dead ashes before moving on.

It was a good year turning bad. And worse was to come.

Two strange men came riding in to the ranch headquarters. They came out of the great distances west and south, and their meager worn gear spoke of Arizona, of the hard lonely hiding country beyond the Mogollon Rim. They came on two lean wire-tough long-traveling horses, and they led two more of the same breed. One of the men was thickset, big-armed, with big features and undershot jaw, and a kind of insolence or a contempt or anger at the world in general showed in his quick nervous actions and his manner of jerking his head as he talked. The other was loose-limbed, slack-jawed, shambling in movement even in the saddle, tagging always a bit behind.

They left their horses by the small corral and walked over by the veranda of the old adobe house where range manager Cal Brennan sat in the mouse-chewed remnants of an ancient leather-covered armchair, soaking in afternoon sun, absurdly high-curved-heel boots on the floor beside him, old eyes missing nothing about his visitors and their gear and their horses.

They exchanged the usual amenities with him about the weather and the condition of the country, then the thickset man pushed his point. "Saw some mustangs down in them lower hills," he said. "Understand that's part of your range. Now they ain't much, but we ain't partic'lar these days. Mind if we camp there awhile an' try runnin' 'em?"

Cal rubbed a hand down one cheek and over around his chin. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I do. I reckon I do mind."

"What for?" said the thickset man, jerking his head. "They ain't doin' you no good."

"They ain't hurtin' me any," said Cal. "An' I happen to know there ain't enough broomtails down that way to be worth your while. You get to chasin' an' find that out an' our own stock might get to lookin' kind of temptin' to you."

"You callin' anybody anythin'?" said the thickset man, jerking his head again.

"Not so as you'd notice," said Cal. "Just thinkin' of what could happen."

"Stingy," said the loose-limbed man.

"You can call it that if you've a mind to," said Cal. "I call it bein' sensible. Lookin' ahead an' avoidin' trouble. You two're welcome to stick aroun' for supper and bed down here. In the mornin' whyn't you head for the Domingo reservation? More wild ones over that way an' likely you could make a deal."

"We ain't needin' no advice from the likes of you," said the thickset man. "Nor nothin' else neither." He turned away and the loose-limbed man tagged him.

They rode off into the distances west and south, and they stopped by one of the Slash Y's low, round water tanks with windmill beside it and watered their horses and filled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY GELLER

their canteens. The thickset man scanned the territory around and took a small running iron from the blanket roll behind his saddle and hammered at the side of the tank, low down, until he had punched a hole, and the two of them stood for a moment watching water run out to soak into the dry ground.

They mounted and rode on, leading the two extra horses, and dusk took them just over the long ridge fronting the mountains to the west, and they made a quick dry camp in a small hollow screened by junipers and picketed the horses and ate sparingly of the meager supply of food in their saddlebags and lay down in blankets with saddles for pillows.

At about the same time, farther to the west and on the other side of the mountains, Powder Kent, easy in saddle aboard a rough-built sturdy roan, coming back to the ranch after a three-day's jaunt to testify as a witness at a minor nuisance of a trial that had been transferred to Rio Abajo, worked his way up a trail twisting toward a pass through the upper peaks. In the deepening dusk he stopped where a small spring trickled out of rock and let the roan drink and unsaddled and picketed it and built a small fire. He took a can of beans from his saddlebag and, with the opener blade of his pocketknife, neatly removed the top. Carefully he set the can close in by the fire and pushed it farther in with a small stick. Pulling out another blade of the knife, he went to work on the stick, whittling one end flat. Using two other sticks, he removed the can from the fire and sat down, ankles crossed out in front with the can between his legs and dipped the flattened end of the first stick into the can. Slowly, leisurely, he emptied the can. He rose and went to the spring and lay flat and drank. He came back by the fire and carefully pushed what remained of it in toward the center and unrolled his blanket and spread it out. He stood quietly, listening into the great clean silence all around him, broken only by the soft sigh of wind in the tops of the few pines nearby. Out of old habit his right hand moved, and his worn gun was in the hand, and he spun the cylinder, peering at it. Five shells. He set the cylinder so that the hammer bore on the empty chamber and slipped the gun back into its worn holster at his side. He lay down on one half of the blanket and set his hat on the ground and pulled the other half of the blanket over him.

Morning, like any other morning of the lazy time of year, was clear and crisp and warming fast as the sun rose, and the men of the Slash Y were lingering in the cookhouse over a last round of coffee, in no hurry to start the day's work. It was Sugar Wyman who stepped out and along the path to the outhouse and came back, long-striding, to stand in the doorway.

"I kind of hate to go breakin' up this little party," he said, "but it might int'rest you all to have a look out here." His voice was quiet, almost matter of fact, but foreman Hat Henderson was up and striding toward the door before he had finished. Sugar stepped back out, leading past a corner of the cookhouse. He pointed into the great distances west and south.

Far out where rolling grassland set its own horizon against the background of the long ridge fronting the mountains, a light-gray cloud hugged the ground, sending streamers floating upward. Darker streaks showed in it, twisting, rising, and the whole reached out, stretching, blotting ever more of the low horizon.

Smoke. Smoke rising from a mile-wide front, advancing and spreading, spreading.

Activity swarmed in and about the long low barn and the corrals, and the voice of Hat Henderson boomed through it. "Monte. An' you, Chet. Grab a couple butcher knives an' a hatchet an' snap out there an' get a drag ready . . . Dally, harness the team . . . Sunfish, pile some barrels on the wagon an' fill 'em with water an' throw in all the bags an' shovels you can find . . . Dobe, rig a string of extra hosses an' take 'em on out . . . Sugar, you an' Joe take the buckboard an' swing around backside of it. Wind's blowing this way, so likely it ain't doing too much there."

Far out on the rolling grassland, cattle moved in frightened spurts, gathering into bunches, stopping to look back and moving away again. The small ground-dwelling life of the land scurried through the low growth. The fire crackled on a wider front now, consuming the dry grasses, feeding on its own draft, advancing under the whip of the wind eastward at an eight-mile pace. Smoke rolled ahead of it in gusts and coiled back, twisting, rising, dark and acrid where the flames took patches of small brush.

Well in front and back some from the near end of the lead line of fire, Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins, moving silently and swiftly, worked on the carcass of a yearling steer just dropped with a bullet in its brain. Slashing deep with knives and using a hatchet on the neck vertebrae, they cut off the head and heaved this aside. Slashing deep again, they ripped open the carcass, slicing it the long way almost in half, and heaved again to spread-eagle it out, flesh-and-gut side down. Striding to their horses thirty feet away, ground-reined, waiting, nervous but waiting, they grabbed ropes and tied these to saddle horns and payed them out back to the carcass.

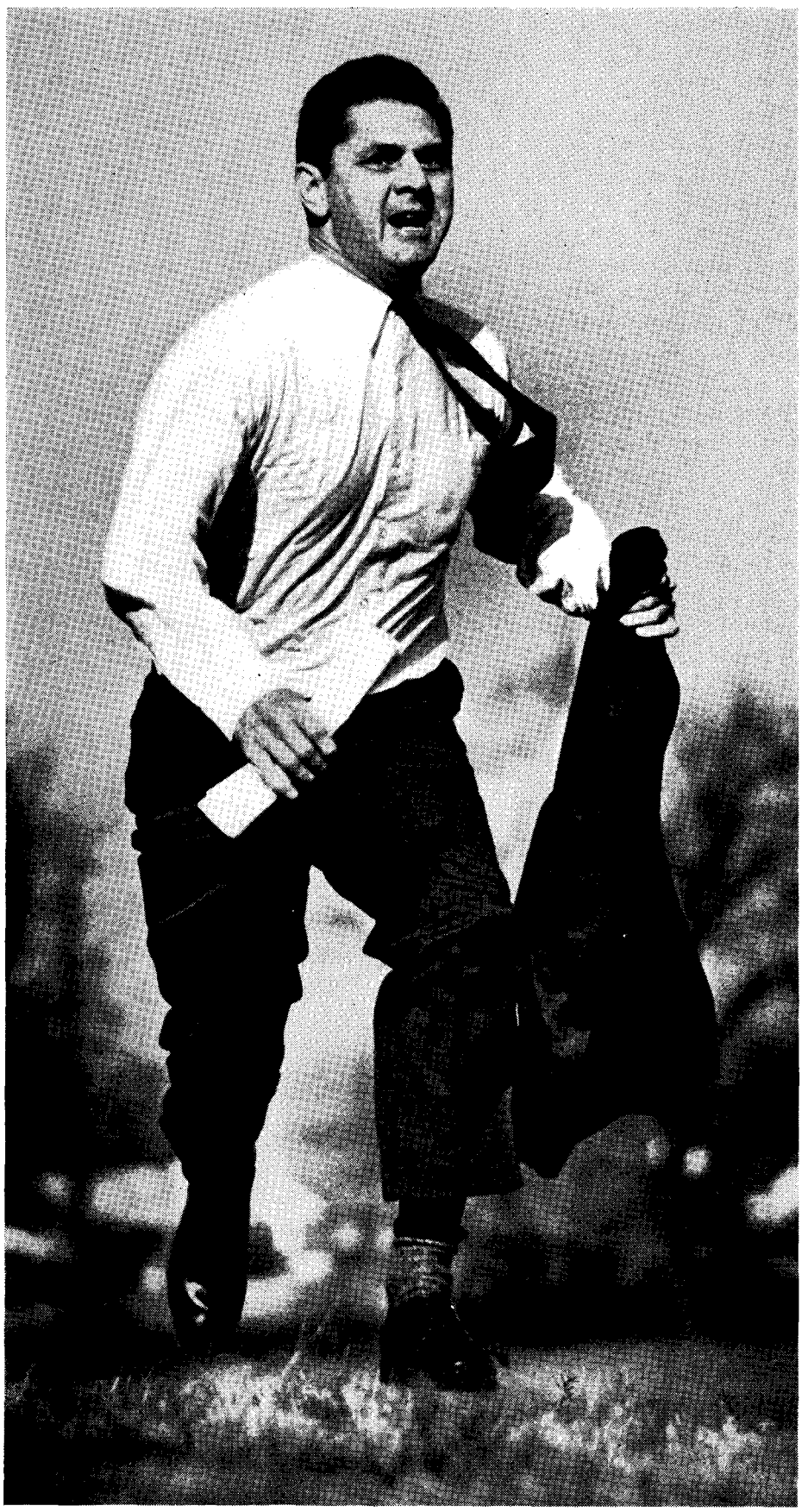
"Take the outside," said Monte. "And don't try giving me no argument."

Bending low, they tied the ropes to a forefoot and a hindfoot. Striding again to the horses, they swung up and moved away, dragging the spread-out bloody carcass, heading straight for the lead line of fire.

A quarter mile behind them a big flatbed low-sided wagon swayed and came forward, husky young draft team digging hoofs deep and lunging into the harness, Cal Brennan on the seat with the reins, *(Continued on Page 60)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

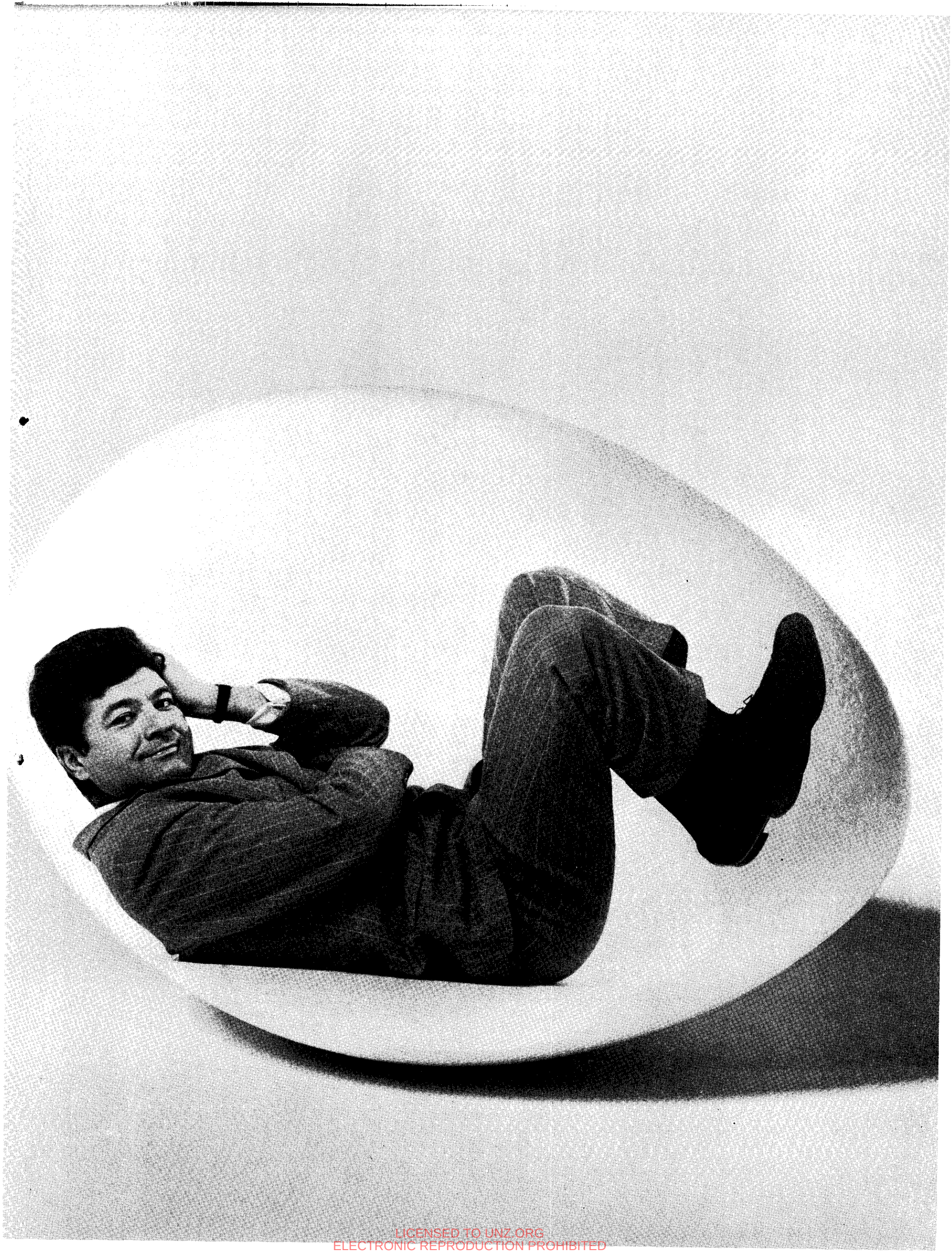
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Comic Actor: Incubating gags for humor-hungry nightclubgoers occupies comedian Dick Shawn, 33, seven days a week. "But," says Shawn, "what I really want to do is musical comedy, and cut out all nightclub work except eight or ten weeks a year in Las Vegas." In his first crack at Broadway this year (starring in *The Egg*, which the reviewers fried to a crisp) the critics crowed encouragement to him. In Chicago, where the play opened, the *Tribune* praised "the range, the brilliance, the offbeat charm, the sheer virtuosity of Dick Shawn's focal performance." His *Egg* role has brought him five musical-show offers, a starring part in the film spectacular *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. More athlete than actor as a youth, Shawn in 1946 signed with the White Sox as a pitcher. The draft interrupted his baseball career, and in the Army he volunteered to entertain troops, worked up a comic routine. "When I got out," he says, "I gave up ball because I always got more laughs than strikeouts." In seven years he upped his nightclub pay rate 1000 percent, won roles in four movies and, while still an impecunious novice, married his Buffalo, N.Y., high-school sweetheart. "The first month Rita and I were married," he says, "we didn't even have a bed. We'd put newspapers on the floor and sleep on them. In the morning I'd read the news stories off Rita's back." PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II.

Hustling Candidate: Hell-bent for election, Ross Pritchard, 37, runs for Congress the way he once scored touchdowns—headlong. Now a political-science professor at Southwestern College in Memphis, he is frank about what makes Pritchard run. "I've got to get into the active area of politics," he says. "It's in my craw to run for Congress. I can't wait for some student of mine to do it." Most Americans, Pritchard believes, have lost "the crapshooter in their soul and the fire in their eye—qualities we need to beat the Communists." Pritchard's crapshooter's soul has prompted him to enter the Democratic primary in Tennessee's Ninth District and challenge the incumbent—Rep. Clifford Davis, 64. Davis is an old pro, but Pritchard is no novice. In 1960 he managed Sen. Estes Kefauver's campaign locally, won over important and previously hostile Shelby County (Memphis). Says a friend: "Ross is tough, mentally and physically." Physical toughness spurred Pritchard's career. Reared in Paterson, N.J., he went to the University of Arkansas on a football scholarship after a wartime hitch in the Navy. As a bachelor he had a C average; wedded, he buckled down and got straight A's, went on to earn an M.A. and a Ph.D. in law and diplomacy. The Pritchards have five children, live near the campus. Pritchard, backfield coach of the school's football team, can outsprint any man on his squad. His players report that politics is teaching Pritchard a tact unusual for coaches. "He used to yell at us when we fumbled," says one back. "But these days he just says, 'Now, son, you can do better than that.'" PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SHROUT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Street-Gang Peacemakers: To delinquent girls in three of New York City's hotbeds of teen-age gang violence, the friendly faces of Charlene Curry, Janet Ades and Rochelle Hood (left to right) represent a means of rising above the savagery, aimlessness and squalor of the asphalt jungle. From 2 P.M. until 11 P.M., five days a week—usually including weekends and holidays—Charlene, Janet and Rochelle tour the tenderloin areas for the New York City Youth Board's Street-Club Project. Their assignment: To gain the confidence of "debs"—girl auxiliaries of the boy gangs—and rehabilitate them to a point where they will exert a positive influence on the boys.

"Their job requires a great deal of courage, a lot of moxie," says Deputy Police Commissioner Lawrence Pierce, whose Police Department Youth Division works closely with the Youth Board. "They're out there on the streets, where the stuff is really flying, and they go unarmed." ("Miss," one girl worker was advised by a young hood, "I don't think it's a good idea for women workers to come out here, 'cause something might happen to you. Anyhow, these girls use such bad language.")

In addition to an abundance of courage—which the gangs respectfully call "heart"—Street-Club Project workers must have a college degree, previous experience with antisocial teen-agers, perseverance, maturity and a sureness about their own values. Personality failings flunk nine out of ten otherwise-qualified applicants.

Charlene Curry, (left) 24, works in the toughest neighborhood in all New York—the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn—where nine teen-gang killings occurred last year. Gentle and religious, Charlene is a native of Birmingham, Alabama, an honor graduate (all A's and B's) of Wilberforce University, an ex-cheerleader and basketball player. She was working for a Long Island children's shelter early last fall when she heard that the Youth Board was seeking girl Street-Club workers. The most recent addition to the staff, she testifies: "First they put you through an ordeal of insults and provocations. But when you prove you really do care, they come to you."

Born in Washington, D.C., but reared in New York, Janet Ades (center), 23, was only a thesis away from a master's degree in 16th-century English literature at Columbia when she took a job as a social worker at a Lower East Side settlement house. "This work became central for me," she says. "Columbia just faded." She joined the Youth Board a year ago, was assigned to the Morrisania district of the upper Bronx.

Philippine-born Rochelle Hood (right), 26, studied at Memphis State Teachers College to fulfill her father's wish that she receive an American education. (Her mother is a Filipino; her father, an American mining engineer, was ambushed and killed by Igorot tribesmen when Rochelle was in her teens.) As a high-school Spanish teacher in rural Wellsville, Ohio, Rochelle was popular with her students, had few discipline problems. Determined nonetheless to learn more about handling difficult kids, she found a job working with debs in a Bronx youth center. "But I had to stay in the center, waiting for the kids to come to me. That didn't seem right, with so many outside who never came." In October of 1960 she became the Street-Club Project's first girl worker. Her turf: the lower Bronx.

New York's "debs," "queens" and "ladies," more readily stigmatized than the boys, manifest their antisocial feelings in many ways. Out-of-wedlock pregnancies are part of their way of life; so is organized shoplifting. They dislike school. They imitate boys in speech and manner, even in dress. They are hostile, suspicious and resistive to help. "Horse" (heroin), "pot" (marijuana) or "sneaky pete" (cheap wine) may be their favorite ingredient for a "ball" (a good time). Three out of four have a police record. Yet, insists Rochelle, they don't really enjoy their rebellion against society. "They just don't know any alternative."

To win the confidence of these troubled girls, the Street-Club workers must show each one they really care what happens to her. Their *modus operandi:* "I come to work at 2 P.M.," says Janet, "and write letters to some of the girls I knew who are now at the State Training (reform) School. After 3 P.M., girls come to our lounge for help—help in finding a job or a dentist, personal problems, anything. Then I visit the schools and talk with guidance counselors about my girls, or visit the girls' homes, or go to court to give moral support to one of the kids. I don't testify; I'm there as a friend. Then I make out reports and consult with my supervisor. By now I'm accepted as part of the scenery by the deb group of the local gang. Sometimes I take them to a restaurant or a show. I stay with them until 11 P.M.—or later if there are emergencies. I try to get the girls to see there is another way to live, a social way as well as an antisocial way."

Usually the debs pay half the tab for their treats in town; the Youth Board makes up the difference. "With my working hours, it's impossible for me to go to the ballet in my free time," says Janet, "so I'm delighted the ballet is part of our program, and I take the girls. They love it. Things like window shopping on Fifth Avenue are very popular with these girls, who in some ways are like foreigners discovering America."

When the workers hold a social activity, the kids themselves establish many of the rules of decorum. "It ain't dancing unless your feets are moving," one teenager explained to his peers, "and if you ain't dancing, this is no place to do it."

The girl Street-Club workers must observe certain rules too: When they go out on the street they must be accompanied by a male worker; they must phone their office at least every two hours; they must inform the police immediately if any illegal activity comes to their attention—and they must be sure to spell out this last rule to the debs.

The Youth Board is spending $1,500,000 a year on its Street-Club Project, to reach 16,000 gang members and their debs, through 155 street-club workers (149 male, six female). Is the project paying off? The Youth Board thinks so. "About eighty gangs have gone out of existence as a result of our work," says Ralph W. Phelan, commissioner of youth services.

Sometimes the measure of success lies in the little victories: A debased young girl, resigned to supporting herself via the oldest profession, attends a Street-Club Project charm school, then takes a cautious first step toward self-respect by insisting she will not dance with a boy unless he removes his hat. PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY GLADSTONE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

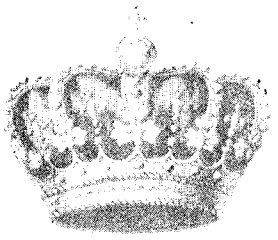
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TALISMAN

by
G. H. CALPIN

HOW THE LEGENDARY TREASURE THE HOUSE OF LANSMERE BROUGHT LOVE TO A YOUNG COUPLE

ILLUSTRATION BY KURT ARD



If this were a movie film, the cameraman would sweep the mountains of England spreading into the County of York; note the turbulence of the River Swale, the ruins of Lansmere Castle and discover the modest manor of Sir Robert Lansmere, its doors open on the departing guests of the coming-of-age party of his daughter Anne—a girl not tall but very beautiful, with dark wavy hair framing her face.

An old man stayed, Sir James Stokesley, greatcoated against the fog. "She's a fine girl, Robert," he said, "and I hope to heaven she gets some decent man. Indeed I do. And now I must go."

Sir Robert, tall and sixty, with short gray hair and clipped mustache, watched the car disappear and turned into the hall. As he stood waiting for Anne, who had gone to her room, his eyes went to the landing, with its portraits in oils of the men and women of his family. His look stayed on one of them.

It was a portrait of a girl who had lived three centuries before. She was wearing a gown of ivory brocade. A single ring adorned her hands, a betrothal ring set with diamonds in the shape of the wild rose that formed part of the family crest. Her face held a curious happiness, as if she was to know all her fulfillments at the side of the young earl, who made her the Lady of Lansmere.

For Sir Robert the portrait had long held a special sweetness, ever since his wife had died without knowing that their child had lived. One day, when words were first forming on the child's lips, he found her struggling with a curtsy before the portrait. It became a game she loved to play, and he joined her in it. But as she grew older, and he told her the story of the Lady of Lansmere, nothing would persuade her to pass the portrait without a smile of recognition, some bond of love drawing her to the girl portrayed there.

But now as she came and he went to meet her, he straightened in surprise. She passed the portrait with scarcely a glance. For a moment he thought she had at last decided to put away part of her girlhood. But no. As if caught in sudden panic, she hesitated on the staircase. The laughter fled from her eyes. A sob escaped her, and she hurried back, bewildered and confused. He wanted to call after her. Instead he went slowly to his study, his heart sinking a little as he waited.

"What happened?" he asked when she came.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully, searching for explanation. "I went to get my wrap, but as I came down"—she wondered how to continue. It was so inexplicable, so foolish—"she wasn't there," she said.

"Wasn't there?" he exclaimed. "What *do* you mean, wasn't there?"

Anne shook her head. "I wouldn't have had it happen for anything in the world. On this night of all nights. I had a strange feeling that she wasn't waiting for me. Then, when I went again just now, she was there, and it was as if nothing had happened."

Sir Robert went over to her. "Sometimes the mind plays strange tricks," he explained.

"No, it wasn't that," she said.

He stood, looking into the fire with her, thinking of his inadequacy. Anne was too composed a girl to be given to hallucination. Trying to divert her thoughts, he talked of the party, of their friends and of her mother, adding, "So let's not think about it anymore. Maybe it was a sign, now that you have come of age."

She took his hand and smiled, anxious that he should not be troubled on her account. "I suppose it *is* stupid of me," she said. "Something I cannot explain. I'll go up now. But first, thank you for the lovely party."

Alone he went to the tall windows. Dense fog gripped the land, crushing out sound and sight. It was on such a night that tragedy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overtook the girl in the portrait, a tragedy that ended the earldom and brought the estate, so much smaller now, into his side of the family. He had found a chronicle of it in the British Museum.

It told how the King, journeying north and hearing of dangers, decided to turn aside to Lansmere Castle. Unfortunately he did not know that the young earl had already left to prepare for his stay at Lancaster, so that only the lady of the castle and her small son were there to receive him.

It was then that one Roger Malheven, a rejected suitor for the hand of the Lady of Lansmere, who had been dismissed from the Court, conspired revenge. He had two of his men steal into the castle, his followers gathering in the hills. They did their work well. In the night they slid the bolt of the great doors, leaving the staples wide open. Aware of something amiss, the girl in the portrait opened her door and saw the empty sockets. With a cry she ran down to the doors as the shouts of men arose outside. Then, her back to the doors, she thrust her arm through the gaping staples, making of it a bolt against the rabble.

Soon the heavy doors crunched and broke her arm, her men pulling her free. Dragging herself painfully to her room, she girded a purse about her waist, hastily putting her gold and rings into it. Then, taking her small son, she hurried to the King and led him and two of his men by a private stair down to the courtyard, insisting he take horse, as she with the boy mounted hers.

The King disappeared, expecting her to follow. Instead, thinking to draw the enemy away, she pricked her horse below the castle's keep. It was there that Roger Malheven crossed her path. Swiftly she pulled aside and lost him in the paths she knew so well.

No legend tells what happened until she reappeared above the river, alone and without her child. Malheven and his men came upon her once more. Seeing no escape, she turned to the edge of the cliff, bent to pat the animal's neck and put it to a leap, to be seen no more. People said that the King himself went in search of her small boy, to no avail. But it was known that the young earl sought out Malheven and destroyed him, dying himself in the fight.

Sir Robert thought how unkind a trick Fate had played on the girl in the portrait, how poor the reward for so sublime a courage. He went to his room, feeling that sleep would not come to him and knowing it would not come to Anne.

Nor did it. They both heard a loud knocking, as of some guest caught in the fog. Hurrying to open the door, they recognized the voice of old Thomas Entwhistle, one of the farm tenants, and stood aghast as he and his son lifted a field gate into the hall. On it lay a man in the heavy appurtenances of an airman, his body awkwardly disposed, blood trickling from his head. Bending down, Sir Robert saw that his uniform bore the insignia of the U.S. Air Force.

Old Entwhistle said, "We heard a plane crash by the castle ruins as we returned late from the fair. Found him yards from it. It was nearer to bring him here."

Quickly servants brought warm water and towels. Anne knelt to bathe his face while her father telephoned his doctor, thirty miles away. "It will take me an hour," the doctor said. "Better not move him." When he came, his orders were the same. "A bed. Here in the hall. He's in a bad way. Call the military hospital."

Together they got the young American onto a bed, seeing the tallness of him, the deathly pallor of his strong face. As the doctor worked over him, Sir Robert examined his papers.

"Richard Dale Swallows, captain," he read aloud, his mind repeating it, brushed by a familiarity that the boy's condition did not allow him to pursue.

The sound of his own name seemed to do something for the fallen pilot. Anne saw his eyelids move, almost as if he had heard. It was, indeed, as she was thinking.

"That's right. Swallows," he said deep down.

But no one answered. He tried to open his eyes. For an instant it felt as if they *had* opened. There was a girl looking at a portrait. Then it seemed he must be in the corridors of eternity, between life and death. The knowledge frightened him.

"Gently," a girl said, "gently."

Her voice stole on him in the blur of the strange room. An antechamber that expected something of him. A report. A statement. He must think what to say. *Something went wrong. I fell like a winged goose. Down. Down. Into the mist. It was the end. Then someone came. Touched me. Spoke to me. "No, it's not the end. Hold fast. Remember who you are. Just go on." A girl's voice. I saw her.*

In the shadows where no time is, a new voice reached him. "Now take it easy, captain. Tell us what happened."

He would have to think about this. He had been sent on a mission, a secret mission. *Don't talk.* But these were American voices, familiar. Still he would be careful. He would tell them about the girl.

"Yes, we know about the girl, captain. But what about the plane? The readings on the dial? Dial Purple? You remember?"

He must have nodded, for "That's fine," the voice said. "Now repeat the numbers, captain. Repeat the numbers."

Oh, yes, the numbers. There was a meeting. The physicists, the mathematicians, the engineers. *Keep your eye on Dial Purple. Etch its calibrations on your brain. It's what we trained you for. Why we chose you. Your memory. Top. Top secret.*

His mouth had dried on their words. *You may never come back.* Someone shook his hand. And he was gone into the night, streamlike, 60,000 feet above the North Sea. Alone. No radio. His hand on a thunderbolt. A stroke of lightning. Not a plane. Breath sufficient to shoot it through the sound barrier. His eyes fixed on Dial Purple. One hundred, two hundred . . . 00361, 2, 3. Flashes on his memory. Scores of numbers. Parabolic. Hyperbolic. Up. Down. Left. Right.

"That's right, captain, the numbers!"

He spoke the numbers automatically. Impulses inside him; 00361, 2, 3; 00725, 6, 7, 3, 2. He could see the graphs they would draw. "Good man," he heard them say. "Then what?"

There was a pause that seemed as long as eternity. "We'll come again," they said then.

Another voice came, gentle, sweet.

"I wish they wouldn't question him so. He is so ill."

"They know best, Anne. Come away now."

"I know, father, but I don't want him to die."

"We don't either, ma'am, but we must get all we can in case he does." Nature put him out. The sun and the moon and the stars sped their courses outside his world. Devoted hearts and skilled fingers edged him back along the corridors of eternity. Time returned to him—so long a time—when he knew night and day, and he was aware of Anne's awareness of him, watching over him. It seemed always that he stared at the landing, waiting for her.

Then, after many days, disappointment lay on him as he saw her dressed for outdoors. "You are going out," he whispered.

"Only for a little while," she said. "Do you need anything?"

She sat on the foot of the bed.

"What is this place?" he asked.

"A home in the country," she said. "They brought you here."

"Is your name Anne?"

"Yes," she said, "but how did you know?" There was surprise in her voice. "And yours is Richard," she added.

He looked searchingly at her. "It must have been a dream," he said. "That portrait."

"Tell me, what's troubling you?" she said quietly.

"Who is she?" he begged.

"If you promise to wait a little, (*Continued on Page 76*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CZAR OF THE BUNNY

By BILL DAVIDSON

Hefner in his role of worldly-wise bon vivant. "*Our philosophy*," *he says*, "*is that you should work hard and play hard and strive to get into the sophisticated upper crust.*" *His own effective method*: "*To publish a magazine that would thumb its nose at all restrictions. . . .*"

Last November the students in a graduate course called Business Policy I trooped into a Harvard classroom for mid-term exams. They expected questions about such orthodox matters as the policies of U.S. Steel and General Motors. Instead, the entire examination was devoted to the operations of a thirty-five-year-old entrepreneur named Hugh Marston Hefner, whose principal stock in trade is exhibiting the human female in various stages of undress.

One of the students aptly titled his essay "The House That Flesh Built."

Hefner is best known as the editor and publisher of *Playboy* magazine, but he has recently launched several other enterprises which depend on the basic philosophy he once set forth in a publishing directive to his staff: ALL THE NUDES THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.

Playboy's chief contribution to American culture is built around photographs and cartoons of naked young ladies, usually with enormous bosoms. The jokes are of the bordello variety ("Hurry up, honey, I'm double-parked"), the essays are on such subjects as the history of bathing (with photos of buxom nudes stepping out of archaic bathtubs).

All this would lead you to believe that young Mr. Hefner is obsessed with sex; he is—but in a nonsexual sort of way. He is almost totally cash-register oriented, much like the late Cecil B. De Mille, to whom a sex orgy in a religious movie was a box-office commodity.

In every issue of *Playboy*, for example, there is a so-called PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH feature. This is a large foldout color photograph of an unclad young lady, usually with a prodigious superstructure, contorted into some attitude of come-hitherness. The playmate is shown fully clad in subsidiary photographs, allegedly working in a bank, a business office or the like, to perpetuate a Hefner-inspired myth that these are all "just wholesome girls-next-door."

Actually, most of them are professional models or aspiring show girls, whose agents have sent Hefner reams of undraped photos of their clients. (Actresses Jayne Mansfield and Stella Stevens, for example, began their careers by displaying their charms as Playmates.) In Hefner's office, I saw him leafing through dozens of these portfolios. He kept grunting and commenting, "Too flat," or "Too big in the rear." The scene had all the warmth of a restaurant proprietor selecting sides of beef for his establishment.

By his own admission, Hefner was surrounded by a "wall of restrictions" until he was twenty-six years old, and when he busted loose with *Playboy* he did so with a vengeance. There remains, however, an air of contrivance about the whole thing—as when a baseball-club owner works out with his team.

With Hefner, this transformation has involved the building of a Casanova legend about himself. When he founded *Playboy* he adopted as its trademark a lecherous, worldly-wise male rabbit in impeccable evening clothes, surrounded by a host of admiring female bunnies. This is the picture of himself that Hefner—with the help of publicity agents—has projected. He, too, is constantly surrounded by "bunnies"—his name for the scantily clad maidens who serve as waitresses, hostesses and hatcheck girls in his Playboy Clubs, a chain of nightclubs stemming from his *Playboy* magazine concept. His coat of arms, which decorates all the enterprises in his far-flung Bunny Empire, has become a silver rabbit's head rampant on a field of black. This image of Hefner as the urbane czar of the Bunny Empire has prompted movie star Tony Curtis to schedule production this summer of a film based on the life of Hugh Hefner. Tentatively titled *Playboy*, the film will star Tony Curtis as Hefner, and will be distributed by Columbia Pictures.

The czar of the Bunny Empire would hardly attract a glance from a Hollywood casting director if he applied for the role himself. Hefner is a tall, thin, intense young man who looks more like a small-town grocery clerk than the epitome of sophisticated prurience, which he is supposed to be. His press agents insist that he must appear in public at all times with one or two magnificent-looking, busty young females on his arm, and he dutifully complies; but I observed that, more often than not, his bunny-of-the-evening was left to sit forlornly by herself while Hefner discussed business with other males. When I questioned one such abandoned bunny about this, she said, "Well, that's show business."

Show business it is, and Hefner is on-stage almost constantly, acting out his role. On-stage there is Hefner the urbane gourmet, whipping up exotic casserole dishes and cocktails for some beauteous creature in his $400,000 pad. Off-stage, more often than not, he sits alone in his office munching his favorite dish, plain fried chicken and mashed potatoes and sipping his favorite drink, a country-boy mixture of bourbon and cola.

On-stage there is Hefner, the connoisseur of classical music and cool jazz, played to electronic perfection on his multithousand-dollar, stereophonic, twenty-speaker-mounted-in-acoustically-perfect-globes-in-the-ceiling hi-fi equipment. Off-stage, according to his associates, he knows nothing about classical music and little about cool jazz, and would rather listen to the 1949 records of Frankie Laine, whom he once imitated when he sang with a band in college.

On-stage there is a faultlessly attired Hefner, dressed in the expensive tailor-made clothing which he recommends for all playboys; off-stage is a somewhat sloppy Hefner in carelessly fitted ready-mades and beat-up moccasins, flitting about his office with his large Adam's apple protruding from his unbuttoned collar. On-stage Hefner is charming, considerate and willing to discuss such subjects as nudity and puritanism on a high intellectual level. Off-stage he is argumentative and querulous, and is incessantly scolding his staff with lengthy memoranda.

In effect, there are two Hefners—the debonair leading player in the *Playboy* pageant, and the businessman who has stumbled on a product people want to buy. Which is the *real* Hefner?

A friend says, "The businessman, of course. He has discovered a sophomoric weakness in our society, and he is exploiting it. The weakness is a desire on the part of the American male to participate in a juvenile, look-but-don't-touch sort of wickedness. It's not *La Dolce Vita* that Hef is selling, as some people say. It's cut-rate, mail-order sophistication which American sophomores, many of them middle-aged, think they can buy for a six-dollar subscription to *Playboy* or a fifty-dollar gold key which will admit them to the Playboy Clubs."

Hefner tends to dispute this analysis, and would have you believe that his formula somehow is in the forefront of the fight against Communism—of all things—and for the American way of life.

"What we're selling," he told me, "is good, healthy, upbeat revolt against the things that have been ruining America. Our philosophy is that you should work hard and play hard, and strive to get into the sophisticated upper crust. The nudity is the revolt against the puritanism that overtook us in those grim days after the 1920's and stifled creative expression. The emphasis on hi-fi, sports cars, good food and drink, good entertainment, good literature and music is to stimulate our young men to educate themselves so they can make enough money to enjoy these benefits. In this way we can help overcome the educational gap between ourselves and the Russians. Our mission is to make this the Upbeat Generation instead of the Beat Generation, and thus perform a service for America."

It took a long time for this missionary zeal to inflame Hefner to the point where he published his first nude Playmate, and thus begin his campaign of salvation for the United States. In fact, the flame burned weakly until his twenty-sixth year. His original ambition was to be a cartoonist, and in his office he keeps a sixty-nine volume scrapbook detailing the story of his life, the first several volumes of the story being told in cartoons drawn when he was a teen-ager.

The cartoons, strangely, are not about Hugh Hefner, but about a youth named Goo Heffer who attends an institution of learning called Stinkmuch High. There are no girls in these early cartoons. In later volumes the cartoons give way to photographs with long captions written by Hefner himself—and there are plenty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPIRE

The story of magazine publisher Hugh Hefner's personal "playboy" world.

of girls. Captions read: "Hef in Miami"—"Hef discusses the next scene"—"Hef has fun in his pool, which has all the charm of an island grotto," and so on.

The transition from Goo Heffer of Stinkmuch High to Hef having fun in his pool was a long, complicated and sometimes painful one. Hefner reasons: "My whole early life was a telescoping of the puritanical, unproductive years that the entire country went through. Maybe I have become a symptom of revolt because of that, and because I was never really free until the day my magazine was born. Before then I had lived through one series of restrictions after another."

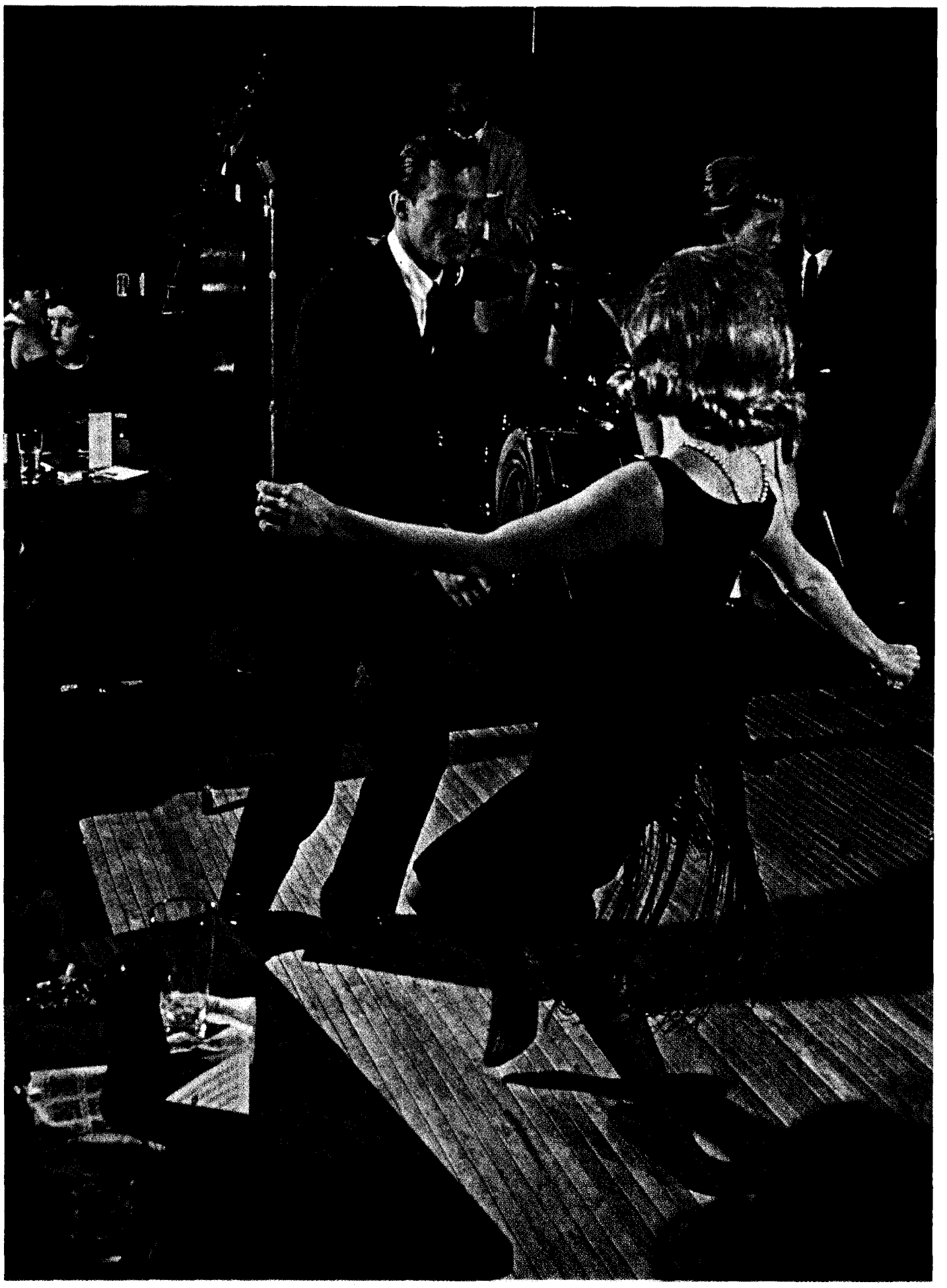
According to Hefner, the first restrictions were imposed by his parents, who came from strongly religious German-Swedish farmer stock in Nebraska and moved to Chicago, where Hefner and his younger brother Keith were born and raised. (His father and brother now work for him, as accountant and club manager respectively.)

Says Hefner, "My father and mother gave us intellectual freedom and we were taught to ask questions and come to our own conclusions, but they imposed rigid Protestant fundamentalist ethics on us. There was no drinking, no smoking, no swearing, no going to movies on Sunday. Worst of all was their attitude toward sex, which they considered a horrid thing never to be mentioned. This led to serious conflicts when I entered high school. I remember the early embarrassment of just putting my arm around a girl. I was very introverted, and this became one of the most difficult periods of my life. So I withdrew into fantasies. First I collected all kinds of butterflies and animals. Later I escaped into fantasy by writing and drawing. It didn't help that my mother was the strong parent and that I was brought up almost entirely under her supervision. My father was an accountant for an aluminum company. He worked late every night and I hardly ever saw him."

Young Hefner's fantasies prompted the creation of his Goo Heffer autobiography in cartoon form, in which he expressed his unhappiness.

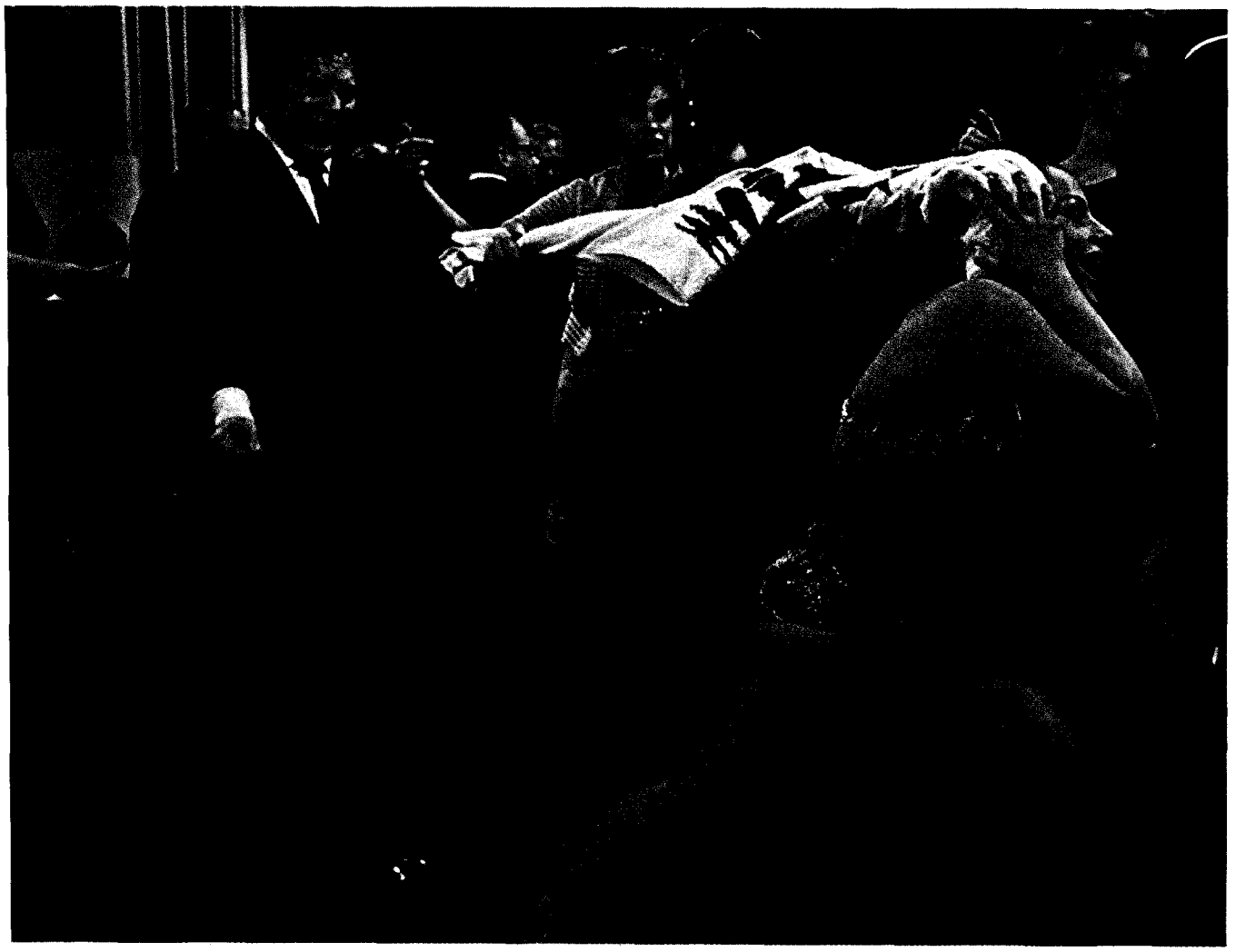
There was a slight reanimation of the Hefner spirit in his senior year at Chicago's Steinmetz High School when he began to date girls and became a popular cartoonist on his school paper. But then the walls of restriction closed in again. World War II was being fought, and after he was graduated in 1944 he went directly into the Army at the age of seventeen.

"It was a jarring experience," he says. "Here I was, being told what to do and what not to do all over again." Because he could type, Hefner served as a company clerk in a variety of replacement centers in the United States, and he was discharged without any particular distinction in June, 1946. "I wouldn't say,"



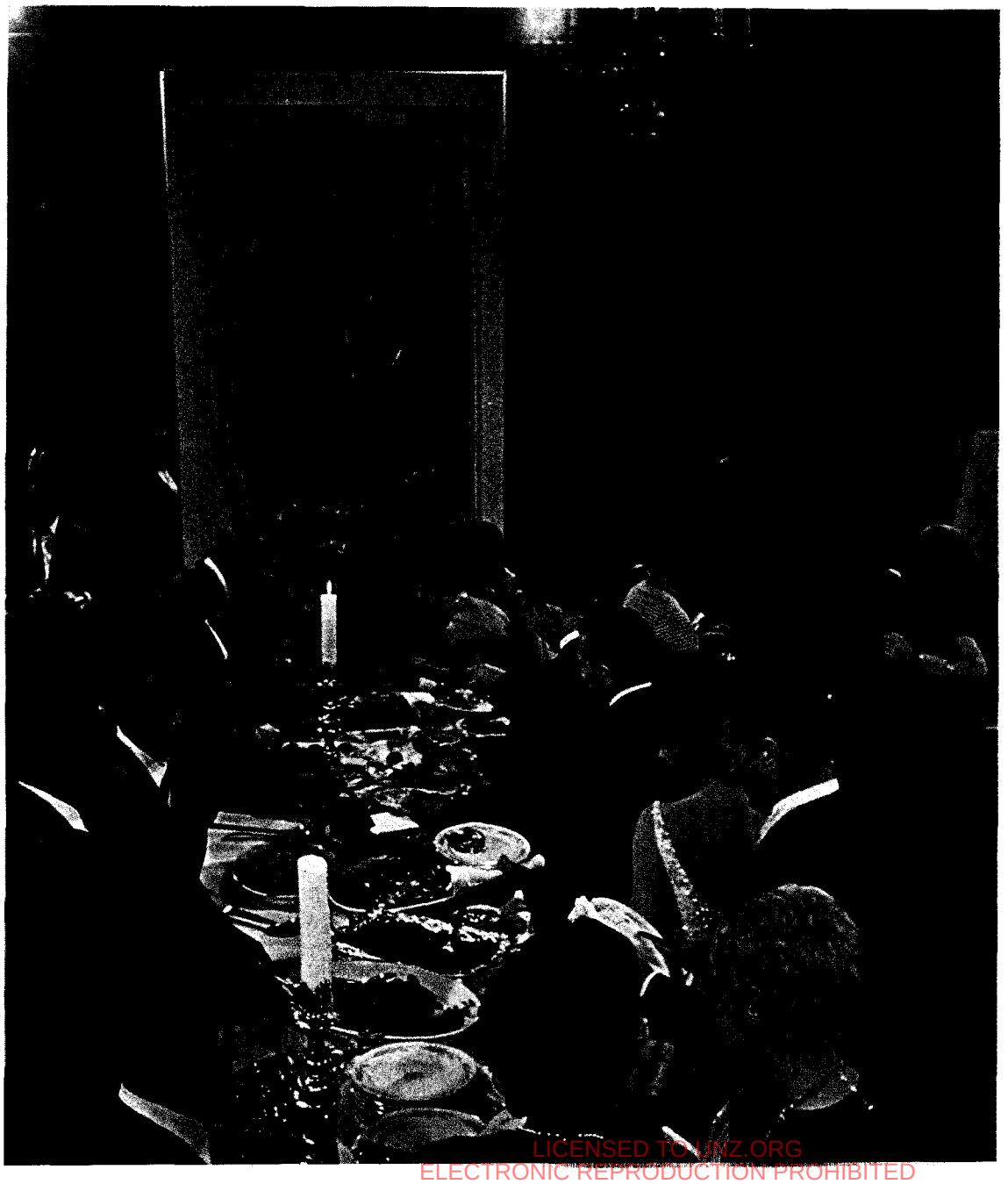
Chicago: At his Playboy Club Hefner as master of the revels does the twist with Cynthia Maddox, one of his recent cover girls. The club exacts a high price from the pleasure-seekers who come to drink, listen and leer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Byplay at one of Hefner's Friday-night "at home's"; guests work hard to keep themselves amused.

As a lavish patron of the sensual arts, Hefner delights in throwing a party at the drop of a name.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he says, "that I was one of the great soldiers."

His only girl up to that time was a high-school classmate named Millie Williams. When he was discharged from the Army, Millie was a student at the University of Illinois, so Hefner went to the University of Illinois too. He is remembered by classmates as an indifferent student—a psychology major; a contributor of cartoons to the campus humor magazine; a singer of such songs as *That's My Desire*, in the Frankie Laine manner, with a three-piece student band; but mostly as Millie Williams's steady beau. He and Millie were married soon after he was graduated in 1949. He was then twenty-two years old.

The marriage, by Hefner's own admission, was a mismatch from the beginning. "We had three unhappy years and two children," he says, "and the walls around me grew higher."

To support his family, he worked as a personnel man for a cartoon manufacturer, couldn't stand it, and quit. Then he tried to escape through selling a comic-strip idea about a college boy, "Fred Frat." Failing, he went to Northwestern University to take graduate work in psychology. This interlude lasted exactly one semester. Then he got a job as a copywriter in the advertising department of *Esquire* magazine at sixty dollars a week. No ball of fire, he quit *Esquire* when they refused to give him a five-dollar raise. By 1952, therefore, he was out of a job and his marriage was on the rocks (the divorce came later).

At this point, if there was anyone in the world who would be considered less likely to start a magazine for "urbane young men who are sophisticated and interested in hi-fi, sports cars, good food and drink and women," it was Hefner. He was broke, he knew absolutely nothing about hi-fi, sports cars or women, and his sophistication was the equivalent of say, Mortimer Snerd's. Yet there he was, working at odd jobs in Chicago by day, pasting together a new magazine by night, all through most of 1952 and 1953.

He admits that his idea for the publication sprang from his work at *Esquire*, as dull as his chores there were. While he was on *Esquire*'s staff it dawned on him that the same formula, taken one step further with photographed nudes, would make an extremely salable product—especially since *Esquire* was beginning to veer away from its emphasis on sex.

"Once this idea hit me," says Hefner, "I began to work on it with everything I had, and for the first time in my life I felt free. It was like a mission—to publish a magazine that would thumb its nose at all the restrictions that had bound me."

One of the first purchasers of the Hefnerian theory was a young Chicago free-lance art director named Art Paul. Paul told me, "I'm sitting in my studio one day and in comes this skinny, intense wild-eyed guy. He showed me this magazine he had put together. He had done all the art work and writing himself, and it was awful. But he looked at my work and asked me to redesign his magazine. I took on the job, accepting private shares of stock in the company he was founding, instead of salary." (Paul today is art director and vice-president of the publishing division of Hefner's empire, and a wealthy man—thanks to those first shares of stock.)

With Paul's help, Hefner finally assembled the first issue of *Playboy* in the kitchen of his Chicago apartment. Featured was the famous Marilyn Monroe

nude calendar photograph, his first PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH, bought from the calendar company for $200 for a one-time presentation. Hefner rounded up some risqué jokes and cartoons, and a few secondhand literary properties that had been printed before in other magazines; he contributed several pages of his own prose; and in November, 1953, he went to press with $10,000 raised through the sale of stock to trusting friends, and $600 obtained through hocking his own possessions. Volume 1, No. 1 of *Playboy* carried no date. He wasn't sure there would be a Volume 1, No. 2.

The brash new publication sold 55,000 copies at fifty cents apiece, however, and Hefner was under way. By the time he and Paul were ready to assemble the fourth issue, they were solvent enough to move into an office in downtown Chicago. Hefner slept there on a cot. Even after he could afford to hire such astute veterans as editor-writer A. C. Spectorsky (the author of the best-selling book, *The Exurbanites*), the magazine remained in large part a one-man concept.

At first Hefner had trouble setting the cornerstone of his concept, the PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH. Even models didn't want to strip for his cameras. One day his subscription manager, an attractive girl named Janet Pilgrim, walked into his office to plead for an Addressograph machine. Hefner coolly weighed her charms and said, "You can have the machine if you'll pose as a PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH." Miss Pilgrim obliged, not once but three times. This was the breakthrough. A small army of females apparently said to themselves, "If she can do it, I guess it's O.K. for me to do it too," and Hefner was deluged. He has a sprinkling of ex-Playmates working as secretaries in his office.

By 1960 Hefner had a publishing giant on his hands; a circulation exceeding 1,000,000 and more than $2,300,000 in advertising revenue. Hefner now was a wealthy man, with an estimated personal worth of more than $1,000,000. He began to look for new worlds to conquer.

In 1959 *Playboy* had run an article about the Gaslight Club in Chicago—an establishment with 1890's *décor*, scantily clad waitresses and an exclusivity of sorts, which its members could purchase along with a key to the joint. The response to this *Playboy* article was so great that Hefner took over the idea for himself. The result was the Playboy Clubs, which Hefner plugs unashamedly with long articles in the magazine.

As conceived by Hefner, a Playboy Club is a sort of American version of the Japanese geisha house, with the obvious difference that Hefner's geishas—his "bunnies"—wear considerably less clothing. For fifty dollars (twenty-five dollars for out-of-towners) any tired businessman with an acceptable credit rating can obtain a gold key which will admit him to the local Playboy Club to refresh himself with good food, drink, entertainment and both first- and secondhand observation of the female form. The secondhand observation is via nude color photos of PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH, whose charms are displayed in blown-up illuminated transparencies mounted like stained-glass windows in the otherwise windowless club. The firsthand observation is via the "bunnies" who work as waitresses, hostesses and hatcheck girls, wearing nothing but rabbit ears and a garment which can only be described as a one-piece, flank-exposing satin corset, with a cottontail affixed to its rear.

Through the Playboy Clubs, Hefner has become the nation's biggest purchaser of nightclub talent (he books nine acts every three weeks in the Chicago Playboy Club alone). His 106,000 Chicago keyholders bought more food and whisky (at $1.50 per drink) than the combined patrons of many other top restaurants and nightclubs in Chicago in 1961. He makes a small fortune out of selling Playboy gifts, ranging from the two-dollar satin-and-lace garter "for your playmate" and the three-dollar book of ribald classics "spun by Casanova, Boccaccio and other playboys of the past" to a gourmet guide ($12.50) of recipes for food and drink "to prepare for yourself and your bunny."

Hefner's Bunny Empire promotes giant jazz festivals, produces a syndicated television series (paid for by outside sponsors) featuring Hefner and show-business guests with bunnies and playmates as backdrops, and is rapidly expanding into hotels and motion-picture production. The first of his hotels, with bachelor suites complete with hi-fi and bar, will open in Hollywood in coniunction with his new Playboy Club there.

The only blooper on Hefner's record is a magazine called *Show Business Illustrated*. Spurred on by Frank Sinatra, Hefner launched his new magazine with great fanfare in August, 1961. By December, 1961, the fanfare had developed a sour note. Without an equivalent of the PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH, and without risqué cartoons and stories, Hefner apparently was over his head.

In December editorial director Frank Gibney, art director Leonard Jossel, and several other members of *S.B.I.*'s staff resigned en masse. Hefner blames them for the failure of the magazine, saying, "I hired a lot of square people to run a hip magazine." Gibney, who has since become publisher of Huntington Hartford's rival magazine *Show*, says, "There was one problem, pure and simple. Hefner wanted us to run a lot of stuff like nude showgirls in Las Vegas and the dirty footage cut out of European films by the censors—and we wouldn't do it."

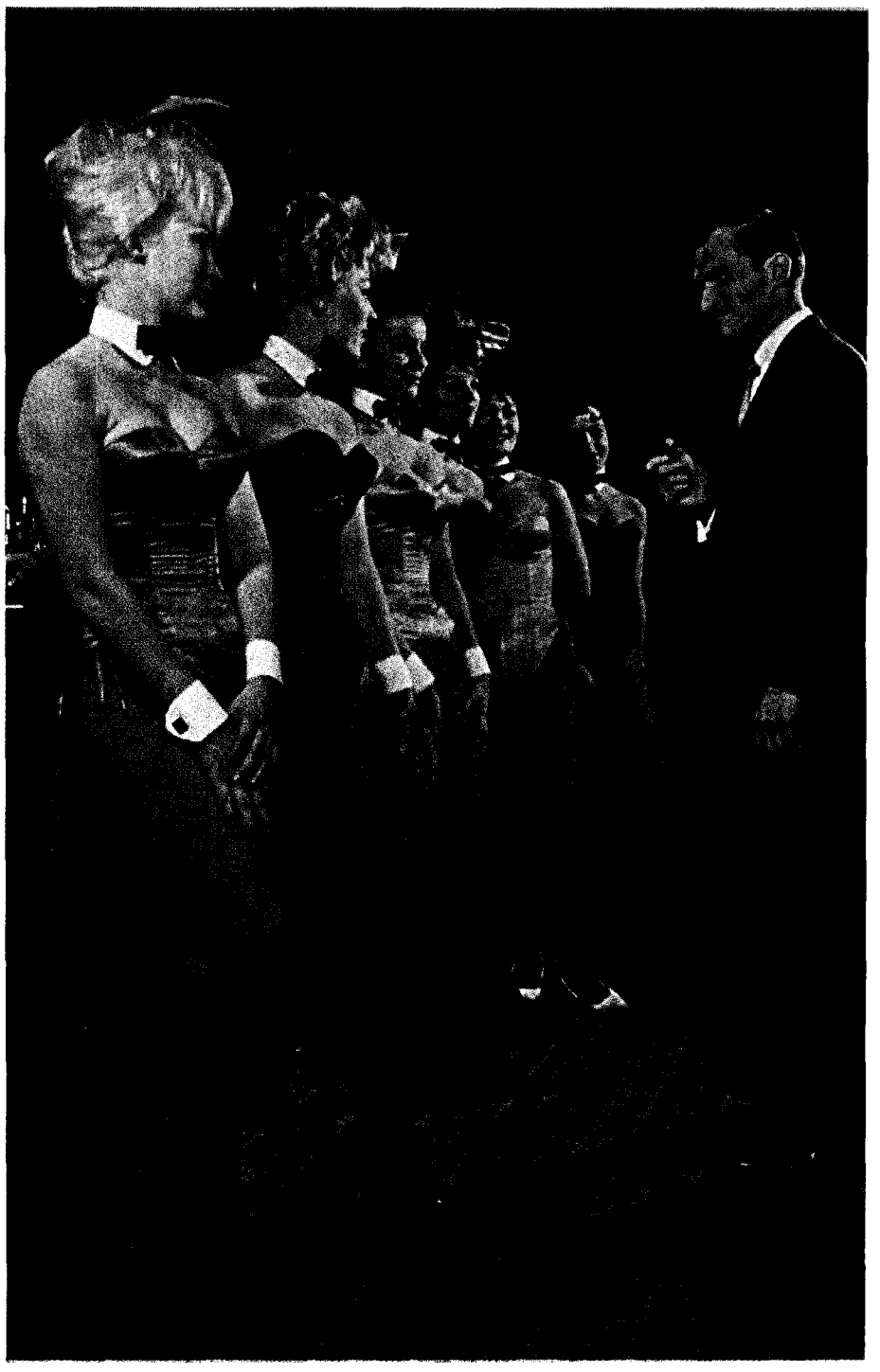
By early this year it was estimated by Hefner's own people that the new magazine was losing $75,000 per issue. In January it was announced that *Show Business Illustrated* would be published only once a month instead of every two weeks. The magazine went out of business completely shortly thereafter when Hefner announced its sale to its rival, *Show*.

Even so, Hefner is en route to becoming a very rich man indeed. His Playboy Clubs are so jammed nightly that their combined incomes reached $4,571,360 in 1961, and the lines of waiting customers outside their doors sometimes resemble those outside Radio City Music Hall. Red Skelton recently braved the mobs in the Chicago club and came away muttering, "I can't believe it. All those guys paying fifty dollars for a key which gives them the privilege of buying drinks at a buck-fifty a throw and gawking at some half-dressed broads." Actually, Hefner gives them more. His clubs have been a boon to show business, presenting fine young talent, like Negro comedian Dick Gregory, who was a car-washer when he first appeared in the Chicago club.

But there are pitfalls which confront Hefner. First of all, his clubs have run away from the Upbeat Generation Revolt. The young rebels simply can't afford them, and the clientele of the clubs is no longer distinguishable from the revelers at any other night spot. Of the 106,000 Chicago club members, only

"An American version of the Japanese geisha house, with the obvious difference that Hefner's geishas—his 'bunnies'—wear considerably less clothing."

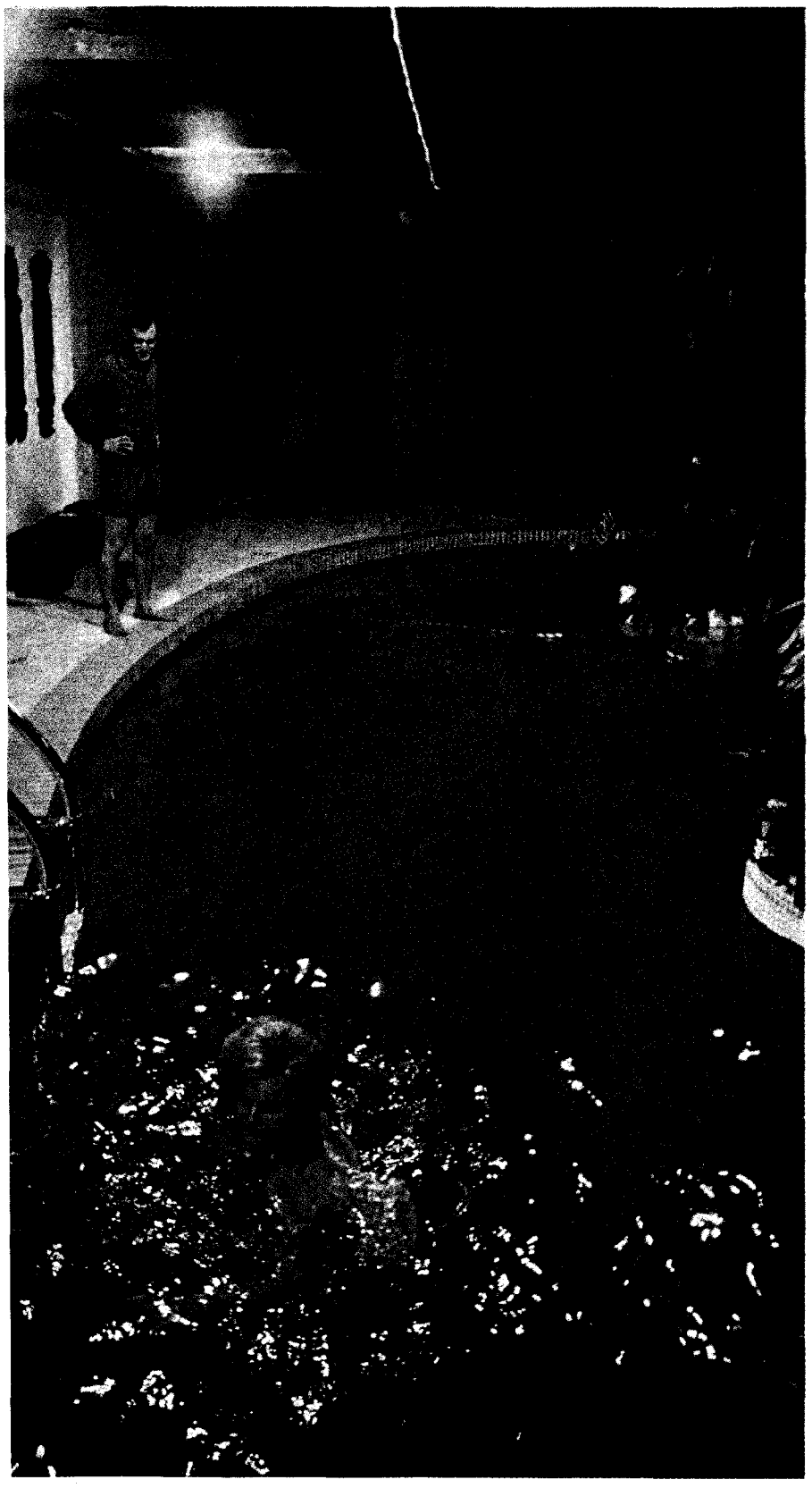
Photographs by John Bryson and Slim Aarons



Hefner inspects the Playboy Club's bevy of "bunnies," the come-hithering waitresses whom patrons can ogle, but may not touch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The total effect is that of a love temple in the last days of ancient Rome, as Cecil B. De Mille might have conceived it."



Hefner's mansion on Chicago's Near North Side is outfitted with a kidney-shaped pool, complete with inviting nook, called the Woo Grotto.

18,000 are Chicagoans. The rest are conventioneers, out-of-town salesmen, middle-aged roisterers whooping it up in the big city. During acts by the entertainers they talk to one another, shout banalities and direct wolf calls at the bunnies. As a result, Hefner is in danger of losing the young men to whom he made his first appeal. One youthful *Playboy aficionado* told me, "I used to go to the club, but now I feel out of place, like I'm at a meeting of World War I veterans."

A second problem for Hefner is management of the bunnies. The applicants are carefully screened, and even though they are working mostly for tips (which can total $350 a week and upward), they are made to feel that they are in show business. They get dressing rooms and wardrobe mistresses, even hairdressers to prescribe the best coiffures for the wearing of rabbit ears. They have a bunny mother to supervise them and they are forbidden to date the patrons. Hefner has hired a detective service to circulate its operatives incognito in the clubs to attempt to entice the bunnies into extracurricular activities. "One scandal," a Hefner associate told me, "and the puritans will try to close us down."

So far there have been no bunny scandals, although Hefner had a close call with a young lady named Constance Petrie whose death was attributed to an overdose of acute ethyl alcohol, according to the coroner's report. The man with whom she was living told police that she came in drunk at 5:30 A.M. He slapped her, and she went out for a walk. When she returned at 7:30 A.M., she went to bed where she was found dead by her lover at 10:30 A.M. When questioned by the police, the bunny's bedmate said Connie had been fired from her Playboy Club job two days earlier because she refused to take a lie detector test when the club management suspected her of taking marijuana and soliciting for prostitution.

On the whole, I found most bunnies to be vacuous maidens cut out of the same mold, with billowy hairdos, heavy eye make-up, large busts and derrieres, a consuming passion for the large sums of money they are earning and a bovine acceptance of their off-duty roles as companions for Hefner and his executives.

Another possible difficulty for Hefner is a growing revulsion among womankind—and among some non-puritan males too—against the entire *Playboy* concept. A Chicago newspaperwoman told me, "I like Hef, but I resent his philosophy that a woman is merely a decoration. In the *Playboy* world, a female goes into the discard when she is not the show-girl type, when she has a bust of less than thirty-eight inches, when she reaches the age of twenty-five, and when she exhibits any intelligence."

One bunny recently had the temerity to express more or less the same thoughts on the *PM East* television show, saying, "I don't really like the picture of the female being only an accessory of a man." She was summarily fired. I questioned Victor Lownes III, a chief Hefner lieutenant, about this heresy. He said, "I guess we do express an antifeminist point of view, and we might be somewhat in error in not giving the exceptional woman full credit. But we firmly believe that women are *not* equal to men."

Despite everything, the Bunny Empire continues to flourish and Hefner continues to play the role of high-income-bracket urbanity. He employs all the trappings—a Mercedes-Benz sports car, a limousine with two telephones in it, a seven-foot-square bed, polar-bear rugs and priceless modern art in his $400,000 mansion, mountains of food and rivers of booze for his guests.

He bought the mansion two years ago and it has been the best prop in the perpetuation of his legend. A massive five-story Victorian structure in the heart of Chicago's ultrafashionable Gold Coast on the Near North Side, it was built in 1899 by a millionaire named Henry P. Isham. Its great hall is three stories high and has the dimensions of a basketball court. In the basement Hefner has installed a luxurious swimming pool with a waterfall, behind which is what he calls The Woo Grotto for swimmers who want to be alone with their bunnies, or playmates. The mansion is decorated in a *nouveau riche* mishmash of Renaissance and contemporary furnishings, but the place has become a sort of museum for the curious. Hefner allows organizations to conduct paid tours for charity. Except for the pervasive odor of chlorine from the swimming pool, the total effect is that of a love temple in the last days of ancient Rome, as Cecil B. De Mille might have conceived it. Hefner himself lives in an apartment off the great hall. On the upper two floors there are small apartments, most of which are conveniently inhabited by bunnies and playmates.

Another part of his legend is the Hefner Friday Night Party. These proceedings begin at one A.M. in the mansion and last until forenoon of the next day. He invites all the bunnies and playmates, the casts of stage plays then in Chicago, plus every celebrity in town. There are dancing, food, drink, swimming and general revelry, with Hefner striding about among his guests, pipe self-consciously in mouth like the Great Gatsby incarnate. Hefner's neighbors have united into an organization to combat these allegedly wicked revels, and they summon the police regularly—which is exactly what Hefner wants them to do, to foster his myth.

I heard all kinds of hair-raising stories about the debauchery that goes on at the Hefner Friday Nights, but I was unable to observe any myself and I could not run down any eyewitnesses to specific instances of sin. Actually the parties are pretentious and dull. As Chicago *Sun-Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet remarked to me, "What is it? A lot of bored people who have nothing in common, dancing, and drinking and sitting around trying to make conversation, just so they can brag the next day that they were there."

Hefner works at his legend eighteen hours a day. He rises about one P.M., goes to his office to berate and guide his *Playboy* staff, and generally spends his evenings escorting celebrities around his Chicago Playboy Club. He never takes a vacation and he once complained to a friend that "those restrictive walls are up for me again."

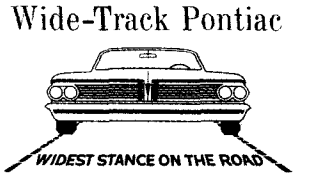
The friend says, "I guess the walls don't go down for Hef until about two or three A.M. on a weekday morning. Then when all the friends, guests and bunnies are gone, he drives to his *Playboy* office building and sits at his desk—working and dictating memos and planning. He wanders around the empty building alone, looking at papers and layouts on desks and checking on the work that everyone has done during the day. He told me that he sometimes catches himself saying aloud, 'All this is mine. All this is mine.' I have a feeling that when he's all alone, there in the stillness of the night, that's when he's the happiest." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Haven't you been a Pontiac spectator long enough?

And why on earth shouldn't you be gazing pridefully out of your own Catalina instead of staring enviously at somebody else's? Maybe because you've got the idea it's a pretty costly proposition. Not so. Catalina is (honest!) the lowest-priced series in the Pontiac clan, even though it sports full carpeting and Wide-Track and a plush ride. (Check that Catalina Safari shown above, for example. Ever see such a stylish load-toter?) What's the obstacle between you and your own Catalina? Nothing that a quick trip to your Pontiac dealer's won't handle. See him soon, and you'll be impressing people with your new Catalina almost before you can say, "Wow, what a buy!" Pontiac Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.

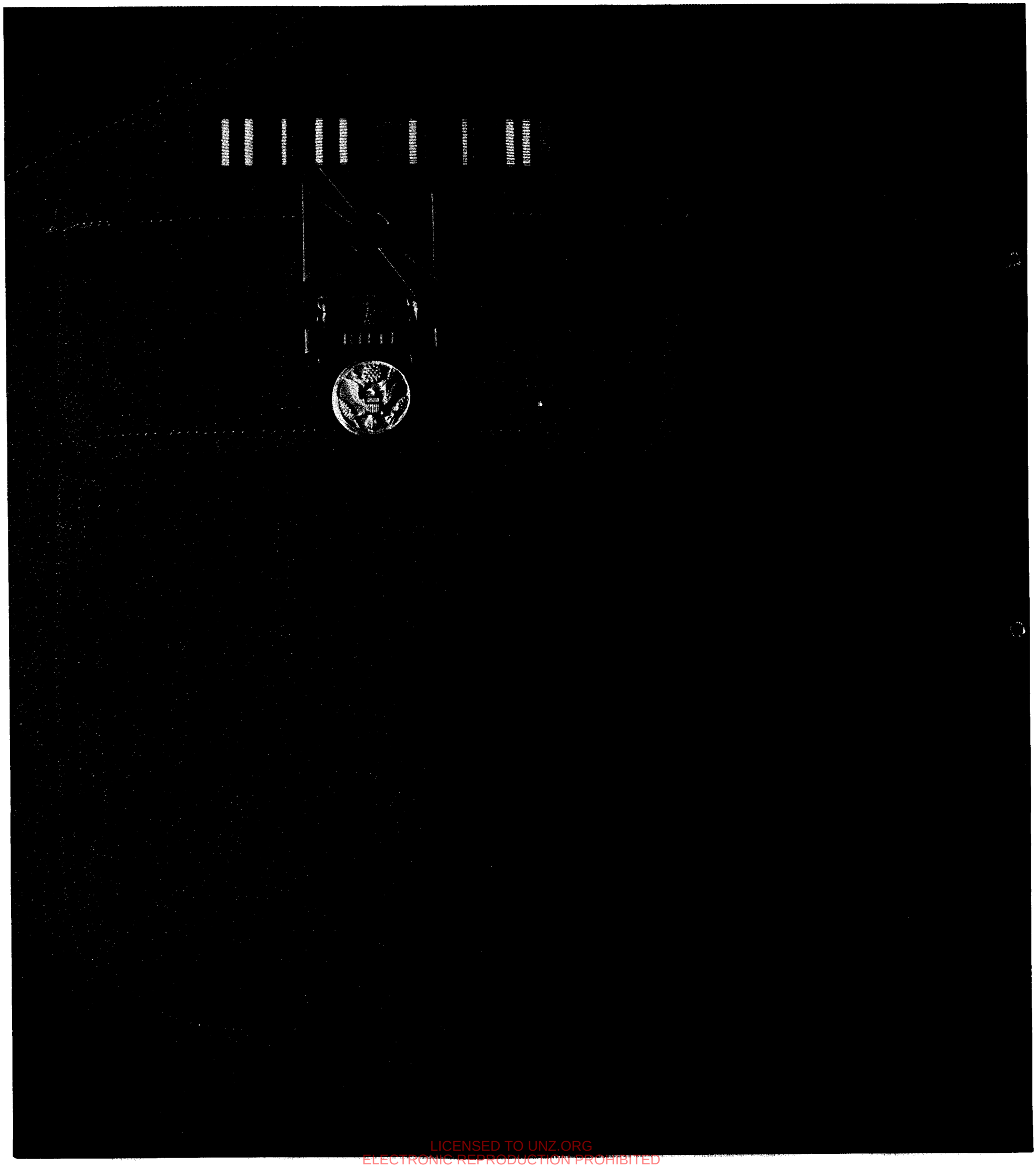
Wide-Track Pontiac



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

By William Chamberlain



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DESIGN: S. NEIL FUJITA

As a child he took a vow that war couldn't make him break.

Capt. Ed Gavin, C.O. of Baker Company, had headaches. Big ones. Like as, even with the replacements which had come up last night, Baker was down to ninety-one effectives, including the cooks. Like this was mid-July, and they'd been in the line since Omaha Beach. Baker Company had a wry saying about that: "Only ticket out, you get wounded or get dead."

Like you took one damned hedgerow with blood, sweat and tears, only to find another one, ugly as sin, leering sardonically at you ahead. It was slug, slug, slug. Like two punch-drunk pugs standing toe to toe while they belted each other.

And, on top of these big headaches, Ed Gavin now had a little headache which irked him more than all the rest put together. The little one was Pvt. Willie Pellino, who'd come up last night with the other replacements. Private Pellino, so 1st Sgt. Rufus Noyes said, was a conscientious objector. Gavin, dirty, tired and unshaven, sat behind the next-to-the-last hedgerow that Baker owned and looked at Pellino without warmth.

"Why the hell didn't you tell that to somebody before now?" he asked. He was a small, wiry man, very profane. "Why'd you have to wait until you get up here—then tell me?"

"Nobody ever asked me," Private Pellino said.

"Nobody asked you here, either," the captain grunted.

"No, sir, they didn't," Willie agreed. "I figured I'd better say something about it here, though, in case somebody would want me to go and shoot somebody, captain."

Gavin peered up at Willie as though he were seeing some strange bug for the first time. "My sainted aunt!" he said, shocked out of his usual command of words.

"Yes, sir," Willie agreed again.

He was a tall, gangling youth with big-knuckled hands and straw-colored eyebrows and gray eyes which seemed oddly opaque. His helmet was undented and his uniform too new. Still, he didn't seem to fit the specifications of a conchy, Gavin thought tiredly; but then they came in all colors and sizes, he supposed.

"Let's take this thing apart," he said glumly. "Does your religion forbid you to fight, soldier?"

"No, sir," Willie said. "Not far's I know."

"You believe fighting's wrong. That it?"

"I guess I got nothing against fighting," Willie said, his homely face expressionless. "It's just that I promised ma I wouldn't shoot nobody, captain."

Gavin's face reddened beneath its grimy stubble. "Let's get this straight," he said in a choked voice. "You won't fight because you promised your ma not to shoot anybody—when, damn it?"

"Not no time, sir," Willie said.

"Hell's lousy angels! *When* did you promise ma?"

"Oh," Willie said, "when I was about twelve."

Gavin groaned and wished that he were a long way from here. *Did I have any sense, I could still be running a gas station back in Walla Walla*, he thought despondently. *With a wife and two kids I could be marching with the home guard, yet. No, I got to be a hero and volunteer, and I get this.*

Sporadic rifle fire disturbed the morning as One and Three platoons, deployed along the hedgerow ahead, dueled unenthusiastically with German snipers and machine gunners who owned the hedgerow beyond that. Two platoon, in support, squatted in shallow holes back of Gavin's hedge; it ate cold K rations and listened to the bickering up front while it hoped that it wouldn't have to go up there—which it would.

A machine gun chuckled its idiot's laughter as the day warmed to its business. A mortar hacked with a consumptive cough; then the varoom of the exploding shell slammed a fist into the morning. Incoming mail whuffled intermittently overhead, its passage beating the air like the wings of sad geese.

A shell crashed down in the field to the right, spraying fragments over the bulldozer squatted there. The engineers had brought the big machine up yesterday with some vague notion of helping the infantry push through the hedgerows to Duquenne Farm. The idea had been abandoned after the 'dozer operator had caught a sniper's bullet between the eyes.

Gavin instinctively hunched his shoulders as the explosion punched his eardrums. Willie still stood stolid and unmoved, increasing Gavin's early-morning irritation. Damn it to hell, any sensible man ducked when the shells came.

"Never mind what you promised ma when you were about twelve!" he yelled. "Uncle sent you up here to shoot krauts! So you shoot krauts, or I shoot *you!* Got it?"

"Sir, I couldn't rightly do that," Willie said, his face turning stubborn. "Ma'd not like it."

Gavin showed his teeth through dark stubble. "Take him away," he snarled at Sergeant Noyes. "Put him to helping the aid man until I decide what I do with him!"

Gavin had poured a little cold water into his helmet and was dourly scraping at his beard when Noyes returned. The first sergeant was a grizzled man who'd seen war before. He squatted on his heels and looked without expression at the captain as another shell burst near the abandoned bulldozer.

"They keep peckin' away, they get that thing yet," he grunted. "I told Zycowski to keep an eye on Willie—somehow the kid don't look like no real conchy to me, skipper."

Gavin swore picturesquely as the dull razor pulled. "He promised ma ——" he said and choked on the words again. "Too bad *I* didn't promise ma not to get mixed up in any war! Then I wouldn't be up to my ears in glue like I am!"

"You goin' to send him back?" Noyes asked.

"No, I'm not going to send him back!" Gavin snapped. "He's a body, isn't he? With the company down to where I even got the cooks in the line, I need all the bodies I can get. Damn it all, I can't even afford to shoot him!"

"Funny, he kind of reminds me of a guy I knew once," Noyes said. "It's them flat eyes of his, I guess. I run into a guy who had them kind of eyes back in World War One!"

Gavin snorted as he dried his smarting face on the tail of his shirt. "So what?" he asked irritably.

"Nothin' much. One day we are catching hell at a place called Berzy-le-Sec. Machine guns all over the lot an' they have got us pinned down good. Then, one by one, they stop shootin'. Later we find out this guy has gone off on his own like a one-man army. By quittin' time he's knocked off a half a dozen machine-gun nests an' has slew maybe a hundred krauts. Prisoners he don't take none of—he was a natural-born killer."

Gavin tucked his shirttail in. "What's that got to do with hedgerows and conchies?" he asked sourly.

"Nothin' that I know of," Noyes said imperturbably. "I hear after the war this guy joins the Marines and gets knocked off in some bush war. Palermo, I think his name was. I never knew for sure. It could of been Pellino."

Gavin jammed his helmet on and glared at the other. "Now you're trying to tell me I've got a conscientious killer on my hands?" he demanded. "How silly can you get?"

He would have said more but T/4 Roberto, guarding the phone, called out that the battalion commander was on the line. Maj. Sam Holland's voice came over the wire.

"How's it going, Ed?" he asked.

"It's not," Gavin said grimly. "We're still hung up at the hedgerow where we were last night. I'm on my way to see if I can get things moving again."

"How soon can you get Baneful?"

Baneful was the code name for Duquenne Farm, a small clump of buildings which commanded St. Percie crossroads. According to the aerial photographs, five hedgerows still separated Baker from Duquenne; those hedgerows would have to be bought at a price, and the cost of the farm itself would come high.

"By Christmas, at the rate we're going," Gavin said. "Christmas, 1945, I mean."

The major's words had a hard finality in them. "Topside says that we get Baneful by tonight, Ed. They need St. Percie for the big whooper-do that's about to roll. You know what I mean?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sh-h-h!

Silent Mercury Switches never disturb

Some switches go "snap"... Others go "click." *But G-E Silent Mercury Switches make no sound at all!*

Instead of noisy switches, wouldn't *you* prefer these silent, smooth-operating, long-lasting switches in your baby's room, bedrooms, bath, throughout the house?

They're easy to install . . . and attractively priced *right now* at electrical counters everywhere. Available, if you prefer, with lighted handles you can see in the dark. General Electric Company, Wiring Device Department, Providence 7, Rhode Island.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

over hill...over dale..."NO-SCALP" MOWING!

Why envy "showplace" lawns? Get 'em with Simplicity's '725' Riding Tractor and high-capacity 42-inch Rotary Mower! Patented "free-floating" mower design features front axle mounting to follow ground contours. Can't scalp or scrape. Your Simplicity dealer will demonstrate! Simplicity Manufacturing Co., 6222 Spring St., Port Washington, Wisconsin.

Simplicity® 725 RIDING TRACTOR

At leading stores almost everywhere

Trustworthy HAND TOOLS and PAINT SUPPLIES

EXTRA INCOME?

OF COURSE! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
291 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

OBJECTOR

The big whooper-do was the planned breakout from the *bocage* country. "I know all right," Gavin said. "It still don't tell me how I get Baneful with the ninety-one men I got."

"Things are tough all over this year," the major said. "Didn't you get any replacements last night?"

"Twelve, including a conscientious objector," Gavin said bitterly. "O.K., so we go for Baneful. Nothing else topside would like to have, is there? Like Berlin?"

Gavin passed the handset back to Roberto. "I'm going up front," he said to Noyes. "Bring the support platoon up when I yell for it, Rufe, and keep away from the passages through the hedgerow when you come—they have them covered like a blanket covers a baby."

Noyes had taken over Two platoon when Lieutenant Peary was killed day before yesterday. "I ain't likely to forget," Noyes grunted.

By late morning Baker lay one hedgerow nearer to Duquenne Farm. It was slow, bitter work and expensive—two dead and seven hurt badly enough to be evacuated. Baker was a good outfit, but time was running out for it.

Through the morning Willie Pellino, forgotten by Captain Gavin, helped Zycowski, the aid man. He'd gone out, bullets cracking nastily around him, to help bring wounded back to the shelter of the hedgerow. If he'd been scared, he hadn't complained about it. Now, with things slack for the moment, he squatted beside Zycowski, shook his head when the other offered a cigarette.

"I promised ma I wouldn't smoke until I was thirty," he explained. "Ma's sort of against smoking."

"The hell she is," Zycowski grunted. He squinted through the smoke of his own cigarette as he remembered something. "The top says you're a conchy, Mac. Then how come you're up here? Like a medic, yet? It kind of bugs me."

"I don't rightly know what a conchy is," he said.

"A conscientious objector," Zycowski said crossly. A fresh burst of rifle fire put its clatter into the morning, and soon there'd be work to do. "A guy who won't fight because it's against his religion or conscience or something."

Willie thought of that for a minute, his forehead furrowed above the dark smudges. "I ain't got anything against fighting," he said at last. "It's just that I don't want to shoot nobody. I promised ma I wouldn't."

"For cripe's sakes, why? Wars are for shooting people, aren't they? Don't your ma know that?"

"She knows it," Willie said. "She's against it just the same. It's on account of pa—he used to be kind of careless about shooting people. At first it was feuding with the neighbors. Then he went off to the other World War. When he finally got killed, someplace with the Marines, I reckon that ma got fed up with it. She said one shooting Pellino was enough, so I promised her that I wouldn't go around shooting people."

"We'll be back in business pretty soon," Zycowski said sourly, losing interest in Willie's story as he turned to scowl at the five-foot embankment of earth behind him. "You'd think the Army'd issue gates for these things. It's bad enough that a guy gets his guts shot out without we have to beat him to death pulling him over a damn hedge."

"Maybe we could sort of fix up a gate of our own," Willie said. "One that the Germans wouldn't know about—not right away, anyway."

"We might fly too. What's eating you, Mac?"

"That bulldozer over there," Willie explained. He added stolidly, "I'm pretty good with a bulldozer. Maybe I could bring it over here and sort of push a hole through this bank."

"You want to try for a mattress cover, go ahead," Zycowski grunted. "I better see what's cooking up front."

It was a half hour later when he came back. A snorting, clanking noise came from behind the hedgerow, and while Zycowski watched, his mouth open, he saw a section of the embankment peel away and spill into the field. There was more clanking and more of the hedgerow came unstuck. Then the afternoon sunlight shone on a bright, wicked blade as the bulldozer surged through the gap.

"Well, I be a monkey's uncle," Zycowski said, impressed in spite of himself. "If that fool conchy ain't done it!"

By late afternoon Baker had taken the next-to-the-last hedgerow which separated it from Duquenne Farm, whose buildings lay a quarter of a mile ahead. The price had been high. Zycowski and Willie had been busy—too busy—and they wore deeper and darker stains on hands and uniforms now.

Gavin spoke with Jark, the only lieutenant he had left, on the Handie-Talkie. A mortar fragment had gashed the captain's face; he'd been too busy to have it dressed, and impatient swipes of his hand had smeared clown markings along his cheeks.

"I got to have help," Jark said, his voice tinny. "My left flank's all unstuck, and krauts are infiltrating the woods over there. If they mount a counterattack, they can roll over us like a tank rolls over a tin can, captain."

"Hang on," Gavin said. "I'll see what I can do."

He beckoned to Noyes. "Jark's got a counterattack forming up on his left, Rufe," he said, his parched lips making speech difficult. "I guess you'd better take the support platoon over there and see what you can do about it."

"We can make faces," Noyes said. "I wouldn't want to guarantee much more. Two platoon is about shot."

"Then make faces!" Gavin snapped. "Shag tail!"

The support platoon filed off on reluctant legs, faces grimy and battle-drawn. Presently the volume of fire swelled in that direction and was punctuated by the sound of bursting grenades. The Germans were counterattacking all right, Gavin thought tiredly; well, if anyone could handle it, Noyes could. He had known Rufe for a long time now.

Time crawled on. It was after 1700 when the first platoon, what there was left of it, reached the final hedgerow in front of Duquenne Farm. Gavin talked with the major again.

"We've got up to the last hedge," he said. "We own one side of it—the krauts own the other. They got the best half—machine-gun pillboxes in front of the farm and snipers in the buildings. If we stick a head up, we get it shot off."

"Topside still says to get Baneful, Ed."

"Maybe topside would like to get up off its dead duff and help us take it," Gavin answered through his teeth. The major didn't hear that because Gavin had already released the butterfly switch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YARD PUTTERERS
LADDER CLIMBERS
HOUSEWARE HOSTESSES
HOME WORKSHOP GENIUSES

THIS IS "HARDWARE WEEK"*—APRIL 26 TO MAY 5!

Here's your best bet this Spring. Your local, independent Hardware Retailer is featuring a storewide selection of famous brand Housewares, Tools, Paint, Lawn and Garden Equipment and Supplies. "Happy Home Values" every one!

He'll be happy to discuss the latest lawn equipment, recommend a sash brush, match the wildest color paint mixes—and the smallest screws—or simply cut a piece of glass to exact size.

Leading manufacturers across the country have joined together to bring you this once-a-year gala event. Whatever your home, yard, or garden projects are likely to be this year, you'll find many helpful solutions at your neighborhood Hardware Retailer's.

You can trust his knowledge and have confidence in the famous brand equipment and supplies he handles, many of them advertised in The Saturday Evening Post. He's an independent businessman, a respected member of your community.

Best of all, be sure to visit your local Hardware Store to enter the big Free Contest! Win a Rambler American Convertible, or one of the more than 1,400 other exciting and valuable prizes! Nothing to buy . . . nothing to write.

Check the colorful Hardware Week advertisements in this issue of the Post. The useful ideas and products you find are all featured in your neighborhood during "Hardware Week."

*Hardware Week is sponsored by National Retail Hardware Association and its 35 affiliated associations through more than 22,000 member stores in 10,278 communities.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...and remember, there's no substitute for Keds fit, Keds wear, Keds comfort!

*Both Keds and the blue label ▬ are registered trademarks of

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OBJECTOR and was giving the handset back to Roberto, saying dourly, "I'm going forward again. When Noyes brings the support platoon back, tell him to hold it here."

The better part of another hour crept by, and Baker still lay behind the final hedgerow, unable to advance because of fire coming from the pillboxes and the farm. Gavin crouched with Sergeant Sheen in the angle where another hedgerow intersected. On the far side a small clump of bullet-riddled trees provided a partial screen so that a man could look across if he remembered to duck when the Germans periodically scissored the hedge top with a searching sheath of machine-gun fire.

"A fat chance we got to flank them coffee grinders," Sheen said bitterly. He'd taken over One platoon when Lieutenant Mumm had been killed three hedgerows back. "If we try to climb over this bank, they knock us off like ducks in a shooting gallery. We try to go out by the road, it's even worse."

He started to speak, stopped as a buck sergeant from the support platoon crawled up.

"Sir," he said to Gavin, "I got the support platoon back behind that last hedgerow, but there ain't only nineteen of us left now. Sergeant Noyes got it while we were stoppin' that counterattack. He's hit pretty bad, and he'd kind of like to see you if you got the time."

"Hang tight here," he said to Sheen. "I'll be back."

He plodded to the rear, not hurrying because hurrying was beyond him now. He came to the hedgerow and went through a raw gap, vaguely grateful that he hadn't had to scramble over the top as he'd done before. Then he paused, rubbing his face preoccupiedly, as he tried to figure what was different here. It was that gap, he decided. It hadn't been here when he'd talked with the major.

"Now, how the hell did that get here?" he asked aloud. A dozen feet away Zycowski looked up from where he knelt beside Sergeant Noyes. "The conchy dug it with his bulldozer," he said, his voice matter-of-fact.

"That's nice," Gavin said and forgot about it as he came on to crouch beside Rufe Noyes. The latter's eyes already had a faraway look in them, he saw. "How's it going, Rufe?"

"Two wars," Rufe said in a labored whisper. "First Purple Heart I ever got. You take Duquenne yet, Ed?"

"Not yet," Gavin said, making his voice harsh to hide the other thing that was in it. "We're having a little trouble getting through that last hedgerow. Don't worry about it, Rufe."

"I guess I'm kind of past worrying," Noyes said, his voice fainter. "It's been quite a war. Write hello to your kids for me, Ed—if you write. I'd of liked ——"

He didn't say any more, and after a minute Gavin got tiredly to his feet. He was turning away to the new gap in the hedgerow, his vision a little blurred, when someone touched his arm. It was Pvt. Willie Pellino.

"I heard what the captain said about the hedgerow," he said, no expression in his opaque eyes. "Maybe if I was to bulldoze a hole through, like I done to these others, it'd help."

Gavin was about to wave the idea away impatiently. Then he saw the torn gap in front of him, and a thought began to take shape in his tired mind as he remembered certain things.

Such as the cautious reconnaissance which had showed him earlier that a shallow ditch ran along the hedgerow on the side toward the farm; like as the hedgerow corner, where he'd left Sergeant Sheen, was partially screened from German observation. If Willie could knock a hole through the embankment there, maybe Baker could crawl through beneath the searching machine-gun fire and fan out unobserved along the ditch. Well, damn it, he'd tried everything else. He might as well try this.

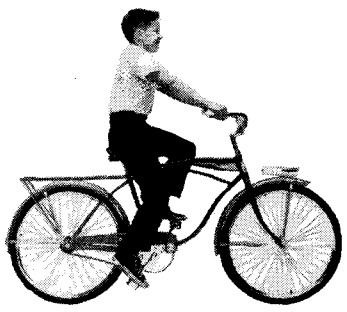
"How long would it take you to knock a hole through that hedgerow up front, Willie?"

"About three minutes, I reckon."

"You stick close around here. I've got a few arrangements to make—then you can bring your bulldozer and dig a hole."

It was after 1800. The sun, blood red through the smoke haze, was dropping toward tree tops to the west as Willie Pellino tooled the bulldozer through the hedgerow gap. Gavin sat on the seat beside Willie as the big machine lurched across the uneven field and headed for the hedgerow corner. What was left of Baker watched it come growling on, its big shining blade lifted as a partial shield in front of the two men in the seat. Bullets ricocheted off the blade as the bulldozer drew near its objective.

The hedgerow was close now, and Willie was aiming his big blade. The engine roared with new violence as the blade sliced into the top of the hedgerow between two tree clumps; the top of the



Boys...you can easily earn a deluxe bicycle like this beauty!

Yes sir, a bike just like this can be yours for selling **The Saturday Evening POST** right in your own neighborhood. Earn extra spending money and the choice of many valuable prizes by building your own route of regular customers in a few hours spare time each week. It's lots of fun and mighty profitable—and you will gain valuable business experience. For further details, fill out the coupon and mail it today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Dept. 1287, Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OBJECTOR hedgerow disappeared, leaving a foot-deep gap. Willie backed, then sent the 'dozer charging forward again. More of the bank disappeared—then more.

"That's good!" Gavin yelled and jumped down. "Let's go! Follow me and keep low along the ditch!"

Baker, tired and badly mauled, followed reluctantly. Baker had about had the course. Willie, still sitting on the seat of the bulldozer, looked without expression at what was going on on the far side of the hedgerow.

"Get down from there, you loony," Zycowski yelled at him. "You want to get yourself shot?"

"I can see better here," Willie said. He stayed put, watching the men of Baker Company from his vantage point.

Baker Company was fanned out along the ditch now. By twos and threes they started halfhearted rushes toward the farm buildings and tried to flank the machine-gun nests. Ed Gavin, leading one of the rushes, stumbled and fell; bullets kicked dirt around him. Willie saw that. Then he saw Zycowski suddenly dart through the hole in the hedgerow and run up the gentle slope toward where the captain lay. The same machine gun got Zycowski, knocking him down in a stumbling fall. He lay there with his medic's arm band showing plainly in the slanting sunlight.

Willie turned the bulldozer toward the gap again, gauging his clearance with a flat stare. "They hadn't ought to have done that," he said to no one. "Shooting the captain and Sergeant Noyes was bad enough. They didn't have no call to go shoot a doctor."

Afterward no one in Baker Company could quite explain what happened. One minute they were lying there pinned down by machine-gun fire, licked—the captain dead, most likely. The next minute there was a hoarse snorting coming from the hedgerow as a big, dun-colored bug stamped out on iron feet. It headed for the pillbox sheltering the machine gun that had got Gavin and Zycowski. Bullets screeched off its lifted blade.

The blade came down. Torn earth surged ahead of its cutting edge to bury the firing port of the bunker. It rammed on through to overturn the twin machine guns and smother their gunners. The behemoth rumbled on, crushing the top of the pillbox beneath its stamping steel shoes. Willie, sitting unmoved at the controls, spun his engine of destruction on its tracks and headed for another nest, and another and another.

Back in the ditch—on the slope in front of it—Baker watched, undergoing an odd rebirth. It didn't know why, but the sight of that bulldozer, proceeding about its business, washed a little of the war away for a moment and brought back memories of friendlier times and kindlier places. It was a feeling that acted like a tonic on tired, discouraged men.

Hell, this is like back home! Remember how you used to watch them big cats gouging out the new highway? How about when they knocked Old Man Kelly's barn down when it was in the way? Hey, look at how the guy handles that big turtle! He knows what he's doing.

Memories which warmed a man like a slug of brandy. Good memories! They pulled Baker together like a magnet as word ran along the ditch, passed from man to man.

"Hell, what we waitin' for?"

"Damn if I know. Let's go!"

So Baker took Duquenne Farm in the last of the evening. Willie, sitting high and proud on the 'dozer seat, went in the van. His face was square and unmoved; his opaque stare—the killer's stare—missed nothing as he went.

Dark had come down over the aid station when Ed Gavin, pleased to find himself alive, opened his eyes. There were muted sounds of pain around him. A voice that he recognized came from not far away. It was Pvt. Willie Pellino's voice.

"I better take a look at that bandage," it said.

Zycowski's voice, tough and hard-boiled as ever, answered. "Aw, it's OK, Mac. I hear you knock off a half a dozen kraut machine-gun nests with your bulldozer. It bugs me. What kind of a conchy is that, I want to know?"

"Ma never said nothing about bulldozers," Willie answered stolidly. "When the Germans started shooting doctors, like they wasn't suppose to, I guess I got kind of mad."

"So, I'm a doctor now, am I?" Zycowski said, mollified. "Give me a cigarette, Mac. Well, you and ma sure raised hell with the krauts today. I'd of liked to of seen it."

"So would I," Capt. Ed Gavin said with an effort. "Willie, if they got any more conchies like you back home, tell ma to send 'em on. Baker can use 'em."

"Yes, sir," Willie said. "I'll rightly do that, captain. I reckon ma'd be pleased."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST

READER OF WESTERN STORIES

From 60 Years of Fine POST Westerns . . . only $3.95

Here, in book form for your lasting enjoyment, are 20 of the best Westerns that have appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST over the past 60 years.

Luke Short, Bret Harte, Owen Wister, MacKinlay Kantor, Paul Horgan and Conrad Richter are but a few of the talented writers included in this rare collection. And they'll bring you the West in all its many moods—mountain adventures, prairie warfare, the gun-slinger era, gold fever, cowboy lawlessness, homesteading and the rest.

The book includes 18 short stories and 2 novelettes—all of them distinguished and memorable tales of the great American West. Until they were reprinted in this book, many of them had been unavailable to the general reader for quite a number of years.

And this unusual collection is yours for only $3.95, handsomely and sturdily bound to give you years of re-reading pleasure. It makes a wonderful gift, too!

Use the handy coupon on this page to place your order now. Your credit is good—there's no need to send cash with your order. We'll send a special greeting card to announce each gift you order. Mail the coupon today!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Dept. 1288 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

☐ Please send me____copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Reader of Western Stories

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____Zone____State_____

☐ Please send THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Reader of Western Stories as my gift to:

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____Zone____State_____

Sign my gift card_____

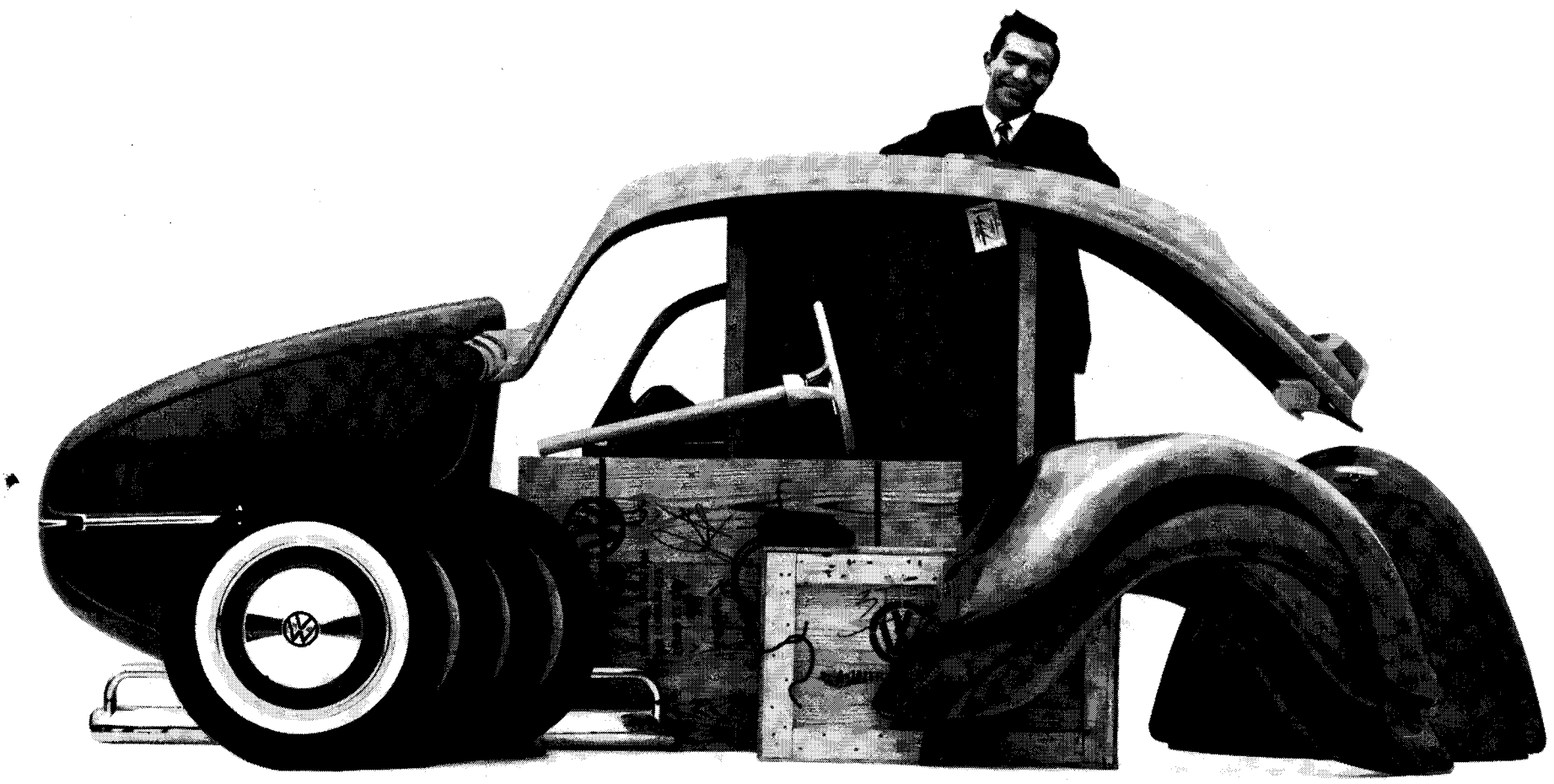
☐ Payment of $3.95 per copy enclosed (Penna. residents please add 4% sales tax)

☐ Bill me $3.95 per copy plus a few cents for postage and handling

If you are not completely satisfied with the book, return it within 10 days and receive a full refund—or pay nothing if you've asked to be billed.

Order additional gifts on a separate sheet of paper.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE ©1962 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

A Volkswagen dealer is a man of many parts.

5,008 parts, to be exact.

And most of them fit any VW ever made. (Because most parts are interchangeable from one year to the next.)

Which gives the VW dealer an enormous edge.

He can repair any year Volkswagen you happen to drive up in.

All the parts are on hand or on tap.

This system also helps to explain why VW service is fast and cheap.

A fuel pump is $9.95.* A rear fender, $17.50.* Plus installation.

(And that new fender doesn't mean major surgery, either. Just 10 bolts.)

But what impresses people most about VW service is how the dealer treats them.

Even for a 10 cent fuse.

We build the Volkswagen like a $5,000 car, so why shouldn't it get serviced like one?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MENNINGERS OF KANSAS Conclusion

THE BRIDGE OF HOPE

Topeka's community-wide effort helps convalescent mental patients return to normal living.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Mrs. Jo Wilson, a former patient at Topeka State Hospital. In her present work as an art instructor at a children's center, she is assisted by volunteers who are under treatment at the Menninger Hospital.

No matter how excellent the therapy a patient has received in a mental hospital, when it comes time for him to step from this protected atmosphere into a life outside he often finds the going rough. As Dr. Robert Menninger, of the famous family of Kansas psychiatrists, expressed it, "To a mind that is repairing itself, it is a big jolt to move out on its own."

At this juncture in a patient's struggle back to emotional tranquillity and self-control, community acceptance and support are essential. They can mean the difference between success and failure.

Unfortunately public acceptance of mental patients, even during convalescence, has been hard to win. By the very nature of their illness these individuals tend to be irritable, often hostile and difficult to live with. Hence they fail to evoke the sympathy that is so readily extended, for example, to the child crippled by polio, the woman in pain from cancer, the old man paralyzed by a stroke.

In Topeka, Kansas, however, the campaign for understanding has made impressive headway. Under the influence of the Menningers, doctors Karl and Will, their sons and some 200 other psychiatrists, Topekans have a much better grasp of mental patients' problems than one would encounter in most communities. And in thousands of instances this enlightened attitude is expressed in helpful action.

"People in Topeka don't look askance at neighbors who have had a depression, been treated for it and recovered," Doctor Karl observed. "They don't think it is a disgrace. They rather admire the person for his intelligence in having gone promptly for treatment."

Few hurdles cause the convalescent mental patient more anguish than looking for a job. It concerns his own status. Shall he tell the prospective employer he has been in a mental hospital? Or shall he try to duck the question? Usually the truth comes out. And the look of doubt or rejection that comes over a businessman's face may rob the applicant of all hope and self-confidence.

Happily the chances in Topeka are considerably better than even that the employer will respond not with rejection, but with a kindly interest that supports the patient's determination to succeed. One proud young woman, while still living at the Topeka State Hospital, found a selling job in a downtown chain store. She was happily at work when her family stepped in and insisted that the position was too far below her training and ability. With great reluctance she quit and returned desolately to the hospital. The employer, who understood the emotional conflicts involved, retained his faith in the girl, invited her to come to the store's Christmas celebration and assured her that the job remained open if she cared to try it again. "She was small and quiet," he said, "but I've never had such a good salesman of power lawn mowers."

Nearly every business and industry in Topeka has at one time or another hired convalescing or recovered mental patients, often after consultation with psychiatric social workers at the hospitals. Miss Pat Beezley, a slim, dark-haired, gray-eyed woman in her late thirties, is one of the most loyal friends of these patients. In the eleven years that she has owned the Pennant Cafeteria, she has given employment to forty of them at different times, providing the bridge that helped many return eventually to their own communities and occupations.

She well remembers the first patient, a man who had been in the Topeka State

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Computers can talk by telephone, too

More and more, "machine talk" is being transmitted over the same communications facilities that carry your everyday telephone conversations. The Western Electric Data-Phone set shown below helps make it possible. It converts machine language — from punched cards, paper tape or magnetic tape — into tone language for transmission over the nation wide telephone network.

It is the versatility and reliability of this communications network that permits machines to "talk" with each other no matter what the distance between them. They can, because the entire Bell Telephone network was designed and built to common standards by people with a common purpose — ever better telephone service.

Example: Data Phone service. Alert to the evolving communications needs of our fast changing society, the Bell Telephone companies foresaw the need for a new service to speed the transmission of business and technical data. Bell Telephone Laboratories developed the instrumentalities. And Western Electric makes them to stringent quality standards.

Our shared responsibility for ever better telephone service is the force behind innovations which have brought Americans the finest — and the most — communications anywhere.

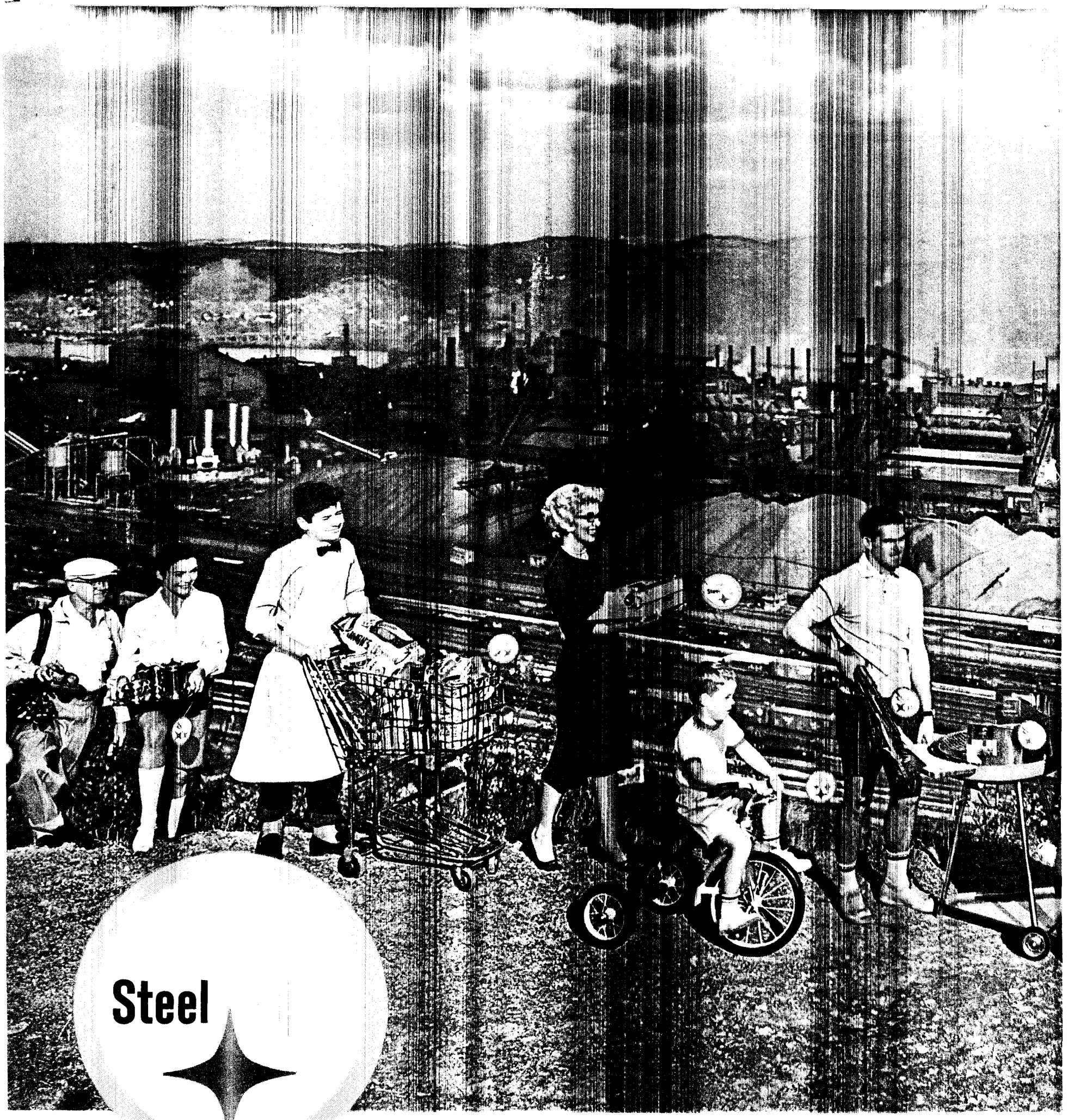
We work best because we work together.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM

Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Steelmark tags are popping up all over.
What do they mean? They mean the product
is made of steel, that it has the strength, stamina
and beauty only steel can give.
That's why it pays to
look for the Steelmark when you buy.

Happy Home Value

What is steel in the products you buy? Steel is the spring of a pogo stick flight, the sharp quick snip of the hedge shears. It's the hungry purr of a mower at work, the flick of a rake, and a carriage ride solid and sure. It's a fisherman's dream of a spinning reel, a coffeepot's gleam for grandma...a barbecue pit that laughs with fire. Steel is a wheel that whirls. It's a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

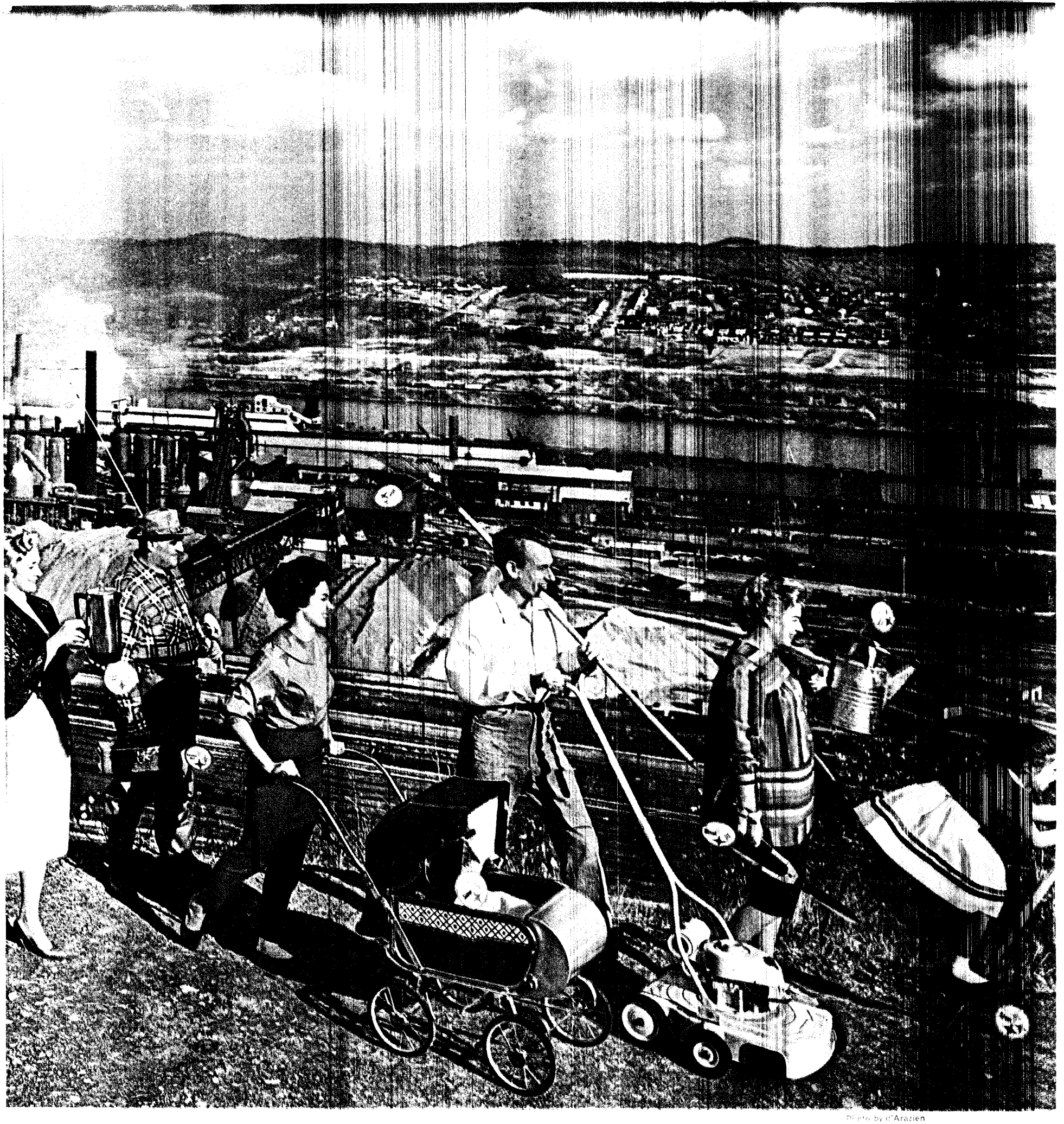


Photo by d'Arazien

start with steel

typewriter's tempo, a can of pop, a young lady's first tea and first heirloom. It's the whip of a club on a cool summer day for a long straight shot to the green.

Steel is strength, stamina and beauty. The hard-honed steel in mower blades and shears goes on cutting, the stainless steel goes on shining and the sturdy spring steel in the pogo stick goes right on springing, indefinitely—because they are steel.

The steel mill in the valley is the Aliquippa Works of Jones & Laughlin. Thousands of kinds of steel pipe and wire, tin-plated steel, sheets and shapes—from steel mills like Aliquippa—give the extra performance to products made of steel. To get that performance, *look for the Steelmark.*

Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

J&L STEEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Trademark of The American Thermos Products Company.

Keep things
Hottest or Coldest
Longest
in THERMOS®
Vacuum Bottles & Outing Kits

Here is the most basic of all outing accessories — THERMOS® Vacuum Bottles. And THERMOS* is the decisive choice over all other brands combined. Good reason too: only THERMOS provides tough, break-resistant Stronglas fillers—the most durable ever made. THERMOS Outing Kits contain two quart-size Vacuum Bottles, large plastic food container; "kangaroo" outside pouch optional—to hold towels, blanket or incidentals. Great for picnics, beach, sporting activities.

MENNINGER

Hospital for eighteen years before he was encouraged to go out and find a job. She was anxious to help but afraid to explain that the only thing she could offer him just then was a job as a dishwasher. So she called the man's doctor at the hospital and told him. The psychiatrist hesitated. "He's really too well educated to be satisfied with that, I'm afraid," he said.

"Oh, but today dishwashing is a science," Miss Beezley told him. "We do it with machines." So the man took the job and became an expert in keeping the machinery in repair. He stayed eight years, became a great favorite with everyone. With the first money he'd earned in nearly twenty years, he bought a bicycle for his grandchild, and over the next few years invested his savings in real estate.

Miss Beezley has been far more to these individuals than an employer. Aware of their unfamiliarity with long-forgotten routines, she has helped them buy clothes, open bank accounts, plan budgets. And she has kept an eye on their emotional health. On the one or two occasions when an employee has panicked, she has gone with him to the hospital outpatient department and sat with him while he waited for the doctor. When one of Miss Beezley's employees has had to be rehospitalized, she has visited him regularly, then rehired him upon his recovery.

Mental patients need a lift not only in getting back to work, but in returning to family living. As family friction often has been a factor in their breakdown, it is hard for many patients to learn how to resume this intimate, day-by-day type of relationship without striking too many sparks. The Menningers believe that in many cases this can best be done on the "neutral" ground of a temporary foster home. To provide this environment—affectionate, firm, understanding, free of recrimination and rejection—fifty carefully selected families have been brought into the Menninger Foundation's Family Care Program. Teen-agers and young adults live with these families, one to a household, for a few months to several years. The average stay is one year.

The plan began twenty years ago as a method of augmenting the crowded dormitory accommodations at the Southard School (the children's department of the Menninger Clinic). But it was soon accepted as a definite part of the treatment program. "We recognized the healing effect of a normal family environment upon the sick person," explained Mrs. Mabel J. Remmers, a trained psychiatric social worker on the Menninger staff. As the program's chief home finder, Mrs. Remmers has the task of locating these "normal" families, each of which is paid a monthly fee for its services and maintenance. Each family must demonstrate a genuine interest in helping the emotionally disturbed patient, and it must enjoy good relationships within its own family group and with the community. Care is taken to "match" the home and the patient, taking personalities and tastes into consideration. The patient is usually under some form of treatment, on an outpatient basis, and the foster parents have periodic interviews with the psychiatrists and social workers, who are also available for emergency calls.

Many of the home-care parents have children of their own, who help provide the needed companionship. The Chester Ebeys had two sons at home when they began seventeen years ago to bring Menninger patients into their home. The Ebey boys are now grown and married, but the elder Ebeys, who recently took in their seventh foster child, are still among the most enthusiastic families in the program. Mr. Ebey, who is connected with the communications department of the Santa Fe Railroad, enjoys outdoor hobbies, often takes his foster sons hunting. In the summer they take the youngsters sailing on nearby Lake Shawnee.

"Everyone out at the yacht club is nice to these young people of ours," Mr. Ebey remarked. "They know how much it means to them to be complimented on their swimming or their sailing."

Withdrawn or difficult behavior poses a problem to the home-care parents, of course. "And there are times when you could shake them," Mrs. Ebey said. "But we have liked them all. And it is gratifying to watch them progress. One of our boys could hardly socialize at all when he came. But he had terrific determination. He learned to play tennis, would call up friends to make tennis dates, and he dated Girl Scouts. And a dozen of the boys went down to the station to see him off when he went home for a visit."

One patient lived at the Ebey house for several years, finally moved out to a place of his own before entering college. But he maintains his mailing address at the Ebey home.

"We couldn't be more pleased that he still has a reason to drop by and see us often," Mrs. Ebey said.

The Ebeys and others who participate in the Family Care Program often are in contact with the patients who have lived with them for years after they leave.

Another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Fly, have tried to bring new hope and meaning into the lives of several persons who at different times have shared their home. One or two were rather difficult to get through to, however. "One boy was almost impenetrable," Mrs. Fly recalled. "But we did see him change. And the nearer the time came for him to leave the more strongly I felt he wanted to get close to us. I remember one day he pounded down the stairs, walked halfway around the table where I was sewing and pounded back up again, without saying a word. A few minutes later he came down again, started back up and then stopped and asked, 'Will another patient be coming after I go?' 'Perhaps,' I said. 'Well,' he said, 'he'll like your cooking.' With that he took off again to his room."

Hundreds of women and a smaller number of men have worked as volunteers with patients in the mental hospitals in Topeka. Some of their activity is now channeled through the Shawnee County Association for Mental Health, of which Mrs. Margaret L. Stone, widow of one of the Menninger Clinic founders, is program director. The association, an affiliate of the National Association for Mental Health, maintains a hospitality room in its downtown offices, where convalescent patients can drop in for a cup of coffee and pour out their troubles to a sympathetic and understanding listener.

"We have also tried to do something," said Mrs. Stone, "for the people who suddenly become violently disturbed at home and whose families, fearful for their own or the patient's safety, call the police

*Trademark of The American Thermos Products Company.

Lightest to handle,
Compact & Rugged
THERMOS®
Picnic Jugs & Ice Chests

Only one-third the usual ice—that's all you'll need in your THERMOS® Ice Chest to keep food cold. Use space for food. Why so little ice? Because of new, miracle "Positemp" urethane insulation—most efficient, lightest insulating material known. "Positemp" in THERMOS® Ice Chests and companion Picnic Jugs holds cold far longer than ordinary insulation. Many handsome models, with sanitary Atherlite liner and base. Enjoy the easiest picnicking under the sun with THERMOS*—FOREMOST BRAND IN OUTDOOR LIVING.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NORWICH, CONN. Subsidiary of KING-SEELEY AST THERMOS CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Trademark of The American Thermos Products Company

Cooking's Quicker, Lighting's Brighter
with HOLIDAY™
Camp Stoves and Lanterns
by THERMOS*

You'll cook faster, see better with HOLIDAY Camp Stoves and Camp Lanterns "by THERMOS*." They burn any gasoline—in emergency, siphon from car. Two- or three-burner stoves, all burners high speed. Single- or twin-mantle lanterns throw brilliant white light, operate in hurricane winds. Enjoy family life outdoors . . . get full, exciting story in the new, illustrated THERMOS* Guide to Modern Family Camping. Send name, address, 50¢ to Norwich, Conn., Box 521 E.

or the sheriff's office for help. Because most hospitals will not accept these violent patients on an emergency basis, they are usually booked for disorderly conduct or disturbing the peace, thrown into jail and held there until court orders referring them to a state hospital can be obtained. This may take a week. So we have furnished two jail cells with comfortable beds and chairs for these patients. The county plans to provide five special rooms in the projected new courthouse so that these people, who are really not guilty of anything more than being ill, won't have to be housed as common criminals."

Currently a half dozen women volunteers, headed by Mrs. Marvin E. Larson, wife of the executive secretary of the State Board of Social Welfare, are taking part in a recreation project designed to help long-time residents of Topeka State Hospital build social bridges back to their homes and communities. Ira Hutchison, the resourceful young director of recreation at the hospital, started the program when he found that many patients, discharged to their homes apparently cured, came back worse than when they left. "We realized that they had been hospitalized so long that they just weren't prepared for many routine activities they encountered at home," Mr. Hutchison explained. With Dr. Lawrence Kennedy, a psychiatrist especially interested in preparing patients for discharge, he worked out a program.

The women volunteers take small groups of patients to bowling alleys, miniature golf courses, auto races, fairs, theaters and museums, and sometimes to parties in their homes. "Since many of us women can't bowl at all, the men patients laugh at us," Mrs. Larson remarked. "This makes it easier for all concerned. It increases the patients' self-confidence." Many places of amusement offer the patients free admission, but this is refused. Handling money is an important part of relearning how to live in a community. A number of patients had never used a dial phone. So during one expedition to town they spent an hour and a handful of dimes telephoning a volunteer at the hospital. In time the men began to plan their own expeditions, and many are now able to go unaccompanied. For these the volunteers' mission has been accomplished.

In the process of moving long-forgotten patients out of the state hospital's wards to new lives outside, the preparations at the home end have often been the most frustrating. Here, too, volunteers and others in the community have been of great help, although the main responsibility has fallen on the social workers. Director of this group at Topeka State is Miss Elizabeth Clark, a woman of understanding and patience. She and her colleagues have spent weeks, months, even years finding a place for an elderly patient—interviewing family members, nursing-home proprietors and county welfare boards. For younger patients they also seek prospective employers.

Within a few years after the Topeka State Hospital reform began in 1948 the staff had successfully discharged 1000 men and women who had been hospitalized ten years or more. Of this number 560 had been in the hospital upward of twenty years.

"One thing this hospital has done," Miss Clark remarked, "is to sell the value of the human being, even though he is old and forgotten and has been here many years. And we have had wonderful cooperation from people in the community." Much of the community work of the Menningers and other psychiatrists in Topeka is preventive in nature, a search for the causes or first signs of mental disturbance—points of stress and friction, arid spots of emotional deprivation, odd or asocial behavior.

Sometimes the warning signals appear at an early age. Dr. Edward D. Greenwood, of the Menninger staff, and a half dozen young psychiatric residents, take part each spring in a "preschool roundup," when children planning to enter kindergarten in the fall are brought in for a physical checkup and, if the mothers wish, a brief psychiatric examination. The psychiatric part of the program is supported by the Shawnee County Association for Mental Health and is carried on at four different schools each spring. The association would like to expand it to include the entire city at one time.

Although the psychiatric interviews are optional, 90 percent of the mothers participate. They are happy to meet psychiatrists informally, without having to indicate a need for one. They are glad to talk about their children's problems—and sometimes about their own.

"We have only about ten minutes with the mother and child," Doctor Greenwood explained. "And we see them separately. But we often detect things that should be called to the parents' attention. If the child then has trouble when school starts, he can be referred for additional consultation, and treatment if necessary."

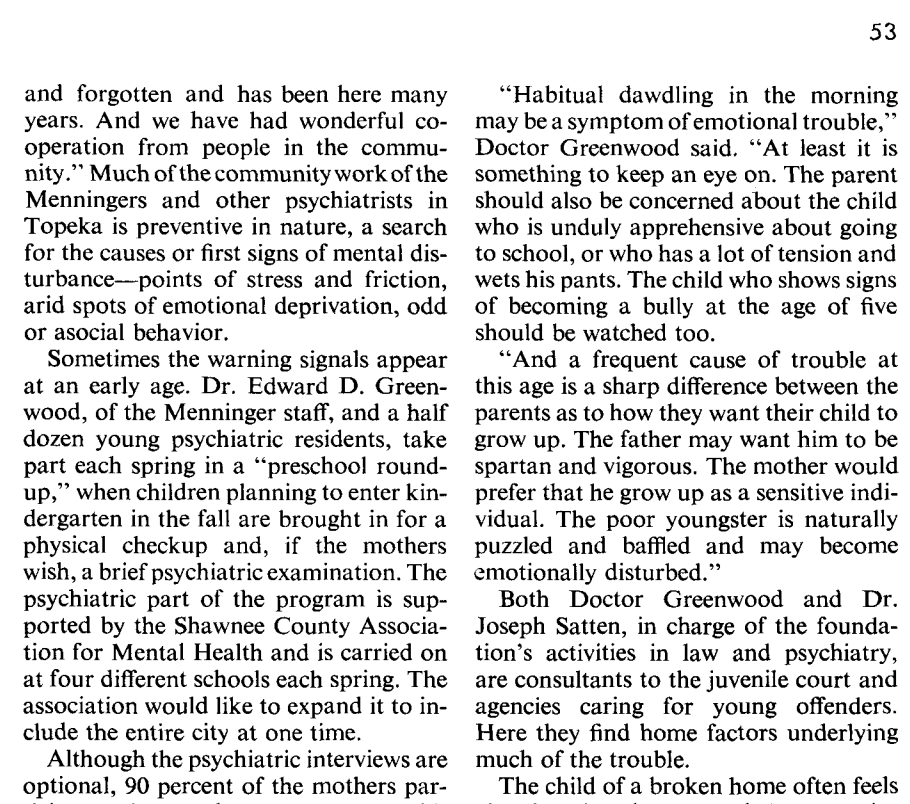
"What sort of things do you look for?" I asked.

"Habitual dawdling in the morning may be a symptom of emotional trouble," Doctor Greenwood said. "At least it is something to keep an eye on. The parent should also be concerned about the child who is unduly apprehensive about going to school, or who has a lot of tension and wets his pants. The child who shows signs of becoming a bully at the age of five should be watched too.

"And a frequent cause of trouble at this age is a sharp difference between the parents as to how they want their child to grow up. The father may want him to be spartan and vigorous. The mother would prefer that he grow up as a sensitive individual. The poor youngster is naturally puzzled and baffled and may become emotionally disturbed."

Both Doctor Greenwood and Dr. Joseph Satten, in charge of the foundation's activities in law and psychiatry, are consultants to the juvenile court and agencies caring for young offenders. Here they find home factors underlying much of the trouble.

The child of a broken home often feels abandoned and unwanted. In many instances he really is abandoned, so far as his needs for attention and love are concerned. "But we also see delinquents whose parents actually fulfill a wish in seeing their children do bad things," Doctor Satten declared. "When the child is small the parents may encourage him in certain wrong patterns, such as a negative attitude toward school and authority. They may agree with the child every time he comes home complaining that the teacher was wrong, or they may even encourage him to cheat. Or consider the man who uses sharp business practices



*Trademark of The American Thermos Products Company.

Camping's Fastest Living's Easiest
with Pop-Tents® & Wing Tents
by THERMOS*

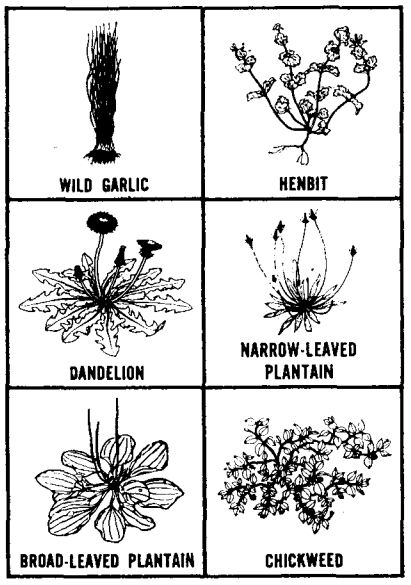
Stretch your precious fun time—with ultra convenient Pop-Tents® "by THERMOS®." A cinch to assemble and they pop into shape in seconds. Ideal for vacations on the move. Spacious Wing Tents "by THERMOS®" give picture-window view, are ideal for long stay. "Pop-Tents" and Wing Tents eliminate center pole, are cross-ventilated and have sewn-in screens and floor. Family models sleep four adults, smaller "Pop-Tents" two. Enjoy the easiest camping under the sun with THERMOS*—FOREMOST BRAND IN OUTDOOR LIVING.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NORWICH, CONN Subsidiary of KING-SEELEY THERMOS CO

HARDWARE WEEK 1962 "HAPPY HOME VALUES"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW ONE FORMULA
KILLS THEM ALL



YES...NEW
WEEDONE KILLS
MORE LAWN WEEDS
THAN ANY OTHER
WEED KILLER
BECAUSE IT'S NOW
SILVEX-FORTIFIED

Weedone is better than ever because it's Silvex-fortified. Silvex extends the killing power of Weedone to such weeds as Chickweed, Henbit and Prostrate Spurge, in addition to Dandelion, Plantain, and more than a hundred others. No need for special formulas; no need to know the name of the weed. Weedone with Silvex kills more lawn weeds yet costs you less than many ordinary weed killers. Won't kill desirable lawn grasses.

Spray it • Spread it • Weeds dread it

5 lb. bag (dry)
Only $2.25
other sizes at proportionately low prices. (Slightly higher west of Rocky Mountains.)

8 oz. can (liquid)
Only $1.00
other sizes at proportionately low prices.

OTHER WEED PROBLEM SOLVERS:

WEEDONE SPOT GRASS KILLER Kills unsightly grass clumps in lawns, Muhlenbergia, Dallis Grass, etc. Does not sterilize soil. Reseed in 2 to 3 weeks after treatment. 16 oz. Aerosol $1.98.

X-ALL Kills all weed and grasses. Lasts an entire season. Cleans up patios, driveways, walks, walls, tennis courts. Mix it in water. Non arsenical. 2 oz. $1.00 treats 75 sq. feet, 8 oz. $2.75 treats 300 sq. feet.

AMCHEM WEEDONE

Amchem, X-All and Weedone are registered trademarks of AMCHEM PRODUCTS, INC.
(Formerly American Chemical Paint Co.)
AMBLER, PA. • Niles, Calif. • St. Joseph, Mo.

HARDWARE WEEK 1962
"HAPPY HOME VALUES"

"Public acceptance of mental patients has been hard to win. . . but in thousands of instances Topeka's enlightened attitude is expressed in helpful action."

and who brags about cheating on his income tax. When the boy goes from cheating in school to stealing a car, and gets caught, the parents are horrified."

A youngster sometimes gets into trouble because he's been pushed along a path he isn't equipped to follow. A boy of fifteen, oldest of five children in a family that seemed otherwise well adjusted, became involved in a series of petty thefts, which he admitted. The psychiatrists found that in spite of his low I.Q. his teachers had passed him along—given him "social promotions" as they call it—so he could remain with his age group.

"But he had no interest in academic work and couldn't cope with it," Doctor Greenwood said. "And when he felt the need to excel in some way, he would steal a purse, or an item from a store. Well, we found that he had good manual dexterity and recommended that he go to a training school where he learned a useful occupation. He finally got a job in a service station and proved to be a good employee. That was seven years ago and he hasn't been in trouble since. Not all boys get their needs met as well as this one."

Efforts of the courts and psychiatrists to rehabilitate delinquents are often made doubly difficult by parental resistance. Consider the case of a teen-ager brought to a detention home in Kansas charged with molesting a ten-year-old girl. This was not his first offense of this kind, and he had been previously arrested for stealing. His record showed he had run away from home several times since the age of six and that he had emotional and neurological problems, including a number of phobias.

The boy had been examined by neurologists at the Menninger Clinic; but his parents repeatedly had refused to let him have psychiatric care. The father tried to minimize the boy's bad behavior and to excuse his fits of rage, which the psychiatrists felt could be controlled. Both parents were angry at the courts for recommending that their son be sent to the Topeka State Hospital or to the Boys Industrial School. Eventually he was sent to the latter place, where he is receiving not only vocational training but thoughtful attention from an excellent staff that includes two psychiatrists and three psychologists. His chances for rehabilitation, however, would have been much better had treatment been started some years ago.

Although crimes of violence by juveniles are perhaps less common in Kansas than in the large metropolitan centers, they do occur. And here as elsewhere the influence of television violence is being argued.

Doctor Satten and Doctor Greenwood agree that programs featuring violence aren't the best use of a child's time and to that extent are a serious social problem, but they note that the psychological impact varies with the child.

"For certain already disturbed and disorganized youngsters, exposure to the fantasy world of television can serve as a harmless discharge of energy," Doctor Satten said. "In other cases the TV violence could trigger overt action, although if the balance is precarious almost anything might trigger it off."

"Another point to remember," Doctor Greenwood remarked, "is that teen-agers and parents will blame TV just because it's convenient to do so. Actually, other things can be much more harmful—a violent act by a parent, for example. Nothing a boy sees on TV will make as sharp and damaging an impression as seeing his father slap his mother."

"Emotionally secure children," Dr. Greenwood said, "usually make a clear distinction between fantasy and reality. Junior-high kids I've talked to think the violence shows are a farce. And I've listened to younger children talk about Westerns. Some kids identify with the villains, others with the hero. Still others would like to be the horse."

The opinions of Doctor Will and Doctor Karl concerning TV violence are not so charitable. "To assume that anybody needs this kind of horror is itself a sign of the pathology of human life," Doctor Will declared.

Doctor Karl elaborates the point. "My concern is not so much that children seeing this violence on the screen will immediately rush out and try to knock people down or shoot them up," he said in a speech last summer at Chautauqua, New York. "It is rather that they may develop a complacent attitude toward violence, assume that this is the way life is, that the way one settles things is to see who is the best slugger, who is the best with a gun. This is the real danger."

Life is tough enough, of course, no matter what means you choose for solving its problems. A sizable number of mental problems, as we have seen, will yield to the strategies of psychiatry, particularly when the strategies are applied by skilled mental-health teams working with informed, cooperative citizens. It has been impossible in this series to cover in detail the full range of activities in this world psychiatric center on the edge of the western plains. But, to round out the picture, here are a few brief glimpses of additional ways in which psychiatrists and the community are tackling major problems.

Among the newer developments is a State Reception and Diagnostic Center, now being completed in Topeka. Here all persons convicted of felonies will receive thorough psychiatric examinations to determine what kind of institutional program is most likely to rehabilitate them.

Several community groups, sparked by the Shawnee County Association for Mental Health, are concerned with the troubles of persons who are caught by the bulldozers of progress and must move. Families uprooted in urban-renewal programs suffer emotional strains not usually appreciated by housing authorities. In Topeka they are benefiting from help given with tact and restraint.

Business and industrial leaders from many parts of the country have come to Topeka for the Menninger Foundation's week-long seminars on industrial psychiatry, trying to discover some of the causes of employee conflict, discord and inefficiency and the factors that make for happy and productive employment.

There are numerous seminars and courses for ministers, for lawyers and for social-service workers, all emphasizing, as Dr. Karl expresses it, "the factors in the environment which affect people adversely and the adverse effects people have on their own environment."

Finally, the Topeka campaign to bring psychiatry and the community into closer relationship finds unusually gratifying expression in the volunteer services of mental patients themselves. We learned about it from many sources, including an article in the Menninger patients' new literary magazine, *Eight Twenty-Nine* (named for the hospital's post-office box number).

During the Kansas River flood of 1951, Menninger and Topeka State Hospital patients filled sandbags along the dikes and waded in to help families reclaim their property. Following the tornado that struck near Topeka in 1960, patient-volunteers worked as hospital and Red Cross aides and helped clear away debris. One woman who worked following the tornado remarked that "obvious suffering on so large a scale helped put my own difficulties in better perspective."

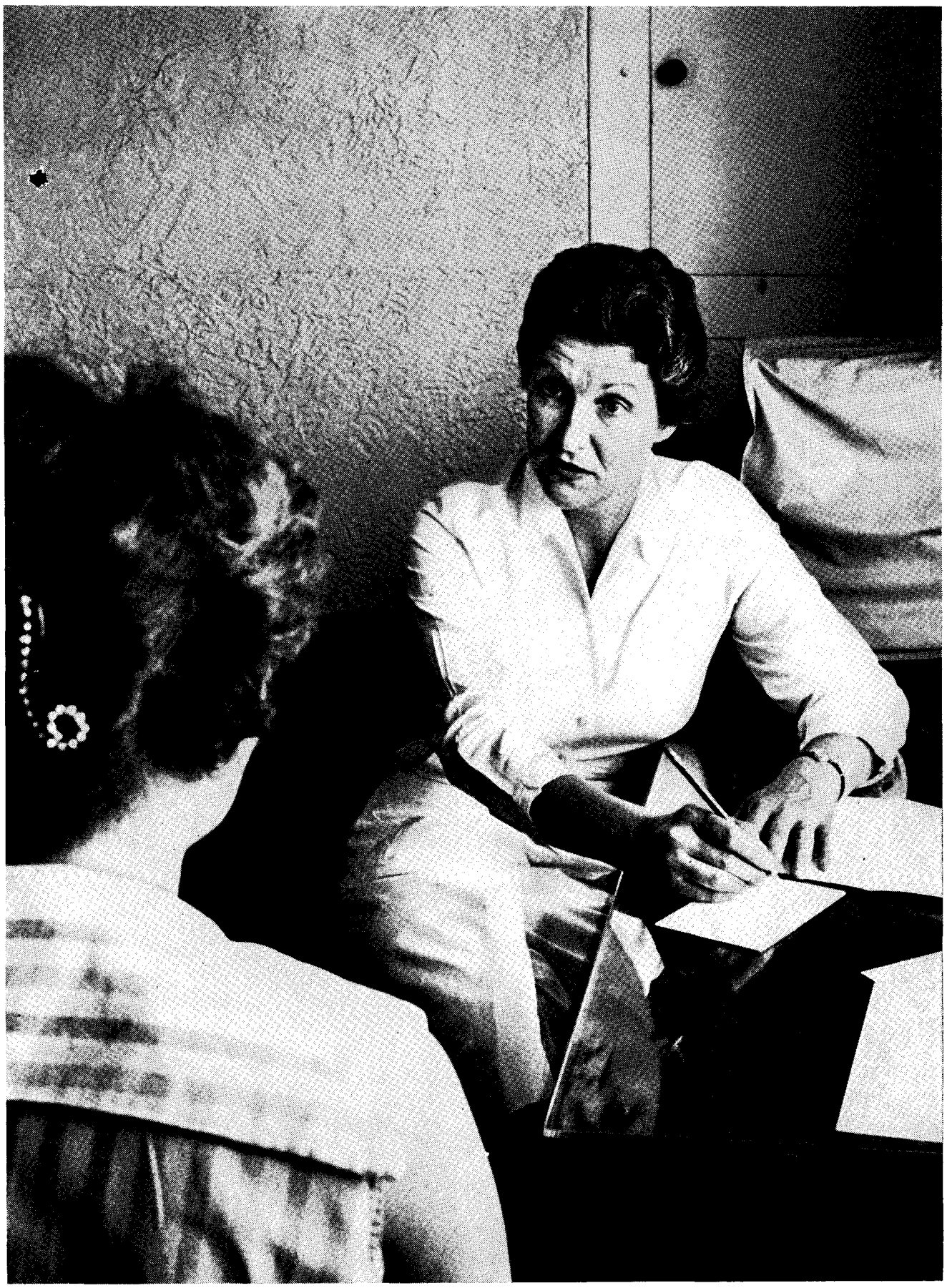
Many of the Topeka welfare agencies call routinely on Menninger patients for help. At the Capper Foundation for Crippled Children, a woman who was once under treatment at the Topeka State Hospital now supervises the work of four volunteers from the Menninger Hospital.

Although the central purpose of all of these psychiatric programs is to relieve or prevent mental illness, another benefit emerges which everyone observes who works with people handicapped or in distress. This is the larger lesson of Topeka's "therapeutic community." Dr. Karl Menninger has expressed it in these words: "It is not only the sick people who are benefited when a town gets interested in psychiatric illness. There is something about work with sick minds and hearts that makes ordinary people more sensitive to suffering, more tolerant, more human—even to each other. They discover that love cures people—the ones who receive love and the ones who can give it too."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Inge Morath



Cafeteria-owner Pat Beezley has given jobs to forty convalescing or recovered patients in the past eleven years. Her efforts typify Topeka's concern for patients who are trying to reassume their places in society.

HARDWARE WEEK 1962
"HAPPY HOME VALUES"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Frank J. Taylor

ME AND MY MIXED-UP TREES

Under the skeptical gaze of a neighbor, author Taylor (right) bends a fig tree to his will.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The confessions of a compulsive grafter who tells backyard Burbanks how to turn the tables on Nature.

Recently a kibitzer caught me in my family orchard, forty miles south of San Francisco, while I was writing a memorandum on a zinc marker which I hung on what was left of a peach tree after a major grafting operation. "Writing to yourself or to the tree?"

"Both," I replied. "I've remodeled this peach so many times that neither the tree nor I can remember what variety it started out to be."

On another occasion one of my neighbors dropped over to watch me daub grafting wax on some scions—or shoots from another tree—I had just stuck on a couple of South American pepper-berry trees. "What gives?" he asked me. "Why graft peppers?"

"Glad you asked," I replied. "I'm converting papas into mammas."

He mulled that over, then demanded, "What's so wrong with males?"

"Plenty," I told him. "They don't bear berries. The female trees do."

"Don't you think you're trifling with Nature?"

"Nope, just lending a hand."

Every spring the grafting urge grips me. I get a compulsion to remodel the family orchard and the ornamentals too. Down off the shelf in the shop comes my grafting kit—a little wooden box in which I tote a small saw, a grafting knife, some larger knives for splitting limbs, some wedges, plastic tape, zinc markers, a can of black grafting wax and a brush for smearing the wax over a tree's wounds. This is my version of the doctor's little black bag. Judging by the way they respond, trees thrive on a change of personality now and then.

Take those custom-tailored pepper-berry trees, for example. As males they bore only drab little blossoms loaded with pollen dust. As females, they'll be loaded each yule season with waxy red berries that hold their color for months, and are ideal for floral arrangements.

By sticking grafts from a neighbor's female tree into the limbs of my males, I tricked them into becoming sure-fire berry bearers in two summers. This sort of horticultural shenanigan also works with holly trees and various other species.

To most spectators this tree remodeling seems like black magic, but there is nothing to it. In the early spring while the buds are dormant I insert a small twig from a tree I want to perpetuate into the bark of the one that is to provide the nourishment. There are many ways to do this. I'm an old cleft grafter because this method works best for restyling older trees. I saw off the trunks of small trees or the limbs of larger ones, split them, and insert a cleft or wedge of the section into the tree I'm overhauling. In a couple of years the two-inch twig becomes the fruit- or nut-bearing branches of an entire tree—or part of it, depending on where I do the grafting.

One type of tree in short supply on our place was the graceful valley oak, which has large, leathery leaves and long, slender acorns. In the hills near our home there are plenty of native oaks; but they are either blue oaks, with oval, bluish-hued leaves and fat, round acorns, or they are live oaks, with dark-green leaves and little bulletlike acorns. Blue oaks and live oaks are O.K., but we wanted the valley oaks, which we didn't have. Since Nature had short-oaked us, I attempted to correct the situation by planting some valley-oak acorns. This would be easy, I thought, because I had been growing live oaks for three decades. Two of the first acorns I planted are now over fifty feet tall. But I found the valley oaks didn't thrive in the hills. Their acorns sprouted into spindly seedlings that were only a yard tall after several years. So I cut twigs from the runty valley-oak seedlings, and carefully whittled them into slim little wedges. These I inserted into the cleft trunks of small blue oaks. After bandaging the splices, I daubed them with grafting wax and tied paper bags over the scions to protect them from the sun.

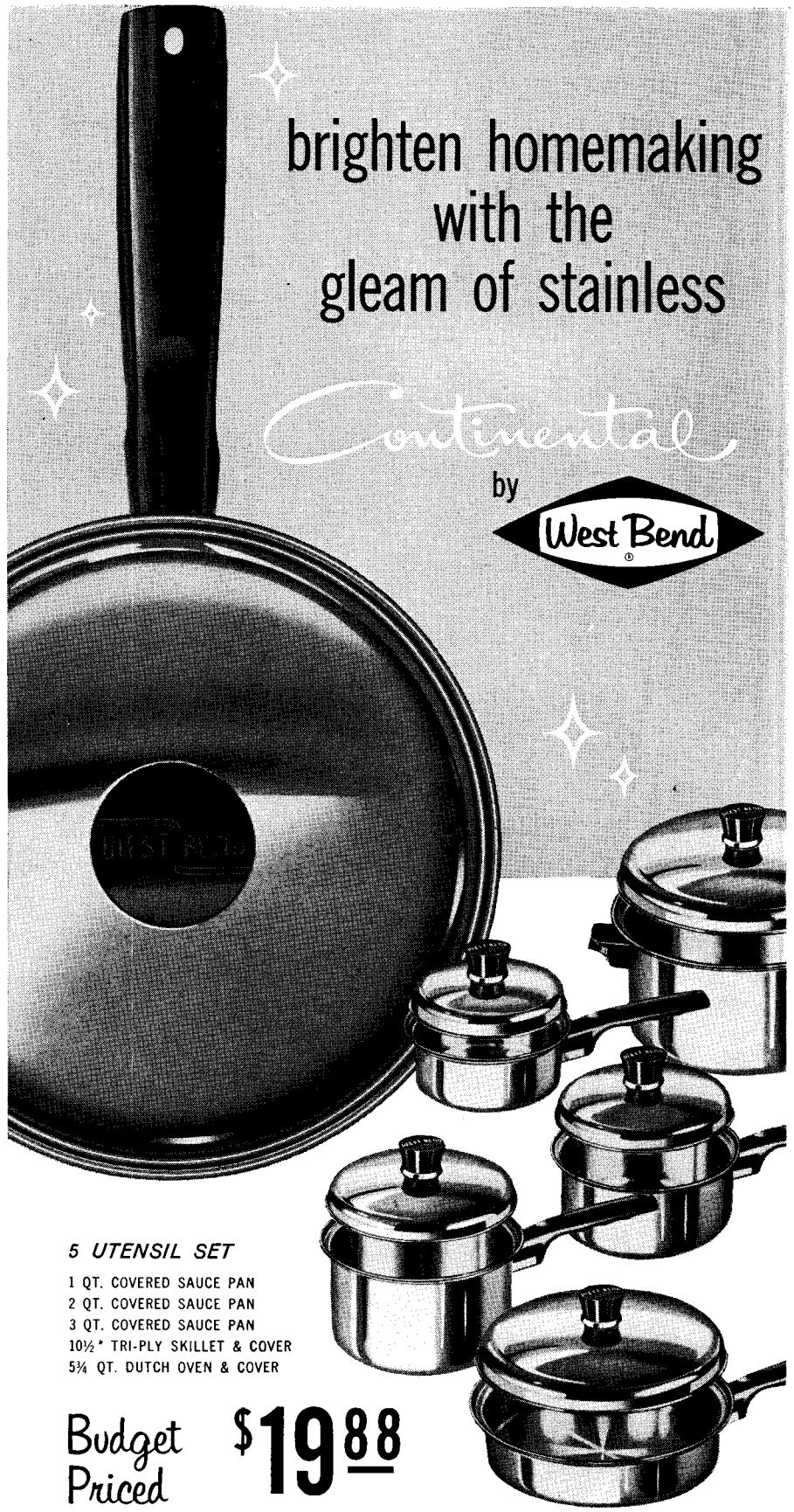
A month later, when I removed the bags, the grafts were bursting with buds. During the first summer they took off like willow shoots and grew six feet, with side branches larger than the saplings from which the scions had been snipped. All the valley oaks needed was nourishment from rootstocks that relished the clay soil and the altitude of the hills.

Our native California walnuts are little black objects about the size and consistency of marbles. Even our squirrels spurn them. It is a wonder that the kernels inside them ever germinate. But they do, and they shoot up into hardy saplings that grow into drought-resistant trees.

When the trunks of these native walnut seedlings are about two inches in diameter, I saw them off a couple feet above the ground. Then I graft the stubs over to so-called English walnuts. (These, by the way, aren't English at all, but are nuts the English discovered in China.) The grafts burgeon into trees that yield large, soft-shelled walnuts which we—and the squirrels—harvest with relish.

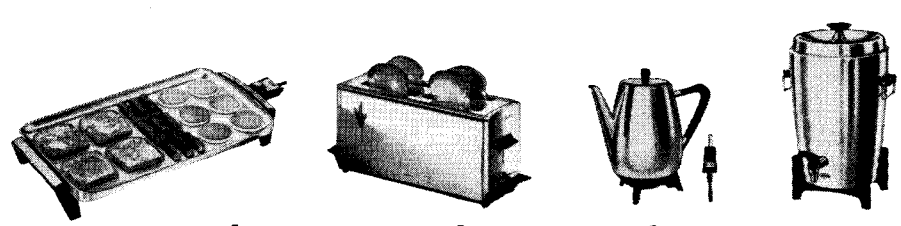
Over in the almond corner of our orchard, the harvesting is even more of a sport. The blue jays get there ahead of the squirrels, who are up before I am. An almond is a shellful of jelly until it hardens into a nut. The jays peck holes in the hulls and sip out the consommé glacé. By the time the squirrels are hep, the almonds are only hollow shells.

One of our almond trees was a deviationist. All the other almonds bore popcorn-white blossoms, but this one exploded each spring into gorgeous sprays



Bring some extra sunshine into *your* kitchen with the bright new stainless gleam of Continental. It has a way of turning chores into cheers — every day as you see how easy it is to clean, and year after year as it keeps its like-new sparkle. Continental's low-silhouette design hugs your range unit for maximum efficiency (saving on cooking time and fuel bills). See the gleam of Continental stainless steel at your dealer's, now!

OTHER WEST BEND IDEAS FOR HAPPIER HOMEMAKING THIS SPRING . . .



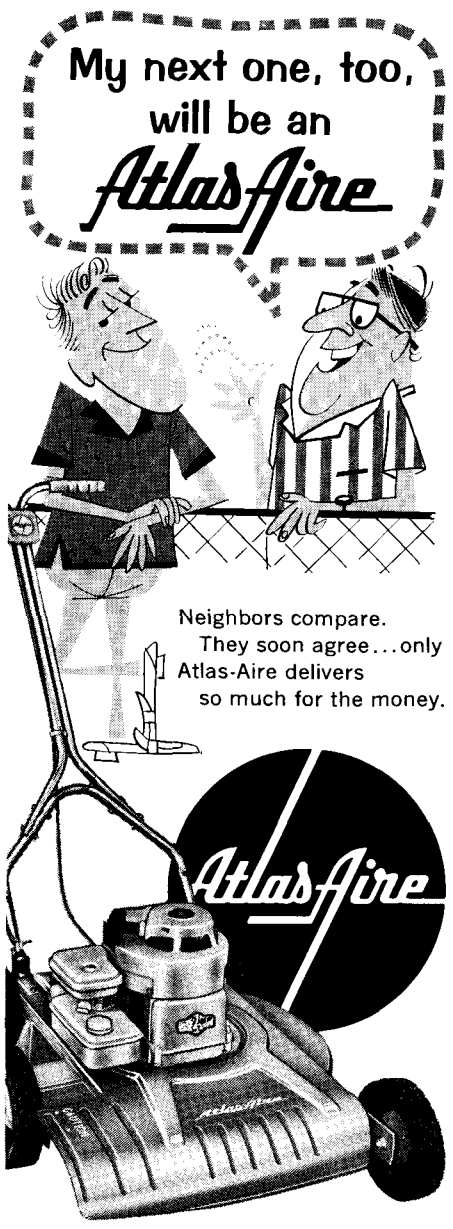
GRIDDLE 'N SERVER WITH CONTROL $26.95 | 2-SLICE TOASTER $17.95 4-SLICE TOASTER $24.95 | STAINLESS STEEL 10 CUP PERK $24.95 | BUFFET-STYLED 30 CUP STAINLESS PERK $39.95

Prices are suggested retails, slightly higher in Canada and Hawaii.

The West Bend Company Dept. 574, West Bend, Wisconsin

HARDWARE WEEK 1962 "HAPPY HOME VALUES"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


My next one, too, will be an Atlas-Aire
Neighbors compare. They soon agree...only Atlas-Aire delivers so much for the money.
Atlas-Aire

The 1962 models are the finest Atlas-Aire mowers ever built.

- "Easy Spin" starter
- Briggs & Stratton engine
- Safe, non-clog baffle
- Rugged, quality construction

Prices as low as **$59.95**

See them at your Hardware Dealer

FREE—Atlas-Aire BETTER LAWN CARE GUIDE. Write to

ATLAS TOOL & MANUFACTURING CO.
5147 Natural Bridge Rd. • St. Louis 15, Mo.

Women LOVE It!
DEFROST NEW EASY WAY!

FROST-BAN
REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER
Spray Defroster

Spray on. Wipe away ice and frost in minutes. Can't harm food. Leaves no odor. Harmless to metal or enamel. Improves refrigerator and freezer performance. Retards future frost build-up. **169** 14 oz.

At your favorite hardware or department store

MONEY...
In Your Spare Time

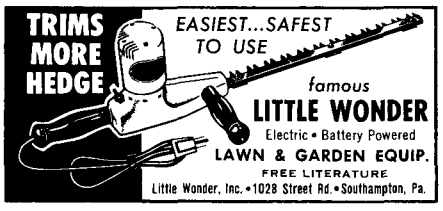
Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
292 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Strypeeze
Strips Paint Fast

Semi-Paste for general use. New Non-Flammable for tough jobs.

TRIMS MORE HEDGE



EASIEST...SAFEST TO USE
famous **LITTLE WONDER**
Electric • Battery Powered
LAWN & GARDEN EQUIP.
FREE LITERATURE
Little Wonder, Inc. • 1028 Street Rd. • Southampton, Pa.

Home Appliances Now Run Smoothly
Clean · Lubricate · Prevent Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

Fill Flaws In Plywood
Handles like putty. Hardens like wood.
PLASTIC WOOD®
The *Genuine*—Accept No Substitute.

KRYLON®
You have a use for **SPRAY PAINT**
In Ready-to-Use Aerosol
IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!

HARDWARE WEEK 1962 "HAPPY HOME VALUES"

"Of the many trees growing in our family orchard, only a few are producing the fruit nature intended."

of orchid-pink. One summer, after we had harvested only hollow almond shells, I got a bright idea.

"Let's redo all the white-blossom almonds into pinks and grow for flowers instead of nuts," I said to my wife. "If the squirrels can't win, how can we?"

The following winter I grafted scions from the pink-flowering tree on all the whites. Now they are all pink. We are still unable to harvest nuts, but each March we have enough sprays of pink flowers for all the flower committees in the neighborhood. The jays got even with me by hitting the plum, peach, apricot, nectarine, pear and apple trees just before the fruit was ripe enough to pick.

Thus the peaceful, idyllic country life that city folk think we lead is really nothing but a prolonged cold war. To frustrate our feathered enemies, I have to prune our family orchard down to grotesque dwarfs over which I can toss mosquito netting just before the fruit begins to ripen.

Covering a few fruit trees with netting is no great task if you've planted the dwarf apples, pears, peaches or plums available now at nurseries. But my cold war began more than thirty years ago. Dwarf trees hadn't been invented then. So I had to make pygmies out of giants by lopping off the upper limbs of standard-size trees. Before resorting to this unorthodox tree husbandry, I hopefully tested various devices for scaring birds away, but they didn't work.

Since then I've found less cruel ways of dwarfing standard-size trees. One inspiration hit me when my wife and I were touring Japan. We saw Nipponese gardeners bending the limbs of ornamental trees into odd shapes, even tying them in knots. They do this for the sake of art.

"Heck, I could do that with our trees," I told my wife. "Not for art, but for fruit."

When we returned home, I pulled the more limber branches of some of my trees down and fastened them on the opposite sides of their trunks. In effect, I was turning trees into oversize vines or bushes. Tossing protective netting over them was easy. The bent limbs were the ones that bore buds, and they were overloaded with fruit by midsummer.

Later that year, while touring the Po Valley in Italy, I saw orchard after orchard of fruit trees pruned and tied down until they resembled vineyards. The Italians had been using "my idea" for centuries. Also in Italy that fall we were attracted to a type of pear we had never encountered before—a long, russet-colored fruit with solid, juicy meat.

"I'd like to graft some scions of those pears onto our trees," I told Giovanni Aghito, our friend and guide. "Could you send me some cuttings next winter?"

The following winter Giovanni airmailed me several twigs. After dunking them in insecticide and fungicide, I grafted them on limbs of three of our pear trees. They shot up into limber branches just right for bending and dwarfing. This year we'll be harvesting Italian pears from our own restyled trees.

In Japan we tasted a persimmon the Nipponese eat while the flesh is still hard. Our own persimmons are puckery until the flesh ripens. I asked Fukuoku-san, a Japanese friend, to airmail me some scions when his trees were dormant. On a Sunday morning these twigs were growing on trees in Japan. By sundown Tuesday I had them grafted onto the limbs of my persimmon trees. Now when I go out to pick persimmons, I have a choice of the hard but sweet Fuyus of Hyakumes from Japan, or the soft California type—all from the same tree.

Of the many trees in our family orchard, only a few are producing the fruit nature intended. I've modified most of them to fit our needs or match our climate. Our orchard grows in a pocket in the hills which has a special climate within the over-all climate of the area. I've redone most of our apple, peach, nectarine, apricot, pear and fig trees to varieties that thrive under our special weather conditions.

Grafting is always a gamble. On a Rome Beauty apple tree that had a stout trunk but bore spotty fruit, I inserted scions of Golden Delicious, Red Delicious, Winesap and McIntosh apples. They all grew. The Golden Delicious grafts yielded top-quality apples. The Red Delicious also prospered. The Winesaps and McIntosh grafts sulked for the first two seasons, but this past year they set fruit generously.

Some years ago I thought our apple trees were doomed. An army of borers had moved in and riddled the bark of the young apple trees just above the ground. I looked around for something on which to graft apple scions to save varieties not replaceable at nurseries. Luckily I had some quince trees, which the borers didn't choose to attack. I grafted apple scions on these. The grafts grew and bore fruit, although not bounteously. But we gathered apples off quince trees for a spell, until I discovered a way to beat the borers by putting spats of aluminum foil—which the borers can't cross—on my apple trees.

Occasionally I'm suspected of grafting fact onto fiction when I tell about picking apples off quince trees or nectarines off peach trees. "So you can build a whole family orchard on a couple of trees," one visitor exclaimed.

"Nope, it doesn't work that way," I told him. "I can build a tree that will bear apples, pears and quinces. Or one that will yield peaches, nectarines, apricots.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARDWARE WEEK SPECIAL!
NEW Rival® MAGNETIC CHROME TRIM CAN OPENER
REG. $3.98 ONLY $2.98

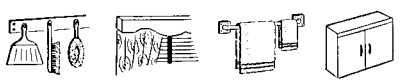
ALL-AMERICAN BEST BUY
OPENS ALL CANS
Another American-made value from Rival! Can opener comes in gleaming chrome trim and choice of colors. Removable magnet and 3-position wall bracket. Only $2.98.

Can-O-Mat®
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE
IN GAY COLORS IDEAL GIFT! FROM $3.98

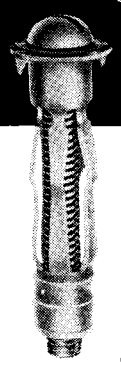
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
WRITE FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG!
RIVAL MFG. CO., KANSAS CITY 29, MO.
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Fill Cracks And Holes Better
Handles like putty. Hardens like wood.
PLASTIC WOOD®
The *Genuine* – Accept No Substitute.

HANG FIXTURES SECURELY!



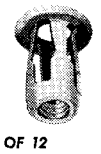
USE MOLLY® SCREW ANCHORS and JACK NUTS



BETTER THAN NAILS & SCREWS—*Molly lets you put fixtures where you want . . . not just where studs are.* Spider backing reinforces area in which used, won't pull through. BETTER THAN TOGGLE BOLTS—Easy to install, needs much smaller hole, fixtures can be removed and replaced in same anchor! Inexpensive, guaranteed. Ask your hardware dealer for genuine Molly . . . the name is stamped on the cap.

JACK NUTS GRIP ANY MATERIAL, WORK IN NARROW SPACE

Jack Nuts need only ⅛" expansion space . . . now you can fasten fixtures to flush doors! Grip any material up to ¾" . . . perfect for use in thin materials where wood or sheet metal screws won't hold!



SEND $1.00 FOR SAMPLE BOX OF 12

EXPANDS BEHIND WALL MOLLY CORP. 220 N. 5TH ST., READING, PA.
Enclosed is $1.00 for sample box of
(check one) ☐ Mollys ☐ Jack Nuts
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

"As a result of this trifling with nature we harvest more fruit, nuts and blossoms than we can use."

Or grow plums and prunes on almond trunks. Or build a citrus tree that would give with oranges, tangerines, tangelos and maybe an occasional lemon or lime. But it's against the rules to mix stone fruits and seed fruits, and the citrus and the figs."

Since I turned tree grafter a couple of decades ago, I've become a persistent scrounger. I run a sort of old-varieties tree bank on our place. Whenever I visit an old homestead, I look for old-fashioned fruit trees that have survived neglect and changing tastes. Behind the garage of one old house I found a scrawny little peach tree planted by its owner's grandfather half a century ago. It still bore a few of the most delectable golden-fleshed peaches I've tasted. As this peach is small and not much to look at, nurserymen no longer stock the tree it grows on. But looks and size are no substitute for flavor. I stuck some twigs from this outcast on one of our yellow peach trees, where they thrived and soon bore generously. But the tree and its fruit remained small.

Down the row a few trees was a vigorous Nectar. Although this tree just about doubles in size each year, it bears only a few huge, white-fleshed peaches each summer. To transfer some of the Nectar's vigor, I grafted some limbs of the yellow peach over to it. The grafts grew swiftly. In the second year they bore golden fruit almost as big as the white-fleshed Nectars. We waited impatiently to taste them. One bite of the ripe fruit was enough. Big and beautiful to look at, they had about as much flavor as tap water.

"It was an unhappy marriage," I told my wife. "Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose."

We won with a little yellow plum I discovered in the yard of another old home. Grafted onto the trunk of an ordinary plum, it has borne crops that are the basis for some of the tastiest jam made in our kitchen. The other half of the plum tree gives us a fine crop of prunes.

Often nobody knows the names of these old varieties, which may even be mutations. Part of the fun is naming them. The little yellow plum is the Williams, because I got the scions from Old Bill Williams, who helped me plant the orchard. Our best fig is The Grandpa. The now-gnarled old trunk grew from a cutting from a tree my sister rooted from a twig snapped off a fig tree that flourished by our grandfather's house half a century ago. The original Grandpa tree has long since been scraped out by a bulldozer excavating for an apartment house. Thus our family orchard is more than a display of horticultural specimens. Our trees are personalities, some of them split and resplit and then split again.

One of my enthusiastic follies is growing trees from seed, by the hundreds. The problem sometimes is finding homes for them. Luckily, everybody loves a pine or a redwood or a maple when it's a year old and a foot high. That's the time to give them away. Some of my transplanted pine seedlings are now young giants sixty feet tall.

"You and your tree-growing," my wife once said. "We bought a hill for the view, and now all we see is your silly forest."

I hurriedly got out the long-handled pruning saw and the extension ladder. Pines were never meant to form a hedge, but ours do. I now gaze out over a mantle of forest green—and my wife has her view.

In my belief, most people respect trees too much to have fun growing them. I treat my trees rough, and they thrive on it. Without my horticultural mayhem, some of our trees just wouldn't be around any more. For example, we have some citrus trees that grow happily for several years, then begin to die at the tips of their branches. This is my cue to amputate their limbs almost back to the trunks. By the end of a year the stubs are covered with new shoots bearing green leaves. In another year they bear fruit. Evidently all they need is a rest. I've applied this treatment to olives, apricots, peaches, apples and pears. What bothers the orthodox tree grower is that I do this trimming in summer when the trees are in full leaf, instead of waiting until the limbs are dormant.

One angry gardener stopped by on a midsummer day when I was whacking off the luxuriant upper branches of some peach trees. "Will you kindly explain why you are mutilating these trees when they are full of leaves?" he demanded.

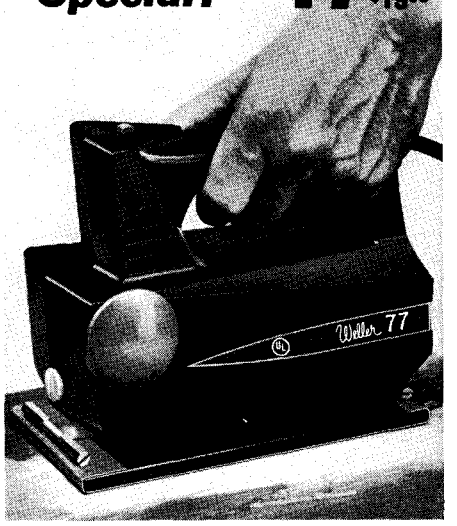
"Sure," I said. "First, I get a lot of weight off the trees. Second, I keep them low. Third, they form next year's fruit buds close to the main limbs, which are strong enough to support the crop. Finally, next winter when everybody else is pruning, I can hang over the fence and advise them; my whacking is done."

Tricks that work wonders with some trees may not work well on others. Rampant growers like apricots put out so many new shoots after being mutilated that I have to knock off most of them. Full-grown peaches, which belong to the same pomological family, often refuse to put out shoots at all. So I trick them into a renewed youth by sawing off limbs close to the trunk, grafting them with cuttings snipped from the tips of the limbs I have just cut off.

As a result of this trifling with nature we harvest more fruit, nuts and blossoms than we can use—all of a quality and variety we can't buy. And we get a bonus crop: kibitzers. For our orchard is a conversation piece, yielding a plentiful harvest of comment all year round.

THE END

Hardware Week Special! $17.95 REG. $19.95



Weller®
HI-POWER SANDER

Sands *twice as fast* as any other sander at its price, thanks to Weller's new *heavy duty* reciprocating motor. Full 5/32" stroke—14,400 strokes a minute—and big 26 sq. in. sanding surface. *Sands with grain* for smooth finish unobtainable with disc or orbital sanders. *Safest* sander on the market. *Guaranteed 1 year* against defects in material and workmanship. Model 77.

WELLER ELECTRIC CORP., EASTON, PA.

WISS CUTS BEST

ALL NEW Hy-Power Anvil Pruners #708. Completely new design for easier cutting of heaviest branches. New, unique two position latch. Comfortable grips. $3.25 wherever fine garden tools are sold. #707, smaller, lighter version $2.75.
J. WISS & SONS CO., NEWARK 7, N. J.

HARDWARE WEEK 1962
"HAPPY HOME VALUES"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hardware Week Special!

$13.48 Reg. $14.95

Weller® Heavy Duty SOLDERING KIT

Everything you need for quick, easy soldering and household repairs. Features the same 250-watt gun that's used professionally the world over. Tip heats instantly, has long reach and long life. Twin spotlights illuminate work. Cutting tip, smoothing tip, tip interchange wrench, solder and instruction booklet included. Kit comes in a utility case of miracle plastic. Gun is guaranteed 1 year. Model 8250AK.

WELLER ELECTRIC CORP., EASTON, PA.

Why borrow?

Speedy Sprayer

now only **$34.95** Slightly higher Denver West.

New! Speedy Sprayer Outfit complete with motor, ready to plug in and spray! Pays for itself on your first big paint job. Does an hour's work in minutes—spray fences, screens, shutters, furniture, rough walls, floors, etc. Smooth, flawless finish. A real professional tool! Ask for "Compact" 404. Write for "How to Spray" and folder.

W. R. BROWN CORP.

Specialists in Portable Sprayers Since 1921

2663 North Normandy Avenue • Chicago 35, Illinois

fast, lasting repairs

Magic FIXES EVERYTHING!

Magic Plastic Aluminum • Epoxy Glue
Magic Rubber • Fix-All Porcelain
Tub 'N Tile Sealer • Magic Wood
Woodblend Putty Pencils

at all stores 29¢ to $1

Magic Iron Cement Co., Inc. Cleveland 28, Ohio

Every Home Needs This 'All-Purpose' Oil

Clean · Lubricate · Prevent Rust

3-IN-ONE® OIL

REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

HARDWARE WEEK 1962
"HAPPY HOME VALUES"

Revenge By Fire

continued from page 27

saddles and burlap bags and shovels and three big barrels bouncing on the bed. Hat Henderson, Dally Johnson and Sunfish Perkins scrambled for footing among them, to steady the barrels. A hundred yards behind, Dobe Chavez plugged along in saddle, cursing softly in Spanish, struggling to keep a dozen skittish cow ponies, neck roped together in a line, following him at a fair trot.

Miles to the west Powder Kent ambled along the trail leading down from the pass through the upper peaks. He rounded a huge shoulder of rock and pulled the roan to a sudden halt. Vast and seeming limitless the big land swept away from beneath him, distance merging into distance to be lost at last beyond the reach of vision toward Texas. Down and out from the lower ridge, northward and some to his left, small across the miles, he saw a great wedge-shaped scar of charred land where fire had fanned forward, widening, and smoke rising from the far front of it.

Down and to the right, miles away from the blunt-pointed beginning of the wedge-shaped scar, along the outer base of the long ridge below him, clear and distinct in distance through the clean air, he saw two men mounted, leading two horses, moving southward at a steady trot. He saw them stop and one swing down and bend low to the ground and rise and swing up and both ride on and, where the one had bent, a wisp of smoke rose and increased as wind caught it.

He stared down, and the muscles around his lean-lipped mouth tightened. Out of old habit, instinctively his right hand moved, and his worn gun was in the hand, and he spun the cylinder, looking down to check it. He slipped the gun back into its holster. He slapped spurs to the roan and turned off the trail, angling southward and down the rugged slopes in the direction of the two men.

The first fire raced on, crackling through the low growth, sending sparks dancing upward in the roiling smoke that swung and eddied in the wind, obscuring the sun in the immediate area, making a hazy dimness over all. The men of the Slash Y, silent mostly, grim-faced, fought for the good grasses that meant strong flesh to the cattle roaming the range that in turn meant money, a return on investment, to other men 2000 miles away.

Out in front Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins pulled the drag, about thirty feet apart, straddling between them the lead line of fire. Monte on the inside, in past the crackling flames, blood-smeared, smoke-grimed, all but lost in the back swirls of smoke, erect in saddle with bandanna up over mouth and nose, voice coming muffled through it in constant refrain, aimed at and steadying to the wincing, jumping, side-swinging horse under him. "Hot, boy, ain't it, hot on the feet. But I'm promising you a year's rest to grow out those hoofs again." Chet on the outside, blood-and-smoke-smeared the same, pushed steadily through the smoke clouds rolling at him, solid in saddle, holding down his frightened horse, intent on the tricky job of keeping his rope taut against the jerks from Monte's.

Back about seventy-five yards the wagon moved at a matching pace along the edge of the burned-out area. Cal Brennan was on the seat, with one foot braced and the other on the brake, hands clamped on reins as the draft team snorted and plunged, trying to swing away. The extra horses, tied in a string to the tail gate, squealed and kicked and followed.

In between, Hat Henderson, Dally Johnson and Sunfish Perkins worked on foot with several thicknesses of wet bags in their hands—slapping, slapping, slapping the flickers of flame and the glowing sparks left by the drag. Running to vault into the moving wagon, they would dip the bags in the barrels and pull them out dripping, leap to the ground and resume their slapping, slapping, slapping. Dobe Chavez, with shovel in hand, tossed smoldering cow chips back from the line and threw dirt over them.

And several miles away Sugar Wyman and Jumping Joe Joslin, also slapping with bags, stamping with worn, blackened boots, kicking cow chips in, worked steadily along the flank of the great wedge-shaped scar where fire showed only in patches, creeping slowly against the wind.

Twenty miles to the north, three Triple Seven hands, jogging along in saddles, topped a rise and stopped and looked southward into distance. One of them whirled his horse and rode fast in the far direction of the Triple Seven buildings. The other two struck spurs to their horses and rode at a long swinging lope toward the distant signal in the sky.

Eighteen miles to the east, where the little town of Harmony drowsed in midmorning sun, Sheriff MacKnight rose from his roll-top desk in his little cubicle in the little combination hotel and office building and stepped out into the hall and on out on the porch to stretch cramped muscles. In the act of stretching, he stopped, staring westward, turned to shout through the doorway behind him and turned again, striding fast, to leave the porch and head along the one main street, hammering on doors and shouting again.

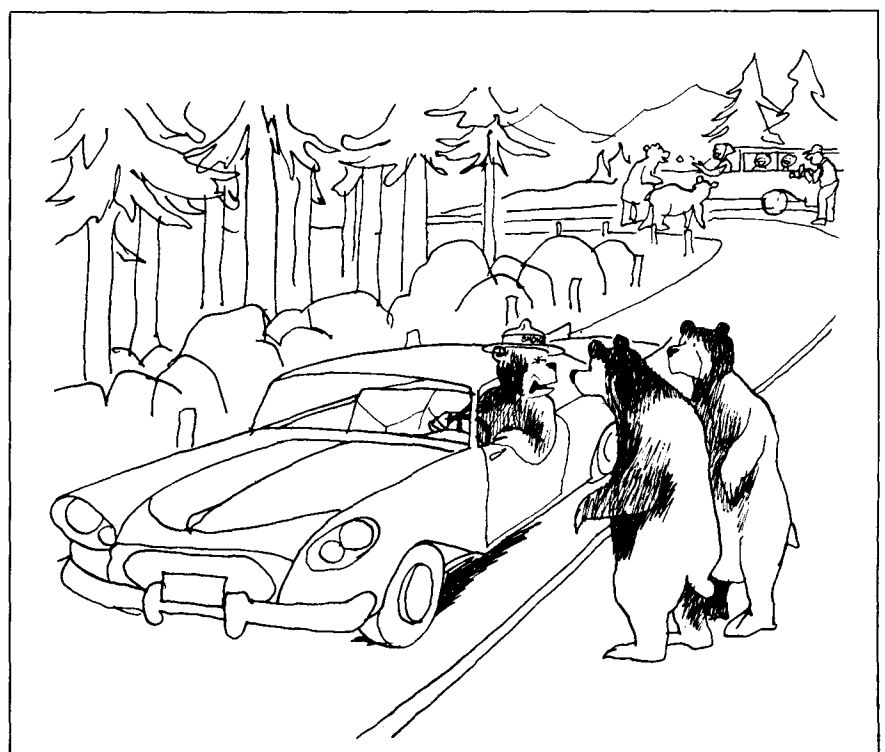
Twenty-two miles to the south, Sonny Jacobs, wrench in hand atop a small windmill tower, stared north and west and dropped the wrench and climbed down fast. Men soon scurried about the buildings of the Diamond Six, and another big flat-bed wagon carrying barrels and bags and shovels and men hurried out onto the open grassland, angling toward the far smoke of the second fire. Sonny and another man followed in saddles, leading extra horses.

And off to the west, Sugar Wyman and Jumping Joe Joslin, working now around the blunted point of the first wedge-shaped scar, looked up to see José Gonzales on a scraggly pinto and his ten-year-old boy on a burro coming toward them, carrying shovels.

Farther west and south, well down past the blunted point of a second wedge-shaped scar that increased eastward, widening under the whip of the wind, a rough-built sturdy roan, sweat-streaked, moved along the base of the long ridge, and Powder Kent leaned forward and down in the saddle, checking the prints of four horses that had passed there at a steady trot.

Near the top of a ridge he dismounted and left the roan ground-reined and moved on up, bending low, and lay flat, peering over. Nothing moved anywhere in view in the broken land dropping down and away to rise again into the steeper slopes of the mountains. He returned and took the reins and led the horse, scrambling fast, up and over and down a short distance. He mounted and headed on into the broken land, moving slowly, cautiously, following the prints.

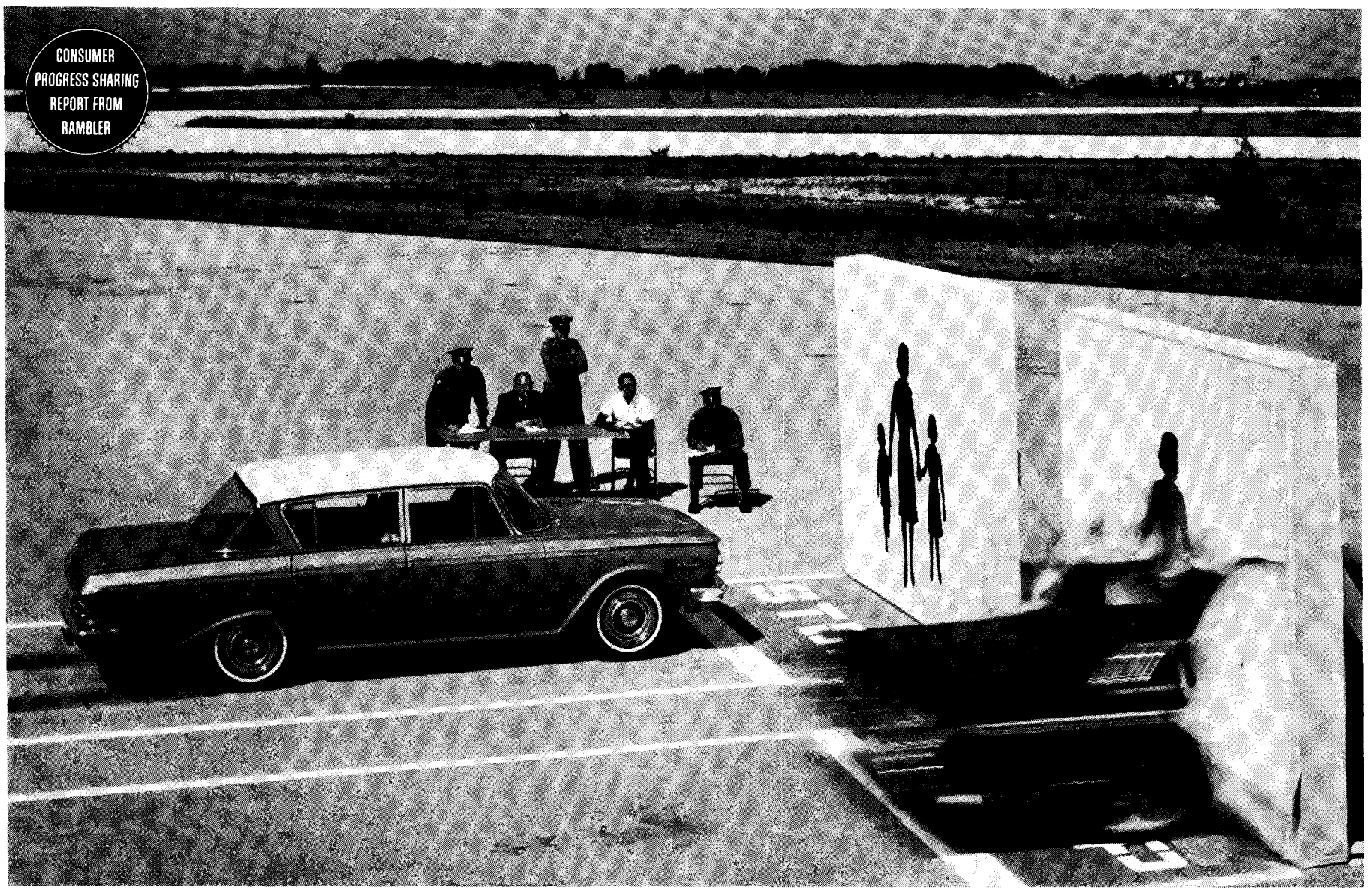
A little before noon and far out on the rolling plain, the men of the big land fought for the good grasses. Southward, where the second fire raced forward, the crew of the Diamond Six, gathering recruits from the lower country, were leaping into action along its front. Three miles to the north, about midway now of the long angled front of the first fire, Monte Walsh on his third horse and Chet Rollins on his second pulled a fresh drag. They moved faster now, and behind them more men slapped with bags and swung with shovels. Not far away, Skimpy Eagens, who had somehow wrangled a pair of half-broken horses out of the big corral and into harness, bounced forward on the seat of the old Slash Y chuck wagon, game leg braced against the dashboard, bringing a supply of jerked beef and a bushel basket of biscuits and a huge pot of coffee and the makings for more.



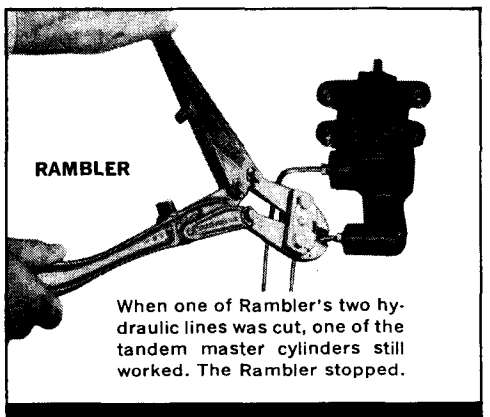
"BEAT IT!"

BY ROWLAND WILSON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

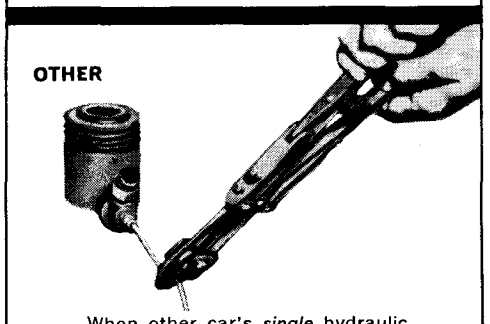
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why wait for the law to make these new brakes a "must"?



When one of Rambler's two hydraulic lines was cut, one of the tandem master cylinders still worked. The Rambler stopped.



When other car's *single* hydraulic line was cut, the fluid leaked out. Brakes were completely useless. Car crashed through.

Why did the Rambler stop when the other car couldn't? This test, supervised by the Metropolitan Public Safety Dept., Dade County, Miami, Florida, shows the dramatic difference between Rambler's Double-Safety Brakes and other brakes, in case of damage.

First, paper barriers were set up a few feet beyond stop signs. Then, mechanics simulated brake damage by cutting a hydraulic line in each of two standard production-line cars—a 1962 Rambler and a 1962 competitor's car. Both cars then drove side-by-side toward the barriers. On signal, both drivers slammed on their brakes.

Result: the Rambler stopped; the competitive car crashed through the barrier.

If one is damaged, the other works

You see, Rambler's new Double-Safety Brake System has tandem master cylinders, with one hydraulic system for front brakes, and one for rear brakes. They work together . . . but if one becomes damaged, the other still operates!

What these new brakes are worth in an emergency cannot be measured in dollars. Yet, they're *standard equipment* on all 1962 Ramblers. Someday all cars may be so equipped. Right now, *no* other U.S. car except Cadillac has them at all.

An obviously better value

Double-Safety Brakes—which are *self-adjusting*—are among the 102 improvements that make Rambler for '62 an obviously better value in product and price. Such benefits are made possible because Rambler avoids the useless kind of annual styling changes and concentrates on basic improvements. This has earned Rambler the best record of owner loyalty in the business.

Highest owner loyalty

As auto expert Tom McCahill of *Mechanix Illustrated* puts it, "I've never met a Rambler owner who wasn't satisfied—a statement I can't make about any other car."

The word gets around. In the months since the 1962 Ramblers were introduced, sales have been the highest in history for any similar period!

Easy way to compare

The X-Ray Books available at your Rambler dealer's will show that, with Rambler, you get quality in every detail, not just where it shows; that the 1962 Rambler gives you an estimated value bonus of up to $434 over other comparable cars.

Pick up your free X-Ray car-comparison books, and take the Rambler Discovery Drive.

RAMBLER

American Motors Means More for Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revenge

Time passed, fast in movement and action, slow and heavy to the men in the smoke haze, and throats smarted from coughing and muscles ached from the constant slapping, slapping, slapping. Fighting fire was hard work. Dobe Chavez and Hat Henderson led now with another drag, and two other drags were working down along the jagged narrowing front of the two fires that had spread inward toward each other and merged into the one.

Where Skimpy Eagens had set up a quick camp, Monte Walsh—caught ten minutes before in a backlash swirl of flame from a clump of burning brush—lay limp with shoulders and head against a saddle blanket and a wheel of the chuck wagon, hat lost somewhere, face curiously pale under its tan and coating of grime, eyebrows gone and hair singed, breath coming in short, quick gasps as the air rasped his scorched lungs. Chet Rollins squatted beside him, holding a cup of coffee to his lips.

"You fool," muttered Chet. "You ain't fit to be let run loose. Whyn't you pull away? Whyn't you let me take it sometimes?"

Monte raised a limp hand and pushed the cup aside, and the hand moved on to slap Chet weakly on the thigh. "Got to . . . keep you . . . looking pretty," he gasped. "Seeing . . . as you ain't . . . got much . . . to start with." He hitched himself up higher against the blanket and the wheel. "Ain't there . . . any whisky . . . around?"

Thirty feet away Cal Brennan sat on the ground, boots off, rubbing his bent old toes. The big bulk of Sheriff MacKnight hunkered down facing him.

"Plenty of help here now," said Sheriff MacKnight. "If the wind don't get to playing games, the whole thing's about licked." He plucked a grass stem and tucked it in one corner of his mouth and chewed slowly on it. "I'm wondering, Cal. You got any ideas?"

Cal Brennan rubbed a hand over his chin. "One," he said. "An' I'm kickin' myself about it. Should of thought. An' I'm only sayin' maybe. There's nobody livin' over that way but Gonzales, an' he ain't tricky nor careless. But a couple hard cases came in yesterday. Wanted to be runnin' broomtails. I said no, an' they didn't like it. They rode out that way."

Sheriff MacKnight straightened up. "Reckon I'll be looking around some," he said. "Your boys must be about bushed." A few moments later he and two other men drifted quietly away, westward across the charred land, the hoofs of their horses sending up small spurts of soft fine ash.

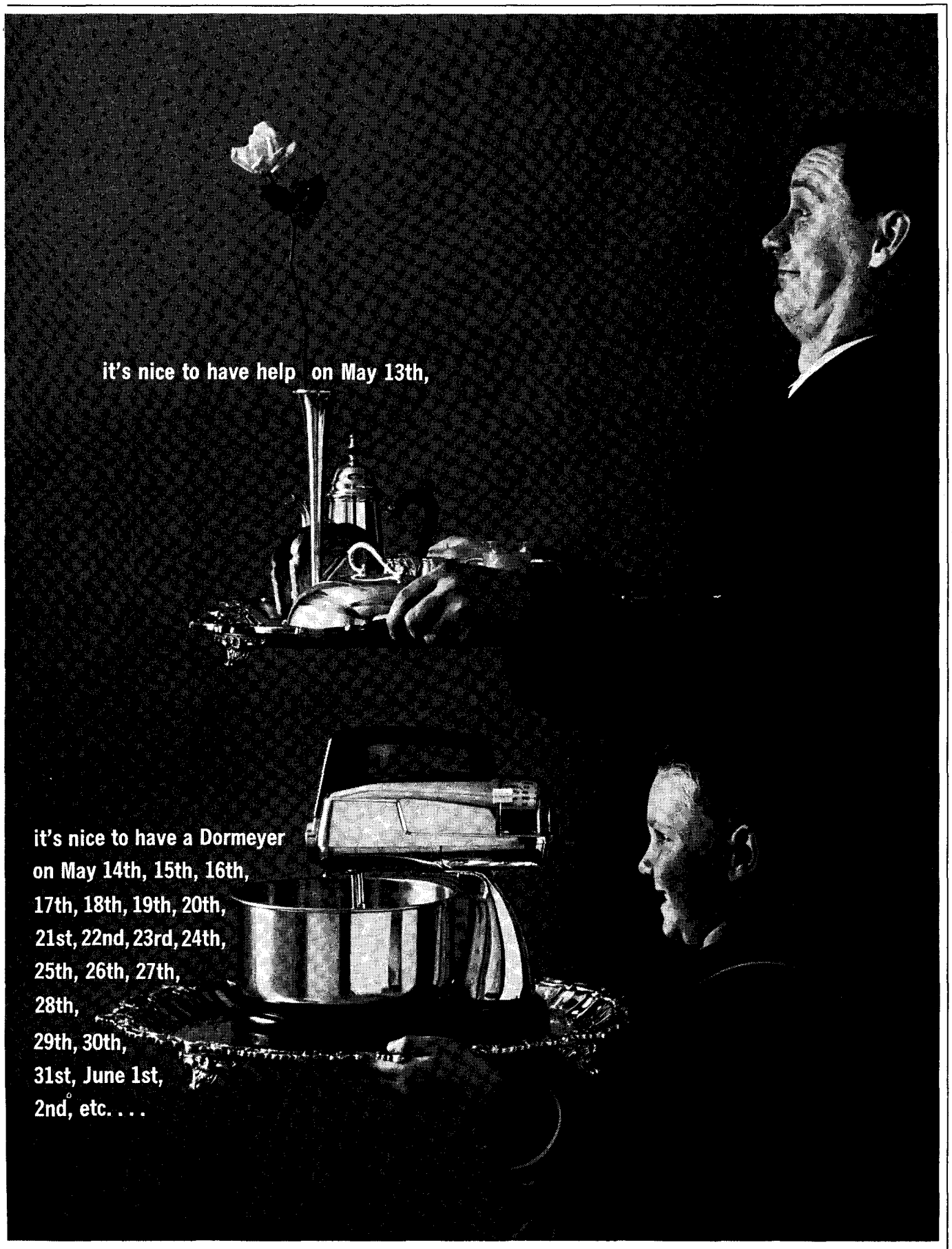
On westward, west and south, up and over the long ridge, well into the broken land beyond, Powder Kent on a rough-built sturdy roan pushed along, following the prints of four horses. He moved slowly, studying carefully the ground ahead of him.

The roan raised its head high, as if to whinny, and Powder pulled reins and leaned down fast and clamped a hand over its nose. He waited a moment, listening. Cautiously he released the nose and nudged the roan forward. The prints led along a small, dry stream bed and between two high, sharply eroded shoulders of hardened clay. He stopped again and dismounted and tied his bandanna around the roan's nose and left it ground-reined and moved ahead on foot. The prints led on, between the high shoulders, and he could see them swerving to the right, climbing up the slow slope out of the stream bed, up and up and topping on out of sight.

He stepped back to the roan and mounted and moved forward, slowly, cautiously. He was turning to the right to follow the prints up a slope when small barely perceptible sounds, or the prickling of the hair on the back of his neck, gave warning, and he knew in the single poised instant that he had made a mistake. He reared the roan, pivoting on hind legs back around to the left, and saw the two men stepping out from behind a big rock forty feet away and their guns rising.

He heard the double blast of their guns, and the roan shuddered under him. He felt a sudden tearing shock along his left side, and he rocked back in the saddle under the impact and fell toward the ground and, as he fell, instinctively, out of old habit, his right hand moved, and his gun was in the hand. He hit hard and rolled over with the momentum of the fall, hitching around toward the two men, and their guns were blasting again, and bullets thudded into the ground around him and one full into him, smashing a hipbone, and all of his ebbing vitality was concentrated on the one terrible effort of getting his right arm forward and the gun up, elbow braced on the ground, and the worn old gun roared and bucked.

Time passed and eastward, out of the broken land, up and over the long ridge, along its outer base, Sheriff MacKnight


it's nice to have help on May 13th,
it's nice to have a Dormeyer
on May 14th, 15th, 16th,
17th, 18th, 19th, 20th,
21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th,
25th, 26th, 27th,
28th,
29th, 30th,
31st, June 1st,
2nd, etc. . . .

After Mother's Day, Mom's most versatile helper in the kitchen will be her Dormeyer Silver Star food mixer. The Silver Star is the mixer that comes complete with meat grinder attachment and two lifetime stainless steel bowls at no extra cost! Its 10 speeds handle mixing, beating, mashing and grinding—fast and efficiently. What's more, the pop-out beaters and permanent chrome finish are a dream to clean. Mom will love the Silver Star—and any of the other Dormeyer Mother's Helpers at your favorite dealer's. Give her one on Mother's Day, May 13th!

DORMEYER

DIVISION OF WEBCOR INC., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
DORMEYER APPLIANCES, POWER AND GARDEN TOOLS, WEBCOR TAPE RECORDERS, FONOGRAFS AND RADIOS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and two other men moved at a slow lope, following the prints of five horses. "Two of them ain't carrying anybody," murmured Sheriff MacKnight. "But who in hell's the other one?" The prints swung away, leading up the ridge slope, and Sheriff MacKnight and the two other men turned, following them.

And on eastward, mile after mile, over the scarred land, on where the good grasses rolled rippling in the lessened wind to the far horizon, the smoke haze was lifting, and the last drag moved over the last short stretch of fire and was left where it lay. A few men, with no urgency, slapped wearily at the last remaining flickers. Already other men, tired and soot-stained, were drifting off into the distances out of which they had come.

Cal Brennan, boots in hand, stood by the seat of the big flat-bed wagon. Hat Henderson looked down at him from the back of a tired horse.

"Quite a gatherin'," said Cal. "Surprised me, some that showed. We got more'n a few good neighbors. I expect we'll be plenty busy for a while huntin' more range an shiftin' stock. But when we get straightened out, maybe we ought to be throwin' some kind of a party."

"Yeah," said Hat. A wry grin broke his darkened face. "Maybe a barbecue'd be about the thing."

Twenty feet away the smeared, crusted, barely recognizable figure that was Monte Walsh stood by a patient, bridled horse, breath wheezing some in his throat, and he winced slightly as he breathed. He bent down to take hold of his stained, charred saddle and heaved, staggering a bit, to get it up and into place.

"Hey, quit that," said Chet Rollins, moving in. "Get over there in the wagon."

"The hell . . . with you," gasped Monte, reaching under for the cinch. "I ain't . . . dead yet. When I . . . can't ride, I will be."

In the cool, clean dark of night over the big land, the door of the empty Slash Y bunkhouse stood open. Across trodden dust the light from two lamps shone through the front window and the open doorway of the old adobe ranch house. Close by the veranda two horses drooped in tired dejection, dim figures on the edge of the patch of light through the doorway. Inside, in the big front room, the men of the Slash Y, in clothes hurriedly pulled on, stood or sat about, silent, grim-faced. On the floor a blanket covered a still, stiffened figure. Beside it, worn and weary and dust-stained, stood Sheriff MacKnight.

"Yes," he said. "We unraveled it all right from the tracks. He spotted them somehow, and he took out after them. All by his lonesome. Likely he knew you all were mighty busy. Back down in those badlands below Black Horse Spring they jumped him and knocked him out of the saddle. He didn't move much from where he fell. But he had his gun out. Three shells fired. We found one man right there, done for, drilled neat through the chest and the shoulder. Found the other one wobbling on his horse about two miles away. He couldn't do much traveling. Had lost too much blood. A bullet hole in one leg, up high where he had trouble stopping the bleeding."

Sheriff MacKnight took off his hat and rubbed a hand across his forehead where the band had made a red mark. "We patched that one up," he said, "and rounded up the rest of their hosses. Were heading here, bringing everything. Then I got to thinking how you boys might get the itch to use a rope on the one that's living. Seeing as I can't let that happen, much as I might feel inclined to, I sent the others on into town and came in here myself. Bringing him. I figured you might want that."

"Yes," said Cal Brennan, "we do."

"You want me to leave him here?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes," said Cal Brennan. "I don't know as he's ever really had any folks, except maybe the rest of us right here. He used to be all Texas. But he ain't talked that way for a long time now. I reckon if he had the sayin' of it, he'd want to stay."

Days passed, slipping into weeks, and the men of the Slash Y spent long hours in the saddle, riding out into the mountains, finding upland valley pockets of good grass there and moving cattle in small bunches to them, to be left until late November when the snows of winter would come.

Monte Walsh sat in the mouse-chewed remnant of armchair on the veranda of the old adobe house, soaking in sun, and watched them go. Slowly at first, then rapidly, the lean rawhide vitality crept back through him, sealing off portions of his lungs with scar tissue, sending down his legs the tingle for the feel of a stout horse under him. One morning he walked down to the corrals with the others and saddled a leggy dun and rode out part way with them. The next day and thereafter he rode the full way, and all that remained from the scorching was now and again a small spell of coughing, and once in a long while a bad spell, sending a sudden sharp pain through his chest that hurt more than anyone but himself would ever know.

Over in the little town of Harmony, when the circuit judge came along, a quick trial was held. A lawyer, assigned to the defense, argued that no one could prove whose bullet did what and that his client had simply been led astray by a companion, and the judge agreed that intent and participation were all that were certain and sentenced a loose-limbed slack-jawed man who limped some to fifteen years in the territorial penitentiary.

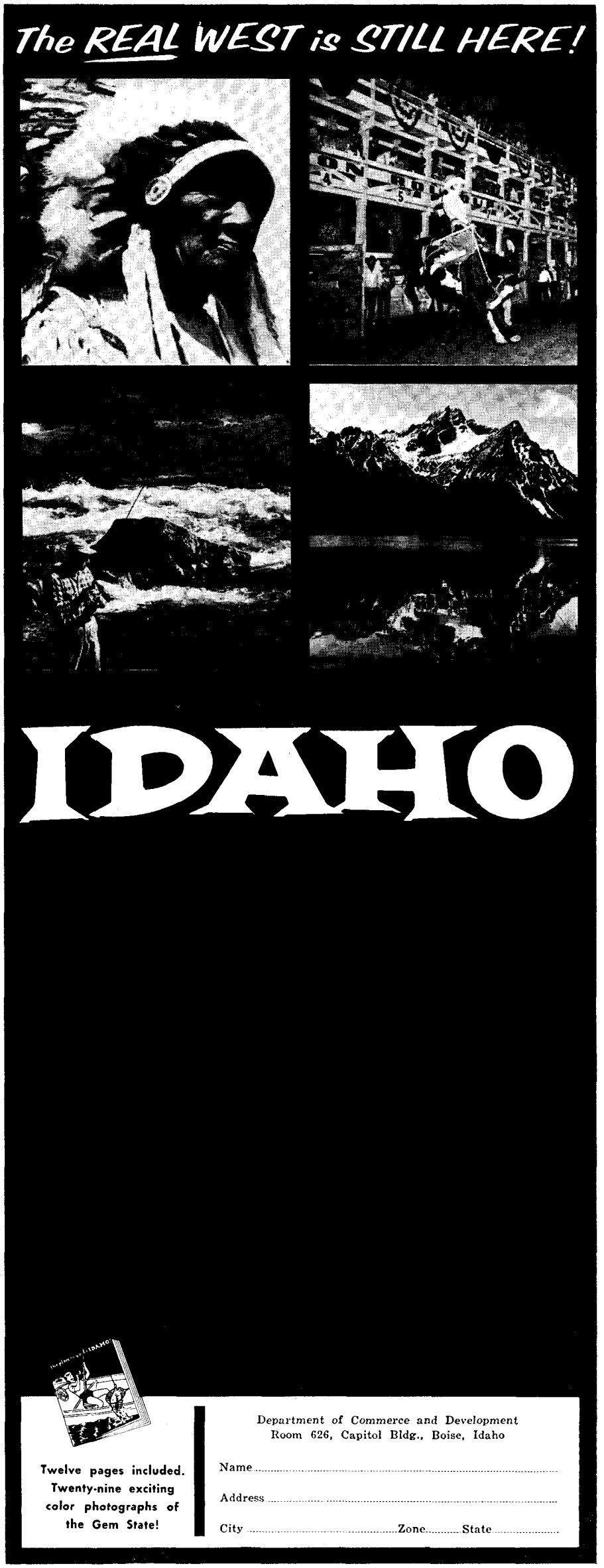
Then the long-delayed rains came, a few sudden swift thunderstorms, and out where the wind had been playing with fine loose ash over charred ground, sheets of water swept, soaking the ash into the earth, erasing much of the great jagged scar defacing the land. Moisture seeped down where the roots of the good southwestern grasses waited, and a faint flush of new green showed—not much this late in the year, but strong with the promise of the next spring.

And there where the Slash Y buildings seemed to grow out of the ground, a part of the big land, a small rectangular piece of it, incredibly small in the vastness, was enclosed with a sturdy picket fence made and bolted to deep-set posts by Sunfish Perkins and Sugar Wyman. Within the fence a rectangular mound of earth settled slowly, inevitably, under the lash of rain and the warm blessing of sun and the cool, clean dark of night. At one end of the mound, set solid into the land, stood a small cross of weathered oak, the legend on it carved by Dobe Chavez from pencil markings laid out by Hat Henderson.

On the upright, above the crosspiece, the Slash Y brand. Below, on the wide crosspiece itself:

WILLIAM (POWDER) KENT
185?—1892
A GOOD MAN WITH A GUN

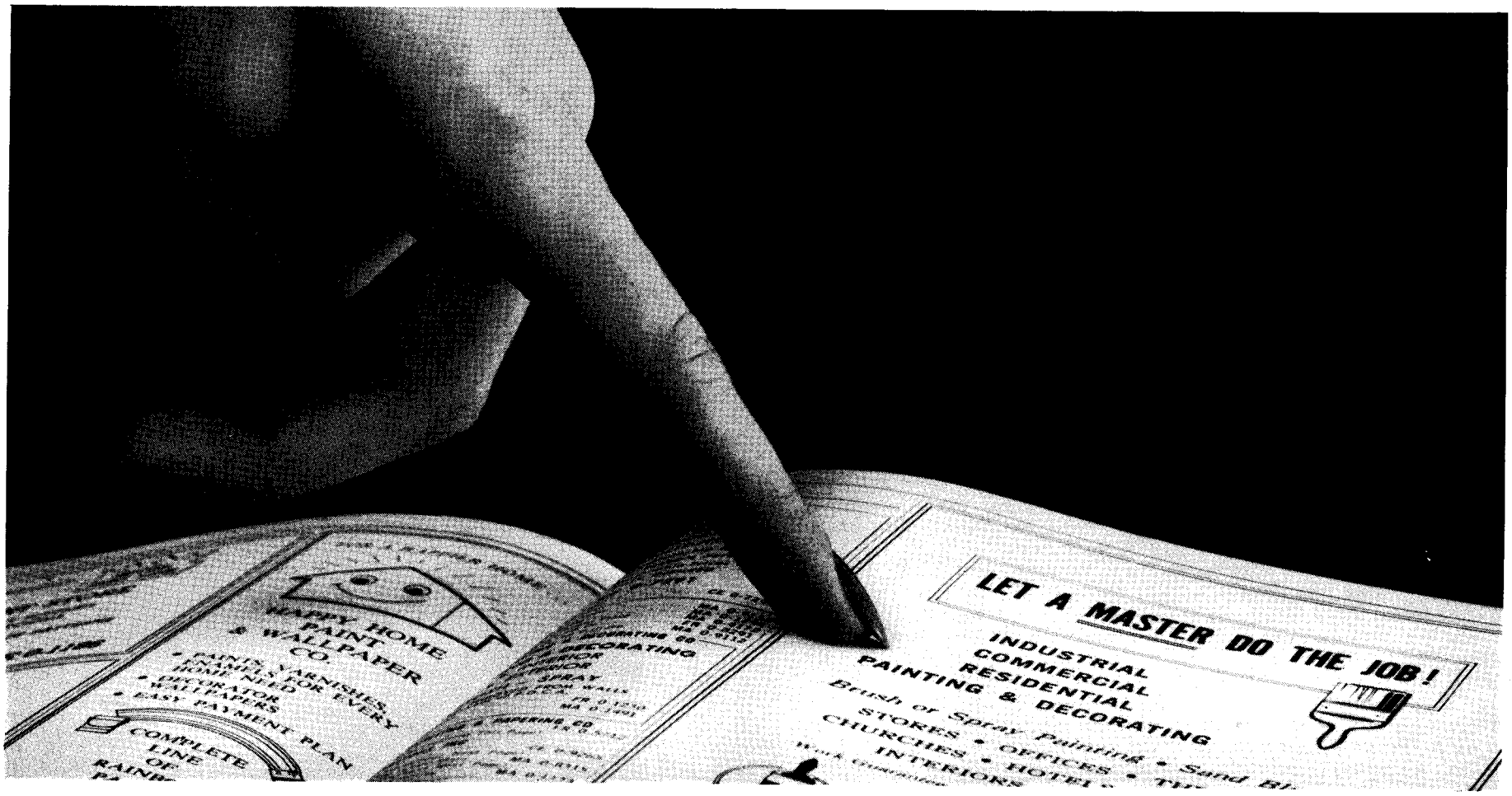
THE END


The REAL WEST is STILL HERE!
IDAHO
Twelve pages included. Twenty-nine exciting color photographs of the Gem State!
Department of Commerce and Development
Room 626, Capitol Bldg., Boise, Idaho
Name
Address
City Zone State

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If walking, shopping, walking, shopping all over town

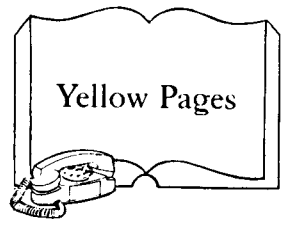
gets you down



Let your fingers do the walking!

Shop the Yellow Pages way

Tired of touring the town for something — and not finding it? Let your fingers do the walking first. Through the Yellow Pages. What a handy local shopping guide! Just read the ads listed under the heading



you look up . . . you'll find useful information on brands, hard-to-find products and services, store locations and hours. Then, visit or call the dealer you select — the man you feel can best provide you with the exact product or service you want.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRREPRESSIBLE EGOTIST

Dick Stuart, the Pittsburgh Pirates' engagingly cocky slugger, has been a hard-to-tame maverick. Now he is finally living up to his notices.

By MYRON COPE

When Richard Lee Stuart, the handsome, six-foot-three-inch muscleman of the Pittsburgh Pirates, steps up to bat at Forbes Field, peanut vendors put down their baskets, women close their compacts and small children cease squirming. Wearing his pants low as Ted Williams did, Stuart presents a splinter silhouette as he swaggers to the plate. His fans applaud vigorously—a hopeless effort to drown out the booing of the anti-Stuarts.

Stuart's small but resolute chin is thrust forward. The visor of his batting helmet hovers low over his eyes. He chews a wad of gum as though trying to destroy it. As he reaches the plate he invariably bites off a piece of the gum and throws it away. He then fondles the crown of his helmet, perhaps to reassure himself that the twelve-ounce Fiberglas headpiece has not blown off.

Now he is ready to bat. That is, *almost* ready. If the previous batter has hit the ball hard, Big Stu tells the plate umpire to throw in a new ball. Occasionally, as he takes his stance, he decides that the second-base umpire is standing in his line of vision and waves him aside.

As Stuart finally cocks his bat to await the pitch, a curious white ring can be seen on his right thumb. The ring was designed by Stuart to protect himself from bone bruises on tight, inside pitches. It's a piece of foam rubber wrapped in approximately four yards of white adhesive tape. Says Pirate trainer Danny Whelan: "You could see it from the last row in Yankee Stadium."

One day Stuart was called on hurriedly to pinch-hit. He clouted a home run. Returning to the dugout, he was greeted with razzing, rather than rousing cheers. He had forgotten to wear his ring.

For eleven years now twenty-nine-year-old Dick Stuart has thrilled or exasperated minor-league and major-league managers, coaches and teammates. Playing for Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1956, Stu whaled sixty-six home runs and drove in 158 runs; but he remained in the minors. His strikeout figure—171 in 141 games—was as bloated as his home-run total, and he regarded fielding as an art that need be mastered only by less powerful hitters.

Not until 1959 did Stuart play his first full year in the big leagues. He hit twenty-seven home runs, batted .297 and had a mere eighty-six strikeouts, prompting Pirate general manager Joe Brown to predict Stu would hit forty home runs in 1960, notwithstanding Forbes Field's spacious dimensions. Brown, who had pleaded with Stu to apply himself to all phases of the game, and promised him just rewards, said as the Pirates entered the '60 season, "Frankly, I pride myself that my method of handling him has been successful. I've been his friend as well as his boss. I got something out of him that nobody else could."

Alas, Stu hit only twenty-three home runs in 1960, and his batting average plunged thirty-seven points to .260. His strikeouts mounted to 105 in 122 games.

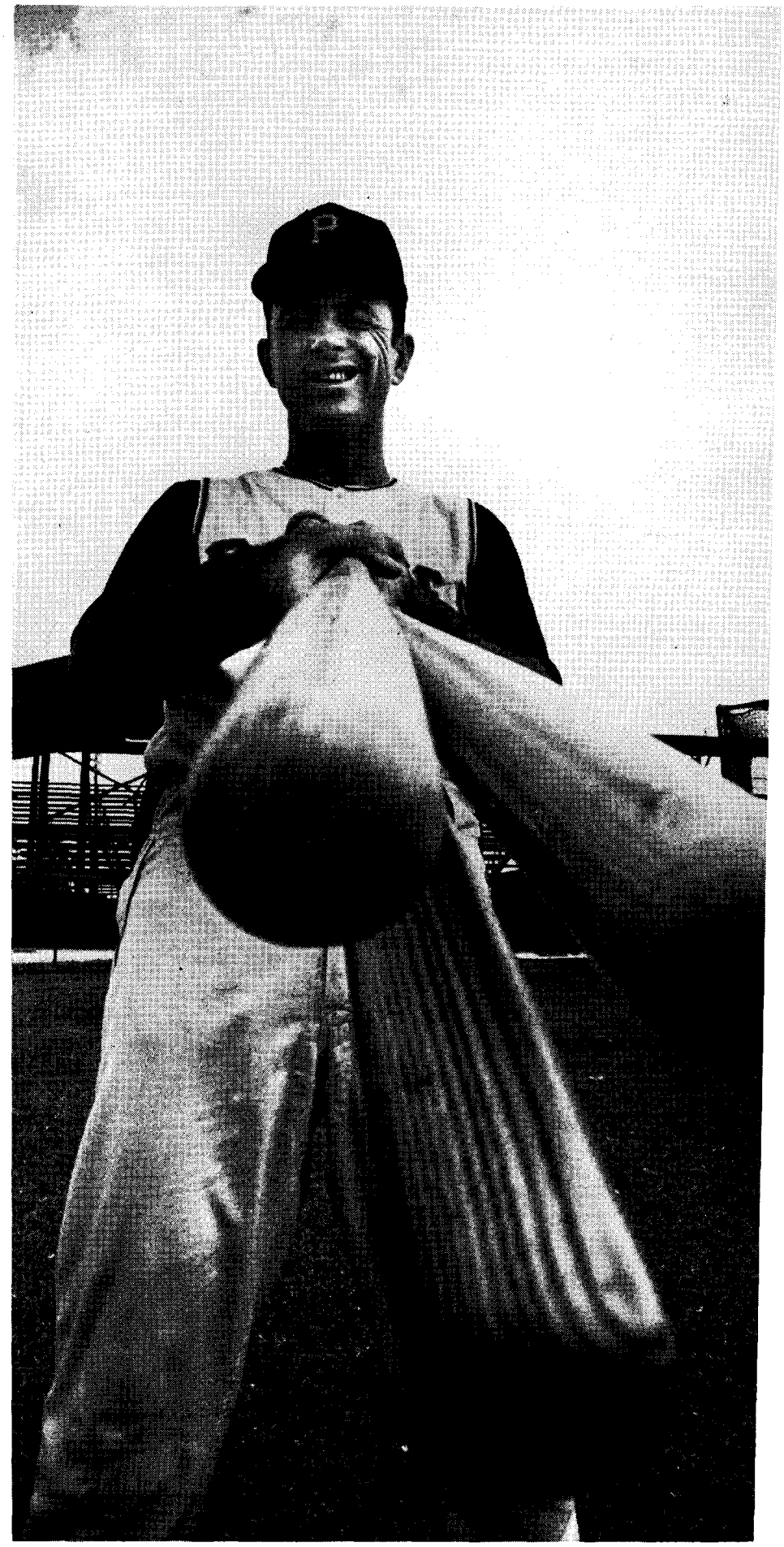
Last year he again started out disappointingly, but by July sixth he had perked up enough—ten homers and a .285 average—to be selected as alternate first baseman behind the Cardinals' Bill White on the National League All-Star squad. At season's end he tied for fourth in the league in home runs, with thirty-five, and fifth in runs batted in with 117. His batting average was .301.

Today, Stu's Yo-Yo-like stock is soaring again, and the Pirate bosses are hoping he finally will become the box-office gold mine they have envisioned.

Manager Danny Murtaugh says Stuart has worked hard on his fielding and has become an acceptable big-league first baseman. However, Stu's attention still wanders. He dismisses balls hit to his right as if to express his confidence that second baseman Bill Mazeroski can cover anything in that territory. From time to time Stu butchers easy rollers hit at him. Theorizes Murtaugh: "We think it's due to a lack of intense concentration."

Stuart has a penchant for bonehead plays. Once he had the Dodgers' fleet-footed Maury Wills trapped between first and second. Although Stuart is in the truck-horse class as a runner, he tried to race Wills to second instead of throwing the ball. Naturally Wills outran him.

When running the bases himself, Big Stu is capable at all times of inflicting

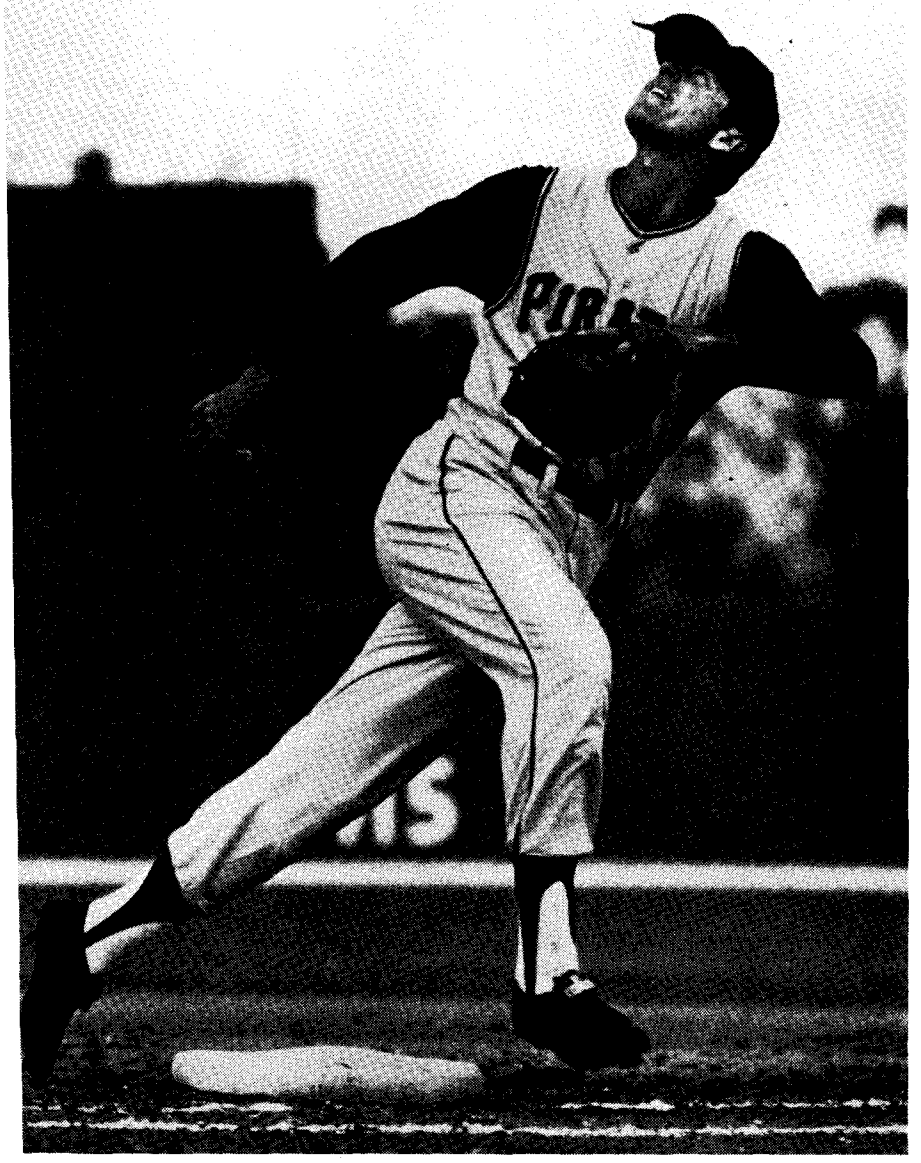


Last season Stuart hit 35 home runs. But in 1956—as a minor-leaguer—he rocked the baseball world with 66 round-trippers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"On the field Dick's attention wanders. . . . Stuart has a penchant for making bonehead plays."

Photographs by Larry Fried



Stuart shifted to first after he flopped as an outfielder. He is still leadfooted, but Pirate Manager Murtaugh rates him high on improvement.

disaster on a budding Pirate rally. In a game at Chicago last season he led off an inning with a double. The next batter, artful Don Hoak, determined to advance Stu by hitting to the right. Hoak rapped a sharp ground ball to first baseman Andre Rodgers. Stu, assuming Rodgers would step on first base for the cinch out, jogged leisurely to third base, but Rodgers ignored the sure play and threw Stu out.

Rodgers' tactics bewilder Stu to this day. "That was basically a bad play," he reasons. "Suppose he makes a bad throw to third. I score and Hoak goes all the way to third, and that sets up another run. Rodgers took a chance and I wind up looking like a dummy."

Stu ponders this immaculate explanation, puffing at an outsize cigar, and then makes a concession. "I should have been running harder. I goofed up.

"But didn't *you* ever goof up?" he concludes, pointing his cigar accusingly at a nonbaserunning writer.

Stuart's willingness to admit his goofups represents the only headway his employers have made in a long and now-abandoned campaign to tone him down. Although the Pirate management succeeded in discouraging him from dotting the *i* in "Dick" with a star when signing his autograph, Stu continues to revert to type. He commemorated his National League All-Star performances of last year by purchasing a cigarette lighter with this inscription:

DICK STUART
* * *
1961 ALL-STAR GAMES
SAN FRANCISCO
AND
BOSTON

He got into each game as a pinch hitter, doubling the first time and grounding out the second. This was an improvement over his appearance in the 1960 World Series, which the Pirates won in spite of him. Playing in six of seven games against the Yankees, he collected only three hits—all singles—in twenty times at bat.

To Pirate traveling secretary Bob Rice, Stuart always will be more memorable for what he does off the field than for what he does on it.

One evening in Los Angeles Stu showed up at the Coliseum and handed Rice a list bearing the names of twenty-eight friends for whom he wanted free tickets left at the box office. Rice cried out as though handed a white-hot poker. "It was an all-time record," he recalls, aghast. "I told him, 'O.K., I'll get them into the park, but never, never, never give me a list like this again.'"

The next night Stuart handed Rice a list of twenty-*seven* names.

In selecting a player to room with Stuart on the road, Rice exercises all the caution of a marriage counselor. Stu is what Rice calls a lion, because he is capable of dominating a conversation for hours on end, mostly about himself. "You put a rabbit in a cage with a lion, and the lion will eat the rabbit," explains Rice. "So you put two lions together."

In 1959 Rice paired Stu with George (Red) Witt, a college-educated pitcher. Witt is an exceptionally articulate ballplayer, but he soon found himself unable to get a word in edgewise with Stuart.

"You listen to Stuart for an hour," said Witt afterward, "and he begins to bug you. I took it for a long time, but finally I decided that the next time he launched into his soliloquy, I would talk louder and faster and harder than he. Well, I did. One night I told him my whole life history. I told him how I led the Los Angeles *Examiner* softball league. I dissertated on biology. I talked about everything that came to mind, and every time he tried to butt in I talked louder and faster. Finally he fell asleep."

After Red Witt had served his one-season stretch with Stu, Bob Rice chose a fresh lion: outfielder Gino Cimoli, a strapping Adonis with thick, wavy brown hair and a glittering smile. Teammates regarded Cimoli as "a real Hollywood" who could hold his own with Stu.

As it happened, Cimoli went through the entire season without hitting a home run, although he appeared in 101 games. He was brought to the fingernail-biting stage by Stu's repeated question, "How can a big guy like you not hit a home run? Look at *me*."

Coincidentally, perhaps, both Witt and Cimoli have gone downhill since their incarceration with Stu. The Pirates sent Witt to the minors last season, then peddled him to the Los Angeles Angels; Cimoli, after having been traded to Milwaukee, was shipped to the minors and then drafted by the Kansas City Athletics. A powerful rookie catcher named Don Leppert roomed with Stu last season. Leppert hit a home run on his first time at bat in the majors, but got only two more the rest of the season.

Meanwhile Stuart had a successful season and saw his popularity skyrocket. He hired out over the winter as a public-relations man and securities salesman for a brokerage firm, Frank/Street & Co. In his office at Pittsburgh's plush Carlton House one day Stu sat regally behind his desk, surrounded by modern furniture.

"Ever see one of these?" he asked, flipping a switch that turned on a television set across the room. Stu lit a cigar. "The important thing about me is that I'm a settled-down man now—a man with a wife and two sons."

He picked up the phone and made several calls, each time announcing, "This is Dick Stuart. I'm in my office at the Carlton House and I'm being interviewed by *The Saturday Evening Post*."

Presently Stu fell to talking about his kid-brother Daryl, a senior in journalism at the University of Washington. "He writes fiction stories—or is it nonfiction? Which kind is true? Oh, nonfiction—that's right. Well, anyhow, wouldn't it be nice to be in a World Series someday and have your own brother come down to interview you?"

Stu grinned as he spoke, and he was impossible to dislike. He has none of the braggart's nastiness. As Dizzy Dean once said, "It ain't braggin' if you can do it." Whenever Stu does it, his buoyancy knows no limits.

Two years ago, when the Pirates were trying to reshape Stu's image into the approved, self-effacing ballplayer's mold, Western-area farm supervisor Bob Clements—now farm director—declared, "Nobody can change him. Time may change him, but that would be a loss rather than a gain. He may mellow, but tell me, what's the use of his mellowing?"

Clements had known him since Bob Fontaine, a Pirate scout, signed Stuart for a $10,000 bonus out of high school in San Carlos, California, where Stu's father operates a dry-cleaning establishment. Thus was launched a rookie saga that Ring Lardner might have invented. A few highlights:

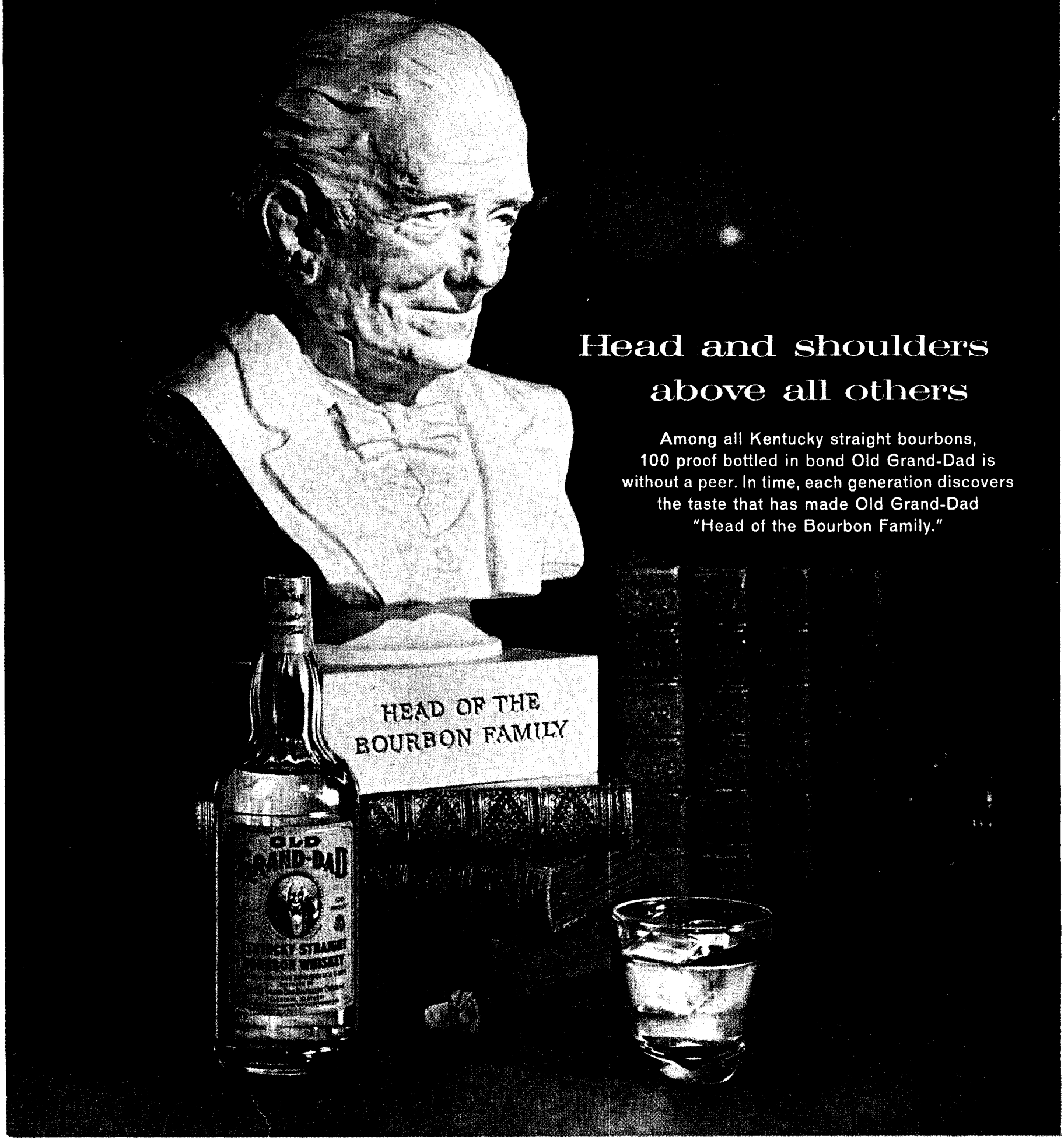
Modesto, California, 1951—Stuart hits only .229 in professional debut and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KY • DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

Old Grand-Dad

100 PROOF ★ BOTTLED IN BOND

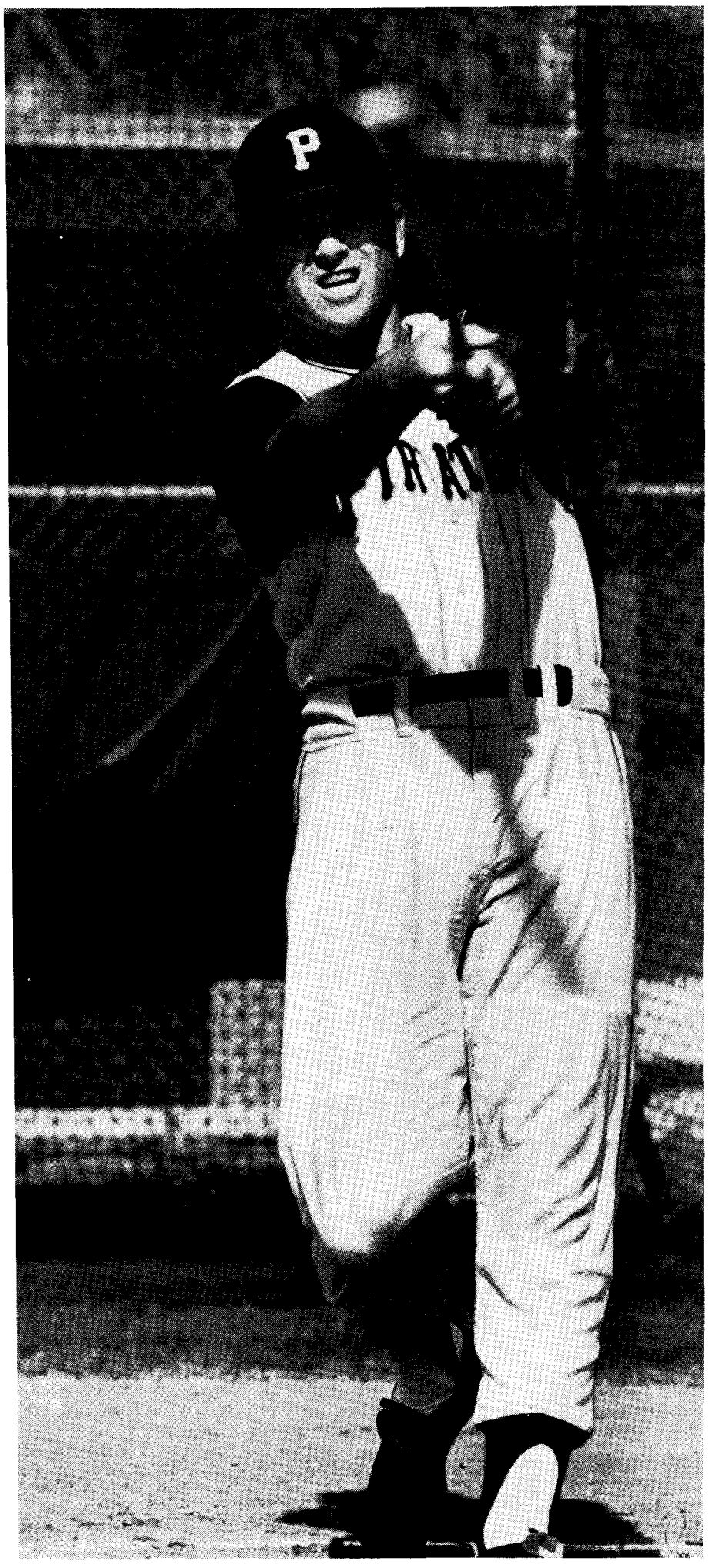


Head and shoulders above all others

Among all Kentucky straight bourbons, 100 proof bottled in bond Old Grand-Dad is without a peer. In time, each generation discovers the taste that has made Old Grand-Dad "Head of the Bourbon Family."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Despite Stuart's calamitous fielding and baserunning, he supplies the Pirates' home-run punch."



Equipped with massive wrists and forearms, Stuart is the only player who has ever homered over the Forbes Field wall at dead center (a distance of 435 feet).

receives 1952 contract calling for paltry raise. He replies with two-sentence letter: "Your contract isn't much but I'm signing it. Your .229 hitter in 1951 is your .339 hitter in 1952."

New Orleans, 1955—Club president Jake Nowak fires Stuart after thirteen games. Clapping self on forehead, Nowak explains, "He's taking batting practice, they throw him a dirty ball and he catches it and throws it away. He won't hit anything but new balls."

Billings, Montana, still 1955—Cliff Dapper, tough, gorilla-shaped manager, hands out new uniforms, sternly warns players against altering suits in any way. Fifteen minutes later, Stuart walks onto field with sleeves cut off to armpits, *à la* Ted Kluszewski. Dapper runs Stuart into the clubhouse, emerges carrying thirty-five dollars of Stuart's money. Stuart emerges wearing uniform with sleeves.

Lincoln, Nebraska, 1956—Stuart dazzles baseball world with sixty-six home runs in Western League, is converted from right fielder to first baseman as result of injury to crack center fielder Howie Goss. "As soon as I had to replace Goss with an ordinary center fielder," explains manager Larry Shepard, "balls started dropping in right-center for doubles and triples. Then it hit me. I realized that while Goss was out there Stu had been jogging toward flies yelling, 'Go get it, Goss!' Goss had been getting them, but the new man couldn't. I decided Stu had to be a first baseman."

Thus were the pages turned in Dick Stuart's minor-league career, which ended July 9, 1958, when Joe Brown telephoned him in Salt Lake City and told him to hustle to Chicago to join the Pirates. Stu sailed into Wrigley Field and smote a home run in his first major-league game. He looked so expansive as he crossed home plate that one almost expected him to head straight for Cub owner Phil Wrigley's box and make him an offer for the ball park.

The next day Stu came to bat with the bases loaded. He smashed a mighty drive to the top of the left-centerfield bleachers. As he danced ecstatically around the bases, word went through the Pirate dugout to give the busher the silent treatment. Thus when Stu trotted into the dugout not a hand reached out to congratulate him; not a word was spoken. Stu sat down, stared straight ahead and piped airily, "That's O.K. There's plenty more where that one came from."

Indeed there were, though perhaps not as many as Stu had imagined. His thick wrists and massive forearms generate such power that although he is strictly right-handed, he has stood left-handed in batting practice and driven the ball into the right-field seats at Forbes Field.

He tends to be a straightaway hitter—a misfortune that causes many of his long drives to fall for outs in deep center field. But Stu remains the only man in the fifty-two-year history of Forbes Field to clear the wall in dead center. This happened one June night in 1959, when he golfed a sinker thrown in the first inning by Chicago's Glen Hobbie.

Last year Stu smashed twenty-five of his thirty-five home runs during the second half of the season, pulling the ball down the left-field line with increasing frequency after switching to a lighter bat in August. Yet Stu was not completely happy, for Roger Maris of the New York Yankees, with the help of a 162-game schedule, was en route to surpassing Babe Ruth's all-time high of sixty home runs in 154 games.

"I'm jealous as hell," said Stu one night in late August. "I wish it were me. I'd become a rich man. Never in a million years will a guy hit that many in *this* park."

Stuart hates Forbes Field's left-field wall with passion. The wall starts at 365 feet, with a twenty-five-and-a-half-foot scoreboard to clear, and falls away to 457 feet in center field. To Stu's way of thinking, it stands between him and a $50,000 salary.

Struggling along on somewhat more than $20,000 last season, Stu complained, "I'm supposed to be a home-run hitter and Dick Groat's a singles hitter, but he's making twice as much money as I am."

Relentlessly Stu has urged Joe Brown to restore Greenberg Gardens, which the Pirates created when they purchased slugger Hank Greenberg from Detroit in 1947. They erected a wire fence in left field which shortened the home-run distance thirty feet, then tore it down in 1954 after trading long-ball hitter Ralph Kiner. Joe Brown, who has given up trying to reason with Big Stu on the subject, tells others that he will not put back the short fence because most opposing teams would benefit more than Pittsburgh.

Had Greenberg Gardens never been removed, it is conceivable that Big Stu would have threatened Ruth's record last season. A Pittsburgh dentist, Dr. Philip E. Antonucci, whose hobby is compiling obscure baseball statistics, maintains that Stu hit exactly twenty-seven drives to left field in 1961 which would have been home runs under 1947–54 conditions. Add those twenty-seven to Stu's thirty-five, and you have sixty-two home runs clouted in a 154-game schedule. Behold Big Stu, the might-have-been millionaire.

Stuart doubtless will learn to live with the frustrations of Forbes Field's left-field wall, for he is a man of pleasant nature. As many teammates have put it, he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. His spoken tributes to himself used to infuriate Pirate players, but they have learned to laugh at them, and today they regard Stu as a giant among baseball wits. Manager Murtaugh says his men even have come to tolerate Stu's calamitous fielding and baserunning, reasoning that he simply is not cut out for such work, and that as long as he supplies the home-run punch, well and good.

Even Peter J. Mullen likes Stu. Who's Peter J. Mullen? Well, Peter J. Mullen is a Duquesne University student who, one night last September, leaned over the corner of the dugout immediately following a Pirate defeat and bellowed, "Murtaugh, you're a dumb Irishman!"

Stu somehow imagined Mullen had yelled, "Stuart, you're a big bum!"—probably because he is accustomed to being so addressed by fans. "I reached up from the dugout and threw a haymaker," Stu recalls.

In truth, the "haymaker" was a direct blow to the breast pocket, where Mullen carried his eyeglasses. Later, at a conference in the front office, the Pirates gave Mullen four tickets to Pirate games and twenty-eight dollars to cover the cost of his broken glasses. Says Mullen today: "I'd always thought Stu was a big show-off, but when I met him he was such a nice guy that now I'm converting all my friends to Stuart fans."

Big Stu in turn was much impressed by Mullen's willingness to forgive. Stu decided the young man deserved a bonus—something special, something a fan might treasure the rest of his life. So he whipped out a fountain pen and affixed his autograph to a baseball. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRYSLER 300

The car with the checkered-flag past.

Its championship breeding is obvious when the 300 sets sail in traffic.

Performance is precise and unhesitating. And whether your 300 is equipped with the standard 305 or optional 380-horsepower V-8 engine, the response indicates that a true performance car is more than a nameplate and a vivid paint job.

The 300 is a delight to the driving man. It'll handle any curve that's thrown at it. Or it will boom out with supreme confidence when the highway melts into the horizon.

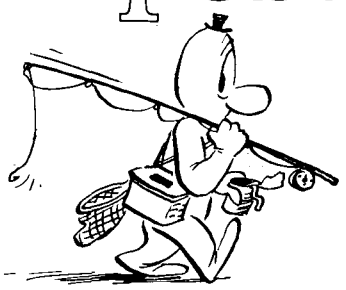
The 300 is, in fact, more of an individual than ever. You have a choice of four fired-up models, V-8 engines, interiors and fabrics. Right on until you've chosen the finest 300 of 'em all . . . the incomparable "H."

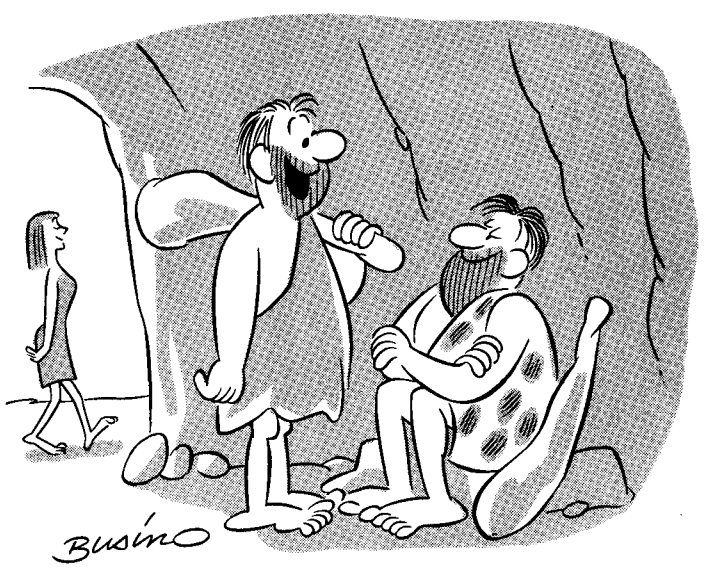
The 300 is selling very well. Could be its past is catching up with it.

THREE GREAT CHRYSLERS ■ NEWPORT ■ 300 ■ LUXURIOUS NEW YORKER . . . AGAIN, NO JR. EDITIONS TO JEOPARDIZE YOUR INVESTMENT!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts





"Whaddya say we go out and hit a few?"

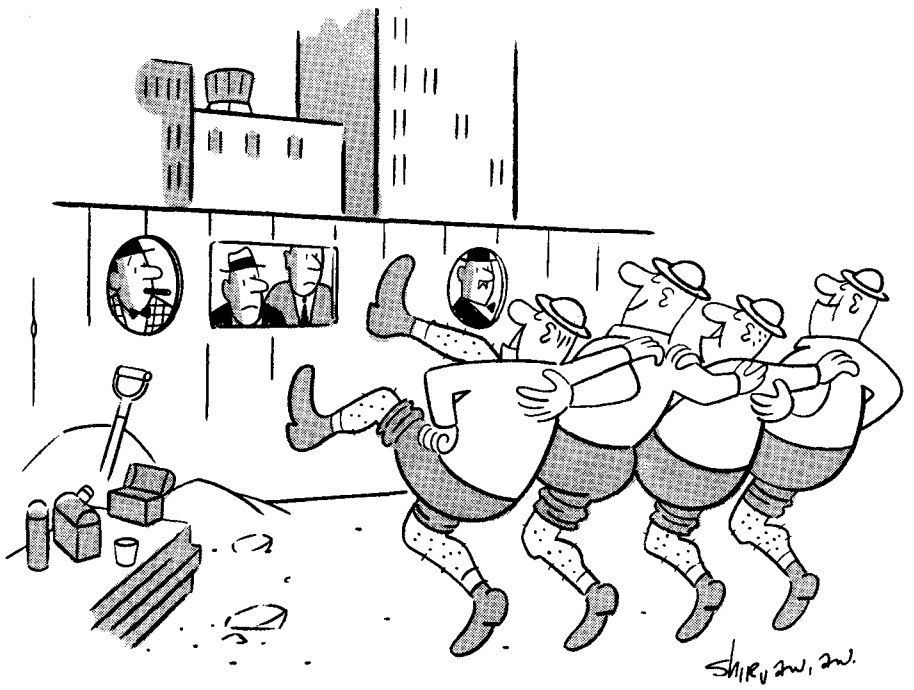
"It's titled *Motivation.*"

(FIRST DRAFT)

ONE OF LIZ BROWNING'S SONNETS
FROM THE PORTUGUESE

First time he necked planted one on me
smooched kissed me, he merely just but only
kiss'd
The digits fingers of this mitt meathook hand
with which I'm writing with wherewith I
write;
And, since that time ever since, it got grew a
lot cleaner and whiter more clean and white,
Slow as molasses in January to earth world-
greetings, fast rapid boi-i-i-i-ing quick like a
flash with its "Hey, listen Oh list,"
When the angels talk speak. A ring of amythist
ammethist amethist amethyst
I couldn't could not wear here, more plain
plainer to my lamps peepers eyes sight
Than that initial smooch first kiss. The second
one was even better more zingy pass'd in
hieght height
The first one, aimed at and sought the forehead,
and darned near came within an ace of half
miss'd,
About fifty per cent Half falling on the hair.
Oh, beyond merit reward recompense meed!
That kiss right there was romance's love's
chrism the chrism of love, that which love's
very own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, certainly sure did
preceed precede.
The next one third right smack dab on upon
my lips were was folded down
In perfect, violaceous lilac mulberry magenta
lavender mauve purplescent purple. . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ



there's more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carrier makes the quietest neighbors

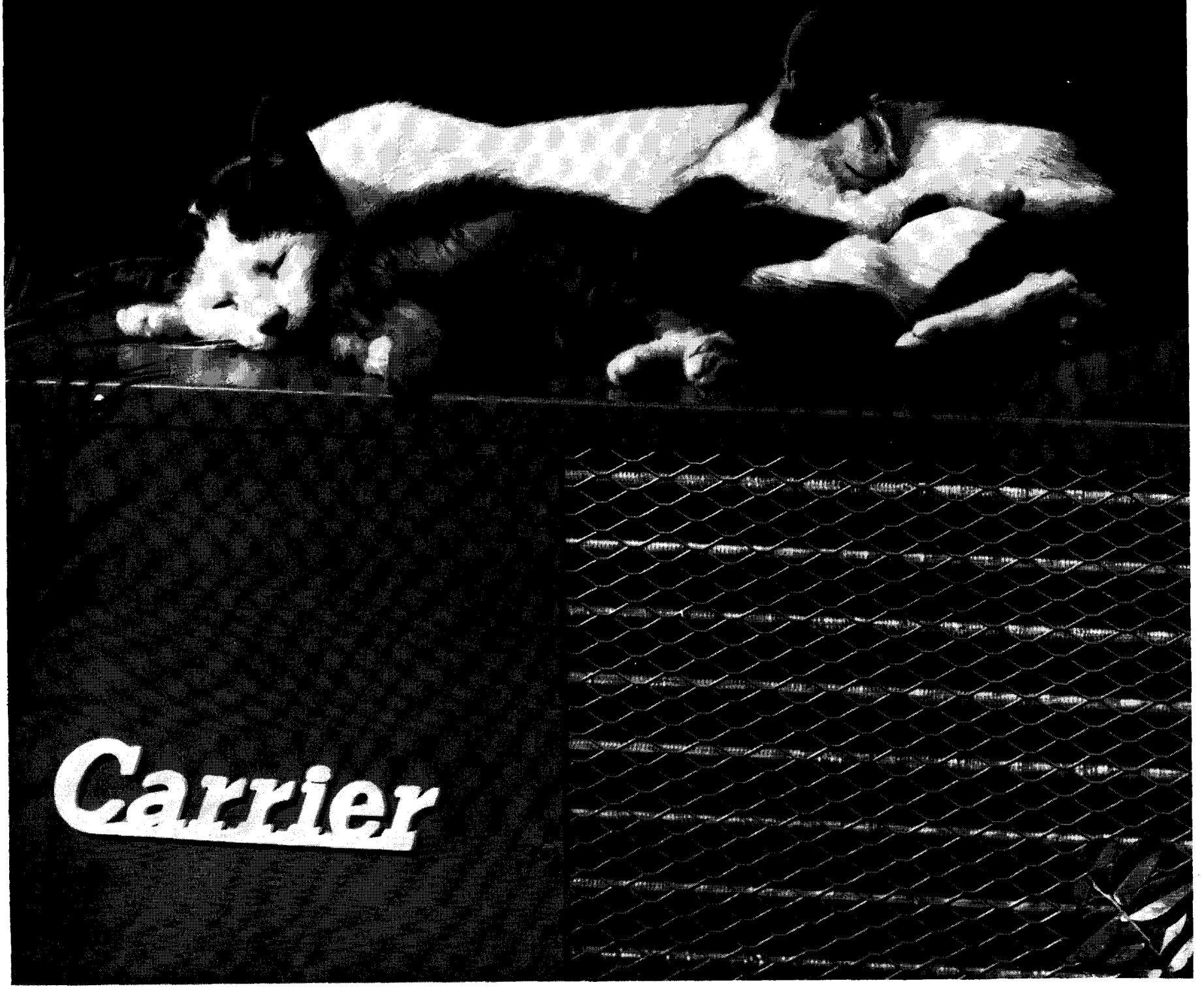
Even the new outdoor condensing unit of a Carrier residential air conditioning system is quiet—with a sound level substantially below any of its predecessors. Stand right next to it and you hear only a faint hum. We call it "neighbor approved."

If you want the details, we hushed it by (1) employing a new ultra-quiet Carrier compressor; (2) using a blanket of heavy acoustical insulation; (3) installing a low-speed, high-volume fan; and (4) eliminating internal air turbulence with a device that is known to engineers as a venturi ring.

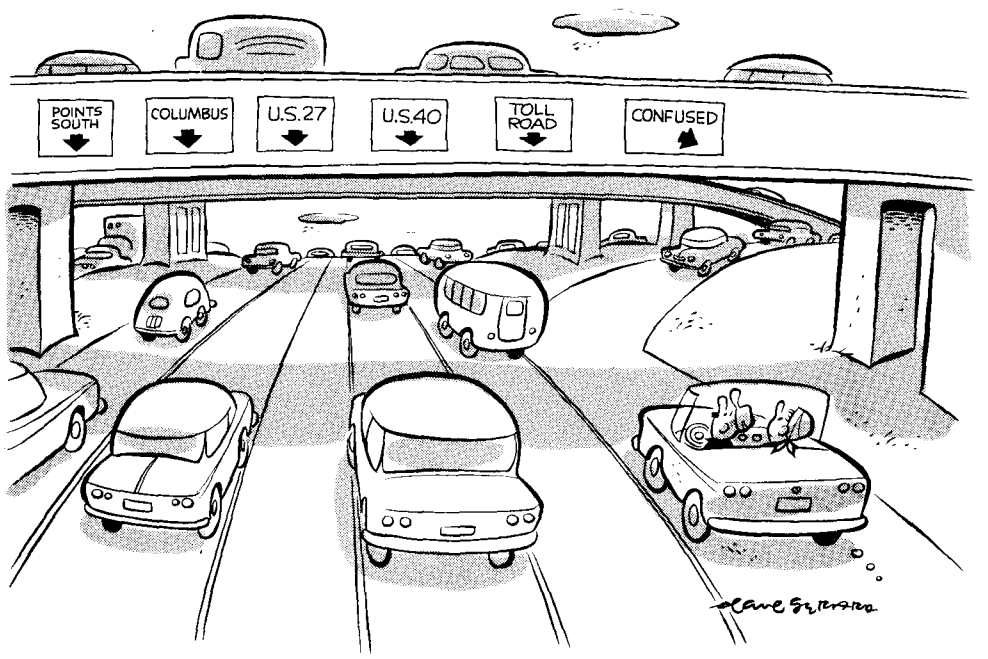
Incidentally, eliminating air turbulence also contributes to an important reduction in operating cost. In the past, up to 8% more electricity was required to deliver the same amount of cooling.

Yet Carrier central air conditioning costs no more than many other makes. Actually, a bit less than some. Your Carrier dealer is ready to give you a cost estimate. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Carrier Air Conditioning Company, Syracuse, New York.

Carrier ***Air Conditioning Company***



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WELL, WELL, WELL

I eat fried foods, I'm overweight,
  My life-insurance man looks gloomy,
I brood each day on mankind's fate,
  But somehow ulcers still eschew me;

I smoke in every waking hour,
  I drink in more than moderation,
But doctors say, in accents sour,
  I've not the slightest palpitation;

I cause psychiatrists to snore,
  For I'm so normal it's outrageous,
I can't get hepatitis or
  A thing that's stylishly contagious;

But, lucky friends, though I deserve
  Your sneers because of these curtailments,
Remember that I also serve
  Who sit and listen to your ailments.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

"Myself, I'm strictly a meat-and-potatoes man."

"I was halfway through *Humoresque* when Professor Sambini shot himself."

"Of course it seems later than eight o'clock—
I moved all the clocks back an hour last night."

LINES ON THE BACK OF A PAY ENVELOPE

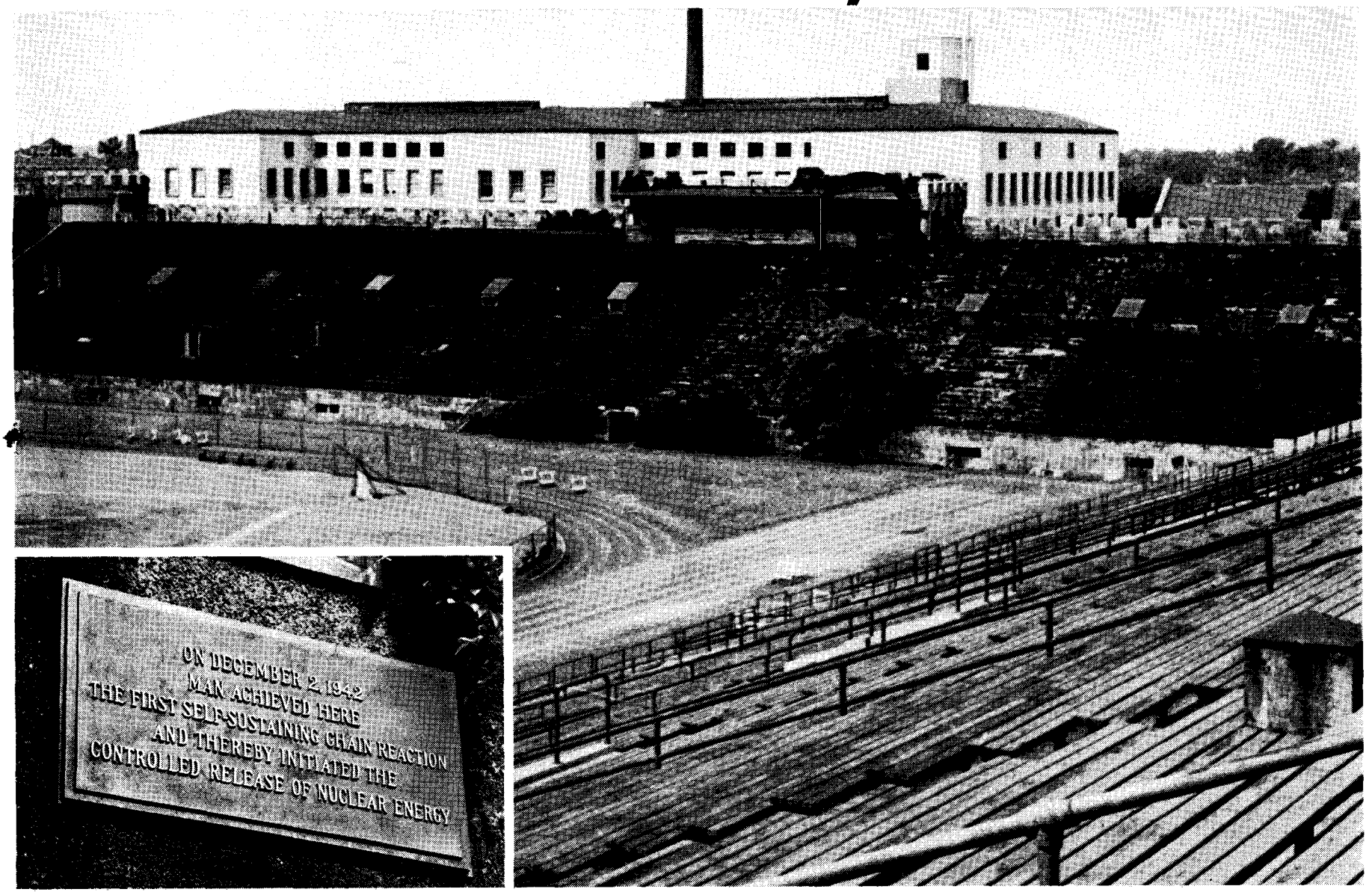
How fine it is to earn one's pelf . . .
  To sweat and toil and merit it
By honest effort. Though myself,
  I'd rather just inherit it.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

still more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEC. 2, 1942...


ON DECEMBER 2, 1942
MAN ACHIEVED HERE
THE FIRST SELF-SUSTAINING CHAIN REACTION
AND THEREBY INITIATED THE
CONTROLLED RELEASE OF NUCLEAR ENERGY

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

ROYAL-GLOBE
KNOWN ROUND THE WORLD
INSURANCE

It's a cold, undistinguished day on the University of Chicago campus. Stagg Field appears deserted. But underneath the west entrance, on the floor of a squash court, stand 40 men . . . and a machine. The control rods are carefully pulled out. In that instant, the fate of all mankind is unalterably changed. Man's first self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction has become a part of history. And Royal-Globe is there!

In providing coverage at the University of Chicago, the Royal-Globe Companies were the first ever to insure an operation of such unprecedented risk and importance. And, today, Royal-Globe continues to cover many of the University's insurable interests, including atomic research and development work at the world-famous Argonne National Laboratory, which the University operates for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest, most respected organizations in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and over 18,000 agents fully qualified to write insurance for every type of risk.

For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!

YOUR Insurance Independent AGENT SERVES YOU FIRST

ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Casualty · Fire · Marine · Surety *150 William Street, New York 38, New York*

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. • THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • GLOBE INDEMNITY COMPANY • QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
NEWARK INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN AND FOREIGN INSURANCE COMPANY • THE BRITISH & FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMED WHERE THEY HAPPENED

All my home movies need, I've decided, is a Hollywood press agent to write the blurbs. For instance:

HE COMMITTED THE ONE SIN NO WOMAN FORGIVES!

The camera picks me up as I enter the living room. Guests are expected momentarily, and everything is ready. I sink into the neat sofa cushions and stub my cigarette in a clean ashtray. There is a roll of thunder. My wife enters.

SHE TAUGHT HIM THE MEANING OF SHAME!

Fade in on me, watching the children tidy up their room. My wife enters and leads me across the hall to my study. Camera pans across littered desk, overflowing waste basket, chair piled with books. Close-up of my wife's foot, tapping. Ominous music.

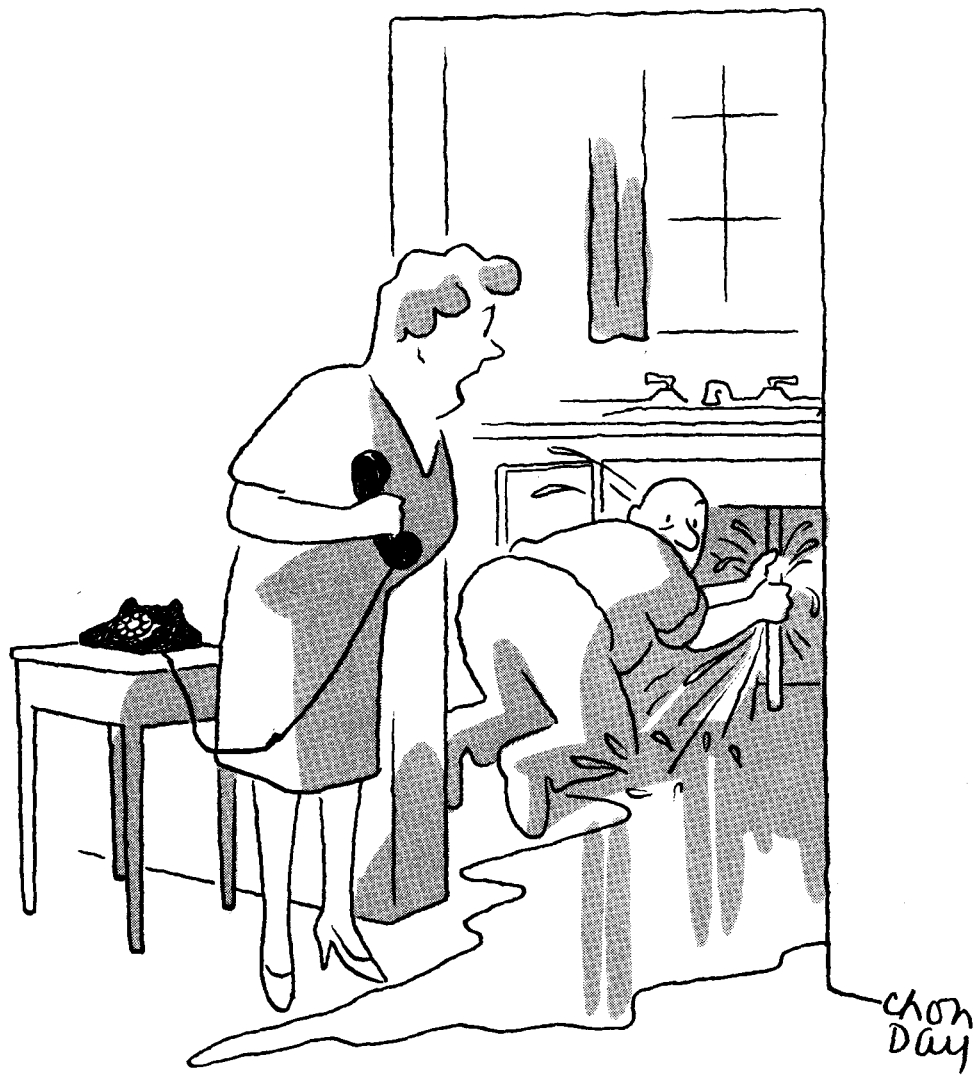
ALONE, SHE DARED WHAT NO MAN WOULD!

Open on an outdoor scene. Camera dollies in for shot of small kitten on tree branch. Shift to me, at foot of tree, helping sons steady ladder while wife climbs up. Cut to nearby farmyard for close-up of a chicken. Cut back to me, for comparison.

THE WHOLE TOWN KNEW HIS SECRET!

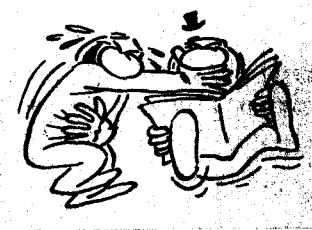
Camera spots me, collar turned up, ducking into a doorway. Shot of shoes only, as I tiptoe across a supermarket. Close-up of low-calorie-foods counter. My hand reaches out. Presidents of the P.T.A., the Ladies' Aid, and the Women's Bridge Guild enter. Horror music. Background giggles.

D. G. LLOYD



"He'll try to squeeze us in around noon tomorrow."

"Want me to put a head on that, Reverend?"



that's all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Singing in the Rain

The nicest kind of showers are with Dial Soap. No better way to get rid of perspiration odor all day, either. That's because Dial with AT-7 removes bacteria that cause odor. Keeps you fresh and nice around the clock. Another way of saying, people who like people like Dial.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TALISMAN

continued from page 33

until you are stronger, I shall tell you," she said.

"Would you please tell me now?" he pleaded.

There was that in his voice and eyes so beseeching that Anne felt she must do so. Very quietly she recited the story she loved so well. As he listened, she saw that his eyes never left the portrait. Then at the end he looked away and whispered as if he wanted no one to hear.

"I wish I could be as brave as that."

Anne's heart wept at his infirmity. She had seen the ribbons on his uniform.

"But you *are* brave," she said, "and you soon will be well. Won't you tell me what is troubling you?"

He spoke wearily. She leaned forward to catch what he was saying. "It must have been a dream. I was in the plane when I saw her, that girl. She spoke to me. She said, 'Hold fast. Remember who you are.' The girl in the portrait."

Overcome, he struggled to raise himself, and Anne took his head in her arms and held him close, her heart beating so fast she thought he must hear it. "If it was a dream," she comforted, "it was a good dream. It helped you to come here. Now you must rest."

She waited until he fell asleep and then stole away, full of troubled thoughts, thinking of the moment she had hurried past the portrait. "She wasn't there," she had told her father.

The captain soon would be well enough to be removed to a hospital. But she must not let her mind dwell on that. For she would need to report at the Office of Works, where she was employed. Then their ways would part. It was best not to become too attached to him, her common sense said, her heart telling her it could not be otherwise. A multitude of thoughts perplexed her. And because she believed in prayer, she cherished the belief that some beloved Providence had brought him through the valley of the shadow of death. Told him to remember who he was. Whoever he was. Was it not someone who really cared? For that someone had said it, she longed to believe.

Her father was too dear not to be told of it. A new silence crept about the study as he listened.

"Do you think it could be true—on the very night I told you she wasn't there?"

Sir Robert looked at her gravely. He had seen so much that couldn't be true, but that was true. In India, in Africa. In war and pestilence. Where men see death in front and life behind.

"It is very strange," he murmured. "Who are we to know?"

For he, too, was exercised about the captain. His name: Richard Dale Swallows. How familiar it sounded now. The country about the River Swale is marked Swaledale on the map. But to men like the Entwhistles, it had long been known as Swallowdale. The similarity made him wonder.

Then he had found a ring in the captain's papers—a lady's ring without its stones. He had compared it with the ring on the finger of the girl in the portrait. But of this he did not speak when, one day, he stayed by the captain, the ring in his hand. "I'm glad I didn't lose that," the captain said. "Aunt Bess gave it to me. Said it belonged to her aunt and a whole lot of aunts before her."

"I would like to borrow it for a day or two," Sir Robert said.

"Sure," said the captain.

"Another thing," Sir Robert went on. "Your name, isn't it very uncommon in your country? Richard Dale Swallows?"

"You talk like Aunt Bess, sir," the captain said. "Always wondering where it came from. Another thing she had against her folks. None of them kept a Bible with the family tree written in it. But what's so queer about it?"

Sir Robert wasn't sure. He had often thought what a pity it was that the American War of Independence had left so many Americans knowing so little of their forebears in Europe. This boy captain, for instance. He should know who he was. And where he belonged. His heritage in Europe. His Aunt Bess had the right idea.

"I was going to ask you," the captain said, "about Aunt Bess. Would you write to her for me?"

Sir Robert's heart went out to the boy. "But I have written," he said. "I got her address from your papers. I thought she should know where and how you are."

He had told more than that. Miss Merton, he judged, was a woman of some erudition who had what the captain called a *thing* about ancestry. She might know about the ring, the name. Only then did he realize how deep his affection for the boy had become. This was the more remarkable, for he knew, much to his regret, that he did not take to people easily. But with this young American he found himself unashamedly grateful for the opportunity of showing a side of himself he scarcely knew existed.

So when Miss Merton's letter came, he hurried to read it. After thanking him for news of Richard, she went straight to his questions. Her family had left few records. "It makes me furious now, receiving your letter. First the ring. No, it had no stones in my day." But she remembered as a child being told it belonged to a great lady.

"We Mertons, I was told, came over about the same time as Abraham Lincoln's people. Maybe another old wives' tale, told to persuade us to emulate our betters. The Mertons were Puritans. Over here they separated. I am a Virginian. Richard's folks, Illinois. Richard's name? There was a Swallows in the family somewhere. That I do know. You must understand that Richard is not really my nephew. He's a distant relative many times removed. I happen to love him. The little money I have will one day be his. His folks are gone. He is a good boy."

Sir Robert's heart pounded. He dared not allow his thoughts to take shape, his mind retreating from so great a wonder; that this young American, falling at his door almost like Napoleon's boy at Ratisbon, might in some fantastic way be a descendant of a small boy lost in the sacrifice of a girl in a portrait.

Yet Lincoln's people came from near Norwich. Not so far away. There was the ring. The name. So many times he had pondered what happened to that small boy. Was it possible that in her desperation, his mother had left him with some worthy couple in the hills, saying she would return and leaving her purse of gold and rings? Could it not be that, with the earl's death, they had taken the boy to themselves? With gold, may they not have decided to flee the religious tyrannies which had sent so many others to seek liberty beyond the sea?

Sir Robert was filled with a gratitude he longed to express. He decided, there and then, to seek out some member of the Goldsmiths' Company in London.

It is good for a man to allow the best of him to take wing, and he felt no embarrassment on seeing the disappointment on Mr. Wimple when he handed him the ring in his study. Mr. Wimple, no doubt, expected something more spectacular than an old gemless ring. Wimple had brought his magnifying glass and his scales, and soon his professional interest was aroused.

"Almost certainly Irish gold," he said, "its fine deep burnish. So pure and soft. The hallmark, rubbed with age. An acorn. That's Bristol. Not London, else it would be a leopard's head. And this shield, faint now, with the letter 'c' in it, fixing the date—1620, if I remember. It must have been in your family a long time."

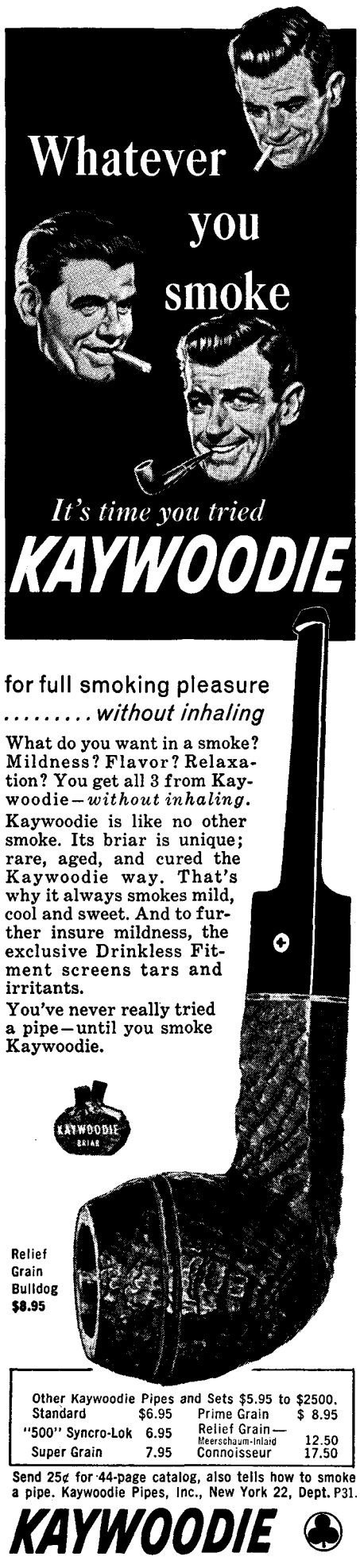
Sir Robert smiled. "I like to think so. But I want to show you something else."

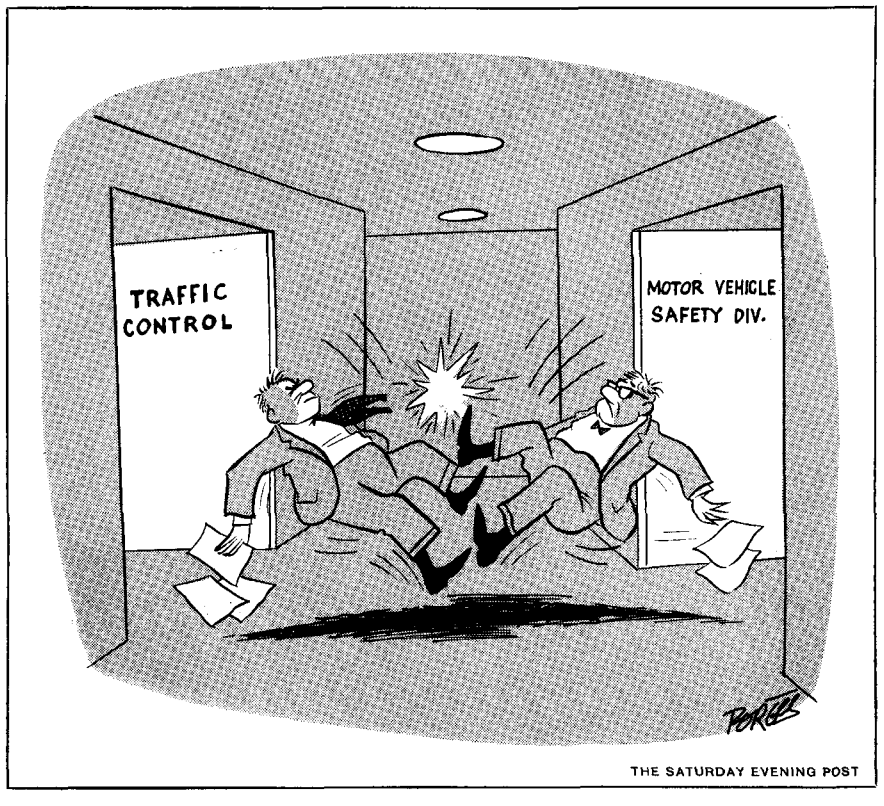
Mr. Wimple followed to the landing and stood admiring the girl in the portrait. Sir Robert called his attention to the ring on her finger. The goldsmith put his magnifying glass to it. "Remarkable," he said, "very remarkable. Conceivably it could be the same ring, if it has been in your family ——"

"Do you think you could re-create the ring? I mean, like that in the portrait?"

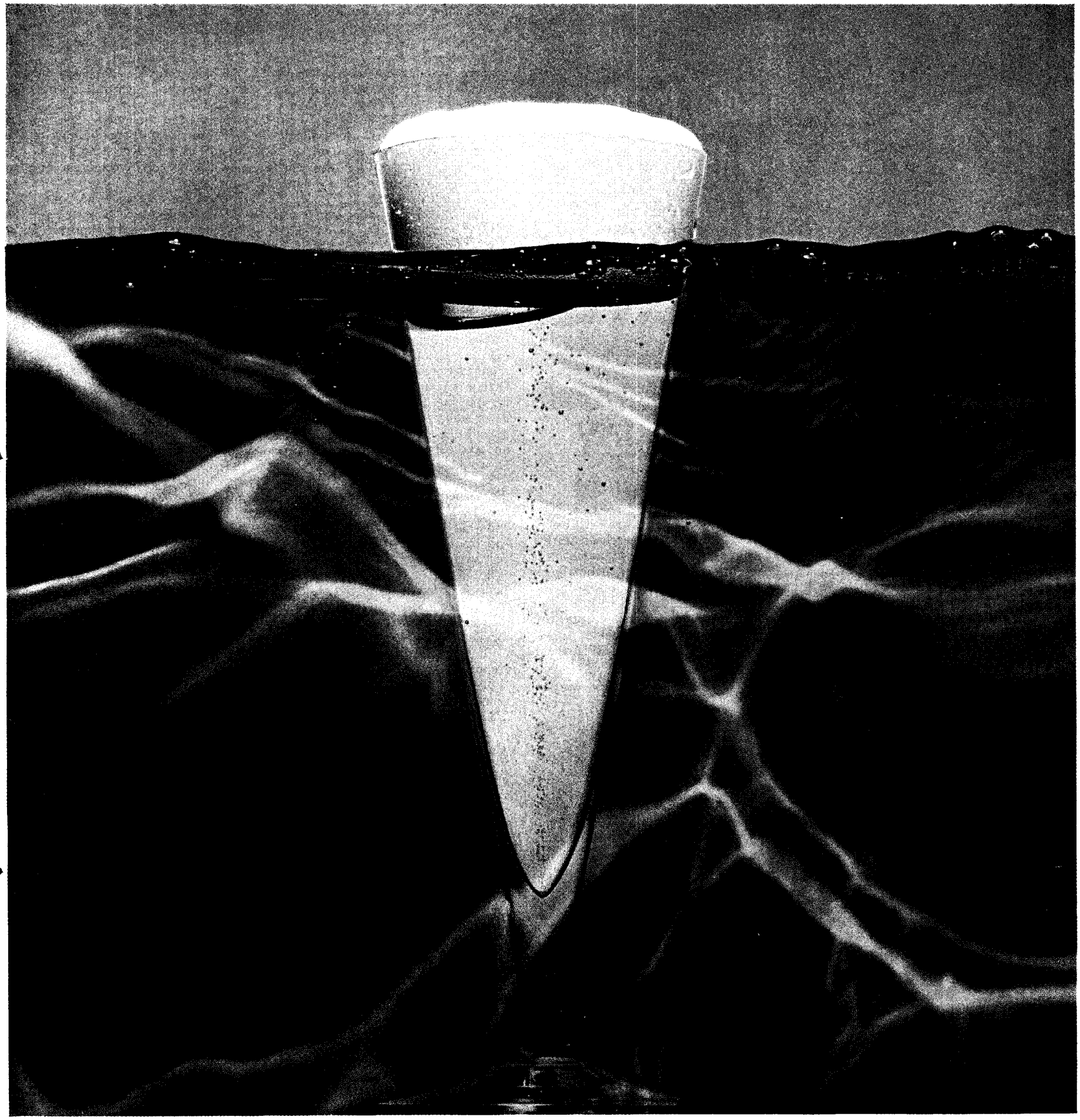
"It's something I should like to do," Mr. Wimple said, "if I can come across the right diamonds. Let me take it. I may have a setting that will please you."

There were other things Sir Robert did on Mr. Wimple's departure. He went to see his friend Sir James Stokesley. Sitting in their London club, he laid the matter before him, saying finally, "So I want you to search the shipping registers from 1630 to 1650. Port of Bristol. Look


Whatever you smoke
It's time you tried
KAYWOODIE
for full smoking pleasure
..... without inhaling
What do you want in a smoke? Mildness? Flavor? Relaxation? You get all 3 from Kaywoodie—without inhaling.
Kaywoodie is like no other smoke. Its briar is unique; rare, aged, and cured the Kaywoodie way. That's why it always smokes mild, cool and sweet. And to further insure mildness, the exclusive Drinkless Fitment screens tars and irritants.
You've never really tried a pipe—until you smoke Kaywoodie.
KAYWOODIE BRIAR
Relief Grain Bulldog $8.95
Other Kaywoodie Pipes and Sets $5.95 to $2500.
Standard $6.95
"500" Syncro-Lok 6.95
Super Grain 7.95
Prime Grain $ 8.95
Relief Grain—Meerschaum-Inlaid 12.50
Connoisseur 17.50
Send 25¢ for 44-page catalog, also tells how to smoke a pipe. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, Dept. P31.
KAYWOODIE

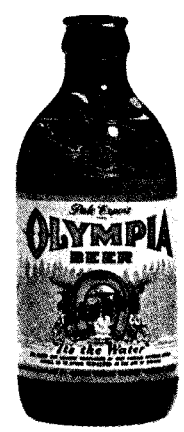


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nature provided the setting

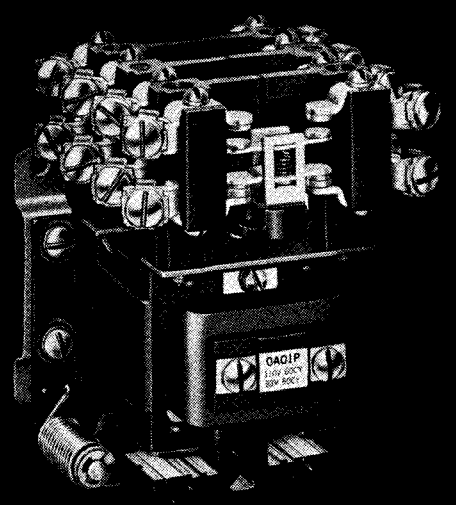
Since 1896, the brewers of Olympia Beer have tapped a giant, subterranean reservoir beneath the little town of Tumwater, Washington . . . drawing to the surface one of the few *natural* brewing waters of the world. This rare water inspired perfection in the art of brewing and has become Olympia's most famous ingredient. Yet, no man can fully explain its source or why Tumwater was nature's chosen site. There's no mystery, however, about the exceptional flavor it persuades from choice grains and hops . . . nor the remarkable quality it maintains year after year. This is perfectly understood each time you taste a glass of light, refreshing Olympia Beer. ***"It's the Water"***



*Visitors are always welcome at the Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, near Olympia, Washington, 8:00 to 4:30 every day. *Oly *®*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bulletin 700 Type BX Control Relays



Good for More Millions of Trouble Free Operations

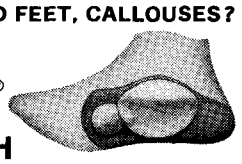
A-B Bulletin 700 Control Relay
With 4 N.O. and 4 N.C. Contacts

A-B QUALITY

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Quality Motor Control

Though this relay looks like the one that's been a favorite for years with builders of high speed machine tools, recent improvements have increased its life and electrical reliability *at least 10 times!* It's simpler, and wearing parts have been eliminated. The new cast coil cannot be damaged by any atmospheric condition, or perhaps anything less than deliberate abuse. The double break, silver contacts never need service attention. Dual terminals permit N.O. or N.C. contact connections. So where reliability and long life are important, order the Bulletin 700 Type BX control relay—there's nothing better on the market. Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

WEAK ARCHES?
LEG PAINS, TIRED FEET, CALLOUSES?
Dr. Scholl's FLEXO® FOAM ARCH

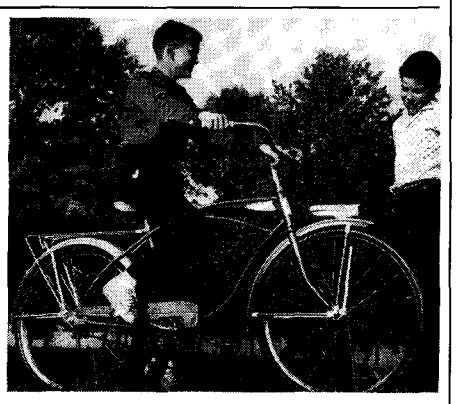


Floats your feet in soft Latex Foam. Featherweight, leather-topped. Gives fast, cushioning relief from the aches, pains of weak arch. Dr. Scholl's FLEXO FOAM ARCH helps make every step a pleasure. Only $2 a pair. If not obtainable locally, mail $2, stating shoe size and whether for man or woman.
DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 4F34, Chicago 10, Illinois

Learn To Draw
MARSH 77
FELT-POINT PEN
Drawing is easy with a felt-point pen, the kind the artists use. 8 fast dry colors.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A MARSH 77.
F61

Dainty Maid
HOUSEWARES AND APPLIANCES
At leading stores almost everywhere

EXTRA INCOME?
OF COURSE! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
290 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.



I EARNED MY BIKE . . . YOU CAN TOO

Yes, you can easily earn a deluxe bicycle like this beauty . . . This exciting, brilliantly finished bicycle is equipped with gleaming chrome rims, headlight, kickstand, chain guard and rear carrier—and the boy's and girl's models come in three sizes—20", 24" and 26".

To earn YOUR bike, send us seven 2-yr. **Saturday Evening Post** subscriptions sold at the full U.S. price of $10.95 each to people outside your own home. Both new and renewal subscriptions count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Print the subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and specify bike size and model. We'll arrange for prompt shipment of your bicycle.

This offer good in Continental U.S. only, until September 30, 1962
Sorry, no bicycle may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
289 Independence Square Phila. 5, Pa.

for the names Merton and Swallows. It's a remote chance, but one I cannot in my heart neglect."

But when Sir Robert returned home, some of his happiness drained from him. The captain had gone, with all the physical reminders of his presence.

"What happened?" he called to Anne.

"They came earlier than they intended," she explained. "He asked me to say good-bye to you and to thank you for your kindness to him. Said he would write to you."

Richard had said other things meant for her. They had had a few moments together, filled with new friendship, with thoughts that sometimes were words and words that sometimes were only feelings. Now she took her father's hand. She too must go tomorrow, and she was anxious he should not feel too lonely. She poured tea for him, and they talked into the dusk.

In the days that followed Sir Robert's thoughts were never far from the captain. On one of them Mr. Wimple came, bringing the ring. Sir Robert thought he had never seen anything so exquisite. It was much too precious now to hand back to one whose movements were so uncertain. He would ask Anne when she came.

She had written she was coming for the weekend. "And oh, I had a pleasant surprise last Saturday. Sir James called, and what do you think? Richard too. We had tea together. Richard was looking very well, though walking with a stick."

But Anne had not told him all. Sir James had left them in the park. They had walked a little and finally sat to rest, their thoughts escaping in banter about the old man.

"But I didn't realize you knew him," Anne said.

"I didn't. Not until yesterday. He found *me* out. I had other plans," Richard said.

"Oh," Anne murmured, wondering what those plans might be.

"Yes, I was hoping to get you on the phone. I told Sir James. So he did it for me. Seemed we were both thinking of the same thing. The same person, I mean."

Anne's mouth straightened a little on a smile. She hoped her father's old friend had not conspired to arrange their meeting.

"But how could *he* know?" Richard said, turning toward her.

The afternoon air was full of the surfing noises of the city. Anne found herself coloring, a foolish confession of her heart.

"Well, tell me, how *could* he know?" Richard repeated.

Anne guessed that this was the way of him. That always he would insist and that, because she was she and loved him so dearly, she would always acquiesce.

"Know what?" she said almost in a whisper, looking away.

"Know what you must know, Anne. That I love you so much that I need to know now, today, if you can love me."

Anne remembered the sob in her heart the day she held his head to her breast. She bit her lip on the tear that rose to her eyes, unable to speak. But as his hand found hers, she raised it to her cheek and breathed his name into it.

Such things were too precious to write, even to her father. So that he, knowing only she was due to arrive, thought the step in the hall must be hers. Then his old servant appeared. "It's Captain Swallows, sir."

Quickly he put the ring aside, his words tumbling with gladness. "And to see you so well!" he exclaimed.

"I've brought a letter from Sir James," Richard began.

"But I hope you've come to stay," Sir Robert said, taking it.

Richard laughed. "Well, that depends, sir. I thought I might pick up the ring. I missed it the other day."

Sir Robert hesitated. "Oh, yes, the ring," he said, picking up the case. "I am afraid I took a liberty with it. You see, I had it reset—in remembrance of your time here."

There was apology in his voice.

Then he touched the case open, and Richard cried his astonishment. "But it's magnificent. I can't believe it. What have we done to deserve it?"

Sir Robert felt his eyes grow moist. There was so much he wanted to tell the boy, to show him.

"Sir, I must speak to you," Richard said, overwhelmed. "You see, I really came to ask if I might marry Anne."

A pulse quickened in Sir Robert's throat. He was sensible enough to know that someday someone would ask him for his daughter. But now that it had come, he knew a moment of possession. Anne was all he had, all that was not in the past. To lose her in the present would make his future empty. But it was a fleeting moment. This young American. It didn't seem to matter now who his forebears may have been. It mattered only what he was, what he stood for.

"So that is why you asked for the ring?" he laughed.

"Well, yes," Richard stumbled. "I thought I might get it altered. To fit her finger. And have it set. I didn't tell her."

Sir Robert went to him and closed his hand over the ring in Richard's palm.

"It is your ring," he said. "All I did was to replace something it had lost."

Richard stumbled his thanks. "I'll take care of her, sir," he said.

The sound of her step came to them. Sir Robert watched the captain go to meet her. For a long time he stayed at his desk, thinking of his life and his own love, whose photograph stood near him. Then he realized he had not read the letter Richard had brought. He lifted the paper knife, almost as if he would have preferred to stay with his own thoughts. The letter meant so little now.

"What a task you gave me," it said, "but here it is. On March 21, 1631, a merchantman, *Hector*, sailed from Bristol. Twenty passengers, including one Joseph Merton, carpenter, his wife, Amelia Merton, his ward, Richard Swallowdale, boy."

Had the letter reached him yesterday, he would have hurried to look at the record. Now, though its news tingled in him, he knew it could wait. To ponder over later. He must write to Aunt Bess, invite her to come. But before he did so, he would greet Anne. He had heard her when she arrived. "Richard," she had cried happily. Then he had heard no more. Maybe because a young man whispers his love so that only his love can hear.

He wondered if he dare open the door a little, and very quietly did so. They were standing by the portrait, eyes raised to the girl of Lansmere. Turning, they came down to meet him. Anne held out her hand that he might see the ring. The wonder of it shone upon her. It encircled her finger, as if it had been made for her.

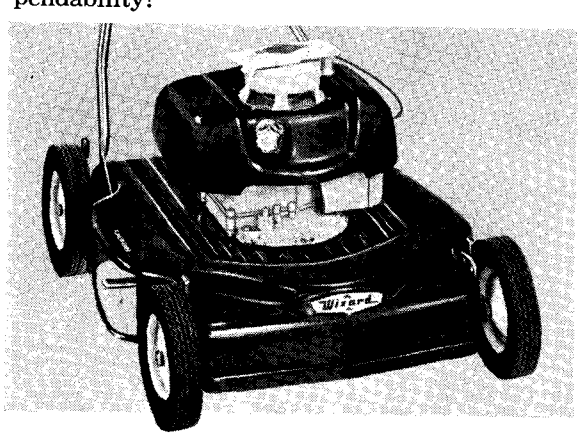
For a moment he glanced at the portrait. And then, turning his eyes to theirs, he saw in them a love so steadfast as to fill him with a sense of eternity.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just aim it...self-propelled 22″ WIZARD mower does *all* the work with best cutting action ever!

More carefree summers for you are now here— for here is a power mower that offers you the most ever in grass-cutting efficiency, ease and dependability!



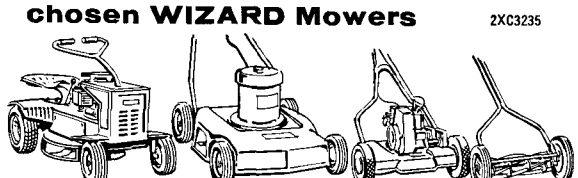
This 22″ Wizard Custom Power Mower has all of the outstanding quality features of the model in the main illustration — except self-propulsion. 2XC3223

This self-propelled Wizard Custom gives you the full power of its 4-cycle, 3 HP engine through the most positive, synchro-mesh rear-wheel drive — easily disengaged for safe starting and close maneuvering. Gives you "no pull" impulse starting. Gives you a heavy duty steel base reinforced with complete inner ring for clean discharge of all cuttings. Gives you closer trimming front and both sides because of recessed wheel design. Gives you, in fact, *everything* you'd ever need or want in a power mower for the low price of . . .

Over 1,000,000 value-minded home owners have chosen WIZARD Mowers

only $89.95

2XC3235



There's a dependable Wizard Mower to meet every need!

Offering outstanding values with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back...

Western Auto *the family store*

Western Auto Dealers own their own stores and set their own prices and terms, which may vary in some parts of the U. S. (SP42)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At noon our house would have passed Army inspection—thanks to my mother. The dark woodwork gleamed, the curtains hung stiff, and down the long table places were set for ten with the china my mother had brought from Wales. One hour we waited for the new minister, Rev. Dylan Vaughn, before we gave it up for a bad job and sat down to beef roast turning bit by bit to sole leather.

At six that evening you would not have known it was the same house. Papers were scattered every which way, the curtains hung askew where Kim and Dai, my little brothers, had played hide-and-seek, while my father and Rhys, my older brother, sat toasting stockinged feet to the coal fire on the hearth and smoking their pipes. Bread, part of a plate of melted cheese and the big coffeepot still sat on the red-checked oilcloth. Glynnis, my eldest sister, stood in her slip, my mother fussing about her on her knees, pins in her mouth, paper patterns in hand, now and then scattering the younger girls, Gwen, Megan and Ann Jane, when they got in the way.

The light rap at our front door brought a weary sigh from my father as he peered over his reading glasses. "Probably Sara Hughes by next door or it wouldn't be Saturday." He shook his head and raised the bottle of home-brewed beer to his mouth. I swung wide the door, then whirled, my eyes batting. "'Tis the new minister, Da," I squeaked.

My father made a choking noise and leaped to his feet. In trying to backhand the beer bottle behind his chair he bumped the arm and dumped the rest on his stockinged feet. Glynnis screamed and leaped for the heavy green draperies that divided the living room from the dining room. She wound herself in, only her red hair and startled green eyes visible. Even my mother, the one in the James family the best bet to hold cool in the pinch, was affected. True, she made it to the door while the rest of us stood like statues, but she had forgotten the pins in her mouth. When she tried to talk it sounded like somebody trying his luck on a worn-out mouth organ.

All this I saw while my eyes kept repeating the shock that this man in our doorway could really be a minister. At fourteen I had not met too many preachers, but you could lump them together—old men in somber black, stern eyes above ample bellies, stirring the uneasy reminder that while heaven was not gained in a single bound, hell frequently was. Strange then to think of this young man in gray tweed, a smile curving about the pipe in his mouth, as a man of the cloth. He was of medium build, but in my eyes he seemed tall, as now he ran a hand through black hair cut short. "Mrs. Glynn James?" he said. "The pulpit committee said I should come here for dinner."

The pins fell from my mother's mouth. "Dinner?" She batted her eyes. "Dinner? Why that was hours ago, man. Supper now it is—was." She waved weakly toward the table. Sad the nigh-massacred plate of melted cheese and dried slices of home-made bread looked then.

He frowned. Suddenly he began to laugh like I had never heard a minister laugh before, stopping now and then to explain something to my mother sufficiently enlightening to have her join in the chorus. Under cover of this distraction my father slipped on his shoes, hitched up his suspenders and nudged at the bottle at his foot with no better luck. He came forward to hear how the Rev. Dylan Vaughn, used to city ways, where dinner came at what we knew as suppertime, had, unthinking, created a comic and embarrassing situation. When the story was wearing thin for laughs, there came the introductions.

"Evan," our guest said, as I dragged forward, "I hope we will be friends." I nodded, awed by the warmth and quiet strength that seemed to run out from his dark eyes and easy smile.

Poor Glynnis. Still wrapped in her green shroud and dying by the inch as their eyes met. Father said something Dylan never heard, transfixed by the vision of white skin, tumbling red hair and green eyes dropping quickly away. A mischievous light played across his face as he said, "Are you cold tonight, is it Miss James?"

"No!" Glynnis almost shouted it, burrowing deeper in the drapes.

"A bit more should she venture forth," my father added, drawing laughter from all but Glynnis. "But come." His chest swelled. "My eldest, my son Rhys. Just home from the war and, mind, a medal at Château-Thierry and another at Belleau Wood. Why, do you know ——"

"Da, let's skip the rest," Rhys broke in sharply. This was not the same brother I had seen go off to war. He had come home quieter, touchy about nothing at all, more interested in what Price Hill taverns had to offer than the chapel on Sunday.

Rev. Dylan Vaughn nodded. "I was just out of school and got in as a chaplain, but"—he shrugged—"I never made it across the big pond." He smiled. "I guess they wanted men."

It was Rhys's place to go along with this little joke at himself that Dylan Vaughn had made, but not my brother. He never cracked a smile as he stared unblinking, the bulk of his tall, muscled coal miner's body seeming to dwarf the puzzled-face minister. Finally he said, a challenge running in his measured words, "That is what we want here in Price Hill likewise, sir. A man in the pulpit, not a figurehead. And that we have had—and given him walking papers."

"Time will tell, is it?" Dylan Vaughn said quietly, his smile gone. "And can I count on your help then, Rhys James?"

Blunt as a stone my brother's reply: "Why not try God's?" He nodded. "Although it seemed to me He wasn't too concerned with what went on at the Western Front, you may have a bit more influence." His mocking smile faded. "Reverend, I've nothing against you, but it's this way. I have been where the generals did the planning and the men the fighting; and I have seen it here where the preachers did the exhorting and the congregation, the sacrificing. Plain enough?"

"Rhys James," my mother protested, "apologize now for your ——"

"Please," Dylan Vaughn interrupted, "none is called for." A wry smile touched his face. "I will thank you, Rhys, for making no attempt to gild the lily. As for the future—one day at a time doing the best I can." His eyes held on Glynnis. "Glad I am for this chance."

"Bread and cheese now, reverend?" my mother said anxiously.

"If the family will share it with me," he said, watching Glynnis.

SHEPHERD TO THE FLOCK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN TIME OF DISASTER THE YOUNG MINISTER FOUND THE COURAGE HIS PARISH THOUGHT HE LACKED.

BY JACK DANIELS

"You will excuse me? Down to the village now," Rhys said.

"Tomorrow my first sermon." Dylan Vaughn smiled, and I knew he had guessed Rhys's destination. "You will be there, Rhys James?"

Rhys made a twisting half smile. "Give them hell, is it?"

"If they will have it," came the unruffled reply, "I will give them heaven." He stared at the door that closed behind my brother.

If there is such a thing as getting off on the right foot, then our new pastor did on that first Sunday. There were no dozers in the back pews when this one got his teeth properly into the sermon. I watched and listened and suffered with him in this stern test that was all the more critical because he was a Welshman like eighty percent of the congregation.

Even Rhys, who to our surprise had come with the family to morning chapel, seemed to have put away the old chip on his shoulder as he filed out at the end of the service. "You have tramped a few toes this morning, Dylan Vaughn," he said, taking his hand. "There is good. Long overdue that bit—the Pharisees and the whited sepulchers."

"You are walking spry enough, Rhys James."

Rhys grinned. "Toe calluses—thanks it is to your predecessors."

"Then I will try next time at the other end," Dylan Vaughn said with a laugh and hit Rhys on the shoulder. "Mr. James," he continued, turning to my father heading our family procession, the last group filing out the door. "I hope I am not presumptuous, sir, or transgressing any local custom, but it might as well come out now as later." He took a deep breath. "Would there be any objection to my calling upon your daughter Glynnis tonight? There—I've said it."

Dylan Vaughn in brief seconds had revealed two things: first, that he was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet; second, that either he didn't realize the thin ice he might be skating on or else, knowing, he didn't care. Glynnis, the beauty of the family at twenty, was well looked after; if my father was on the strict side, then Rhys was a notch beyond that. Only two weeks past Rhys had stretched a man senseless on the Foresters Lodge Hall dance floor, a misguided miner from King's Ferry trying to collect a bet that the pretty, red-haired girl would speak to him if he made his try.

Long used to devious approaches innocently disguised, Rhys was taken off guard by Dylan Vaughn's blunt honesty. His narrowed eyes held with my father, then he shrugged his defeat. Having run interference against the Devil for Glynnis seven days a week for so long, perhaps he felt entitled to this one day off duty.

My father dragged out the suspense, rocking on his heels and squinting skyward. "Well, reverend." More rocking, more gazing, then, "I was young myself in other Aprils, and all the girls wondrous fair. My permission granted now, sir."

When Dylan Vaughn came that same night and afterward went for a moonlight stroll with Glynnis, there I was with them, thanks to my father, Dylan's disappointment concealed better than hers.

We walked to the top of Lanterman's Hill, where the old pines towered like ragged black fingers upthrust through the silver veil of moonlight. Below, the kerosene lamps in the houses winked, and against the distant skyline the dull glow of the slag fires flickered behind the iron headframe of Number Nine Pit, where my father and Rhys dug coal and I went in now and then to give them a hand.

"My first charge, Glynnis," Dylan Vaughn said. "Whether it goes well or aught, I will remember it because it was the first." He sighed, his eyes sweeping below. "The magic of things that are first: first day of school, first Communion, your first girl."

"Was she pretty, Dylan Vaughn?" Glynnis said softly. "Or is she forgotten, for there were so many that came after her?"

Strange the answer he made, for when he had ended, it left nothing for either of them to say and me with the feeling that I stood in the way of something. "Many more?" he said. "True that is. And yet, looking at you now, it is as if there had never been one and this marks the real beginning."

I turned and started down the path. I ran clear to the bottom and waited a long time until at last they came hand in hand, and there was a good feeling inside me then that comes from doing a sensible thing well; but this part neither Rhys nor Da would hear.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES BAMA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHEPHERD Through the spring days that came, covering the scarred hills with green grass and wild flowers, Dylan Vaughn became a fixture in our chapel, our town—and in the heart of Glynnis. My father did a poor job of concealing his pride. "Think of it, Rhodna girl," he told my mother, "and our Glynnis may be someday a minister's wife."

My mother liked Dylan Vaughn, but romance had not blunted her practical estimates. Her hand dipped and pulled at the needle, lips pursed, as she said, "And living in leaky parsonages and making do each year out of the same old clothes and babies underfoot. Always a big family with the old clergy it is."

Da gestured with his stub pipe. "Mark, woman. Small towns won't be holding that Dylan. Why, dammo! Before he's done it's an old bishop himself our little Glynnis could be associated with."

"Even from that association—a big family," she insisted.

I looked up from where I sat at the table and smiled to myself to see Da's glare of helplessness before he snapped the evening paper open and shook his eyeglasses down from his shiny forehead. Then I went back to pasting the pictures of Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker and Home Run Baker in my big scrapbook. At my feet our old collie dog shivered, chasing a rabbit in his dream, and the smell of pipe smoke mingled with that of the kerosene lamps; content was like a good meal warm inside me then and no warning that it all would change, taken from us by that which was written on tomorrow's page. No warning then of a man who drank alone each night in Davy the Lion's tavern, a man whom Dylan Vaughn had never seen and whom he would never forget—Robin Guy—who had no friends nor wanted friends.

It was hard to believe, but in my father's youth Robin Guy had been a young man of means and promise, the only child of Tudor Guy, head of the village bank and head deacon in chapel. Handsome young Robin he was then, cutting a turn in his rakish buggy drawn by the fastest horses in the valley, and the prettiest girls at his side. He had just begun college when the surprise visit from the bank examiners diclosed, his father's embezzlement of funds over a period of years, ruining others in the ensuing bank closing and tumbling Robin Guy's safe, shining world about him. In the chill of a winter morning Tudor Guy found the final solution with a bullet through his head, and Robin came home to a ghost house and a mother who would never leave it again until the day she died.

Now the years had passed, and that house once fine had gone to seed with its lone tenant. Robin Guy lived alone and worked alone in Number Nine and drank alone, a whisky-bloated caricature of a man driven by demons of a hell beyond his escape, spending the money as fast as it came in, fighting but seldom winning, and contemptuous of the chapel attended without fail in his youth. Even there he had his little joke; every year came a sizable contribution mailed to my father, the chapel treasurer, the money done up in a wrinkled paper bearing the letterhead of Davy the Lion's tavern.

Dylan Vaughn first met with Robin Guy at the ball field hard by the river the evening that the Price Hill nine with Rhys pitching well had edged Newport. Dust whirled up in the rays of the sinking sun as we moved from the open wooden stands toward the home bench.

Dylan clapped my brother on the arm. "You had that old curve breaking tonight, Rhys," he said, nodding his excitement.

"Dammo, yes," a voice said behind us, "almost as good as the curves you throw from the pulpit each Sunday, is it?" Robin Guy bared teeth in a mirthless smile, drunk, but steady on thick legs.

Dylan wheeled with a start, his lean face flushing. "And who have we here?" He frowned into Robin's mocking stare.

"The pride of the village—Robin Guy," Rhys said in disgust. "Keep a civil tongue in your head, Robin, lest you lose both."

Robin shifted the cold stub of his cigar. "You see, reverend." He made an airy wave. "Tolerance and compassion are Christian virtues given lip service only, as witness your friend's shining example."

"Speak and I will hear you out," Dylan said, puzzled now.

"Speak?" Robin looked slowly around the crowd which had gathered, "By dammo, that I will! And if any of you are squeamish of the naked truth, you may leave. Dear hearts and gentle people," he grinned, his gray eyes mocking us. "I have had a hobby these many years that I should like to demonstrate. For lack of a better name I term it The Abrupt Deflation of Common Myths Perpetuated by Pretentious Preachers." He looked Dylan up and down. "Quickly then, three simple questions, young minister, to support my thesis—to wit: that you masquerade as all that you are not and never can be." He

The garden hose built for value, not for price

It's made of Du Pont Neoprene synthetic rubber... not built to a price for "quick sales." Neoprene is respected for quality and dependability. Ask architects, who seal the curtain walls of modern skyscrapers with it. Ask shoe manufacturers, who have you walking on it. Ask electrical engineers, who protect their cables with it. And now, garden hose manufacturers have turned to Neoprene to satisfy wary shoppers who will pay a little more money for a lot more lasting quality.

You see, Neoprene hose stays as limber as a piece of rope and coils just as naturally. It's easy to handle even in cold weather. You can bake it in the sun, run over it with your car, freeze it all winter. Year after year, you'll still have an uncracked, like-new hose. Write us for brand names of hose made with Neoprene. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Elastomer Chemicals Dept. SP-4, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

NEOPRENE
ANOTHER RELIABLE
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ELASTOMER
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waved at the crowd. "No better than the flock their shepherd."

Robin Guy hooked his thumbs in his belt. A hush came on the crowd, my father's hand holding tight on my arm and the coldness of hate in Rhys's green eyes gone to slits.

"Now then, reverend, Number One: Have you given all that you have in material wealth to the poor?" He smiled. "Very well. I am a man of mercy, so on to Question Two: Love thy neighbor as thyself? Do you love Robin Guy as well as yourself, Dylan Vaughn, sir?" He stepped closer, grinning. "And if any smite thee on one cheek, dost thou turn the other?" The crack of his open palm spit in the quiet. A red welt blossomed on Dylan Vaughn's cheek as he stared quietly back at the sodden face and anguished eyes of his attacker. A gasp burst from the crowd as Robin's hand flashed and the minister's head snapped at this second blow—this one with the fist—and now blood ran down the gash on his cheekbone made by Robin's ring.

Rhys leaped forward and took Robin Guy by his shirt front. One heave and his feet were kicking air. "Your turn now, reverend," he said, breathing hard. "Scum he is, but all yours, sir."

Dylan's voice was firm but quiet. "Put him down, Rhys James."

Rhys held his grip, his eyes unbelieving. "Either you or I to square the account here and now. That I swear."

"Put him down. Let him go then."

"Never!" Now my brother was white in anger.

"Put him down or we are friends no longer."

Rhys heaved and threw Robin in a heap in the dust. "Then I will leave him go. And we are friends no longer the same." He whirled and pushed his way through the crowd.

Dylan walked to where Robin sat in the yellow clay dust brushing at his torn clothes. He stared down, his eyes edged with sadness, as if for things over and done and never to come again. He held out his hand, but Robin ignored it. "You are a fool, little minister." His puffed eyes held a bitter, mocking burn. "Look at them—your flock, shepherd. Blood. Old Testament retribution—that's what they want now." He sneered. "A God of wrath, that's the ticket to sell them; but your God of love you'll have a hard time peddling here." He came to his feet, eyes scanning the crowd, standing stiff and still in anger. "My thanks to the Price Hill nine for the use of their facilities. As for you, reverend, perhaps we will meet again—in hell, the most likely possibility." He bowed and walked easily through the watchers.

If the incident on the ball field had been all that came from Robin Guy's public embarrassment of an inexperienced young pastor, it would have been forgotten. But it acted like a pebble tossed into a placid pond, sending out ever-widening circles of repercussion. First was the anger of Rhys. My bullheaded brother could neither forgive nor understand Dylan's unwillingness to take his revenge that night at the ball field. There was a premium on physical courage held by the Welsh miners. At a challenge or insult a man fought—no choice, even though the odds might be heavy against him.

That same night he and my father had it out too, Glynnis weeping and the argument spilling over into every disagreement they had ever had dating back to Rhys's cradle days. So it is when two hotheads are butted together. In the morning Rhys was gone, passing out our gate with his suitcase, not looking back, while my mother watched from the front window, her nails digging into the lace curtain.

Down to old Liza Pen Bach's he went—ROOMS FOR GENTLEMEN—if any can envision gentlemen working the coal pits. He and my father went on sharing the same room of coal, speaking only when they must.

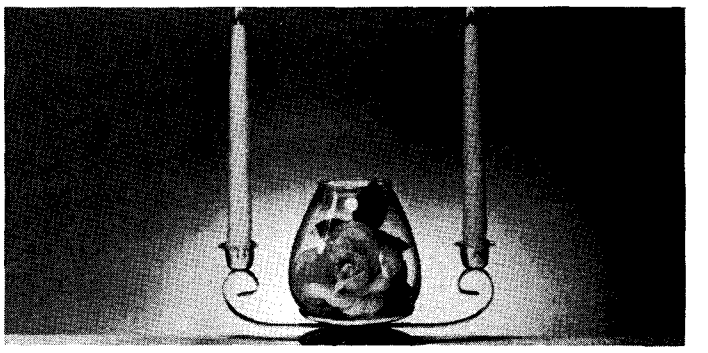
My mother tried hard to cover the loss, the worry, talking to cover the gaps of silence when my father would sit at the table, staring into space, his favorite dishes scarcely touched. I knew why he worried. The incident with Robin Guy had rubbed many of the proud chapel members the wrong way, and a sizable group was all for calling a meeting of the deacons and deciding what course to pursue. If Dylan Vaughn were turned out, it would not be the first time for that.

A week went slowly by and Dylan Vaughn did not come to our house. I was sick inside for Glynnis, and with it was the fear that Dylan, by his silence, was playing into the hands of the gossip about him that did not improve with each retelling up and down our valley. Fair game is a minister at best, living life in a glass bowl as he must.

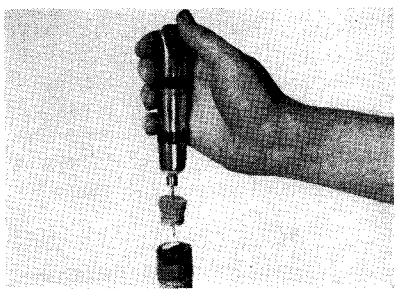
I found him in his study at the sagging old parsonage where—after a fashion—he lived, if a few sticks of furniture and nosy old Angaharad Collins coming by to fry a meal or swipe at the woodwork could be called living.

"You do not come to see us or Glynnis," I said.

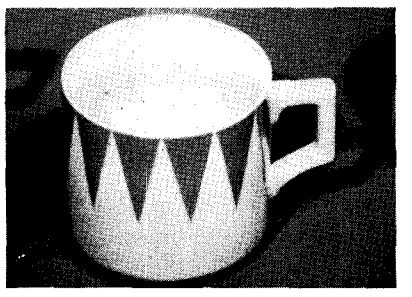
New, easy gifts-by-mail-service for Post readers!



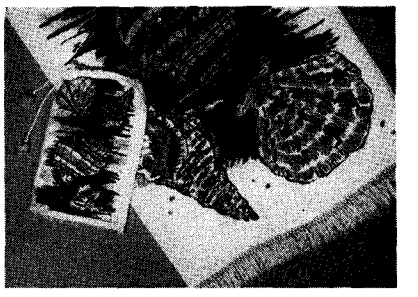
Glowing candlelight and a beautifully bursting rose
Dramatically different candelabra combines removable glass bowl on the center pedestal of brass-finish candelabra with candles in holders. Candles match the color of big, beautiful rose in bowl. So decorative on dining table, fireplace, vanity, buffet, shelf. Complete set $2.95 ppd.



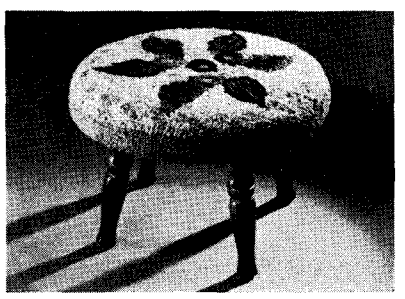
Ends bottle-cork battle
Amazing push-button cork remover has hollow handle with harmless instant-action cartridge causing cork to pop out when needle is inserted in wine bottle corks. Cartridge lasts for 30 cork removals. Replaceable cartridges available at local stores. $10.00 ppd.



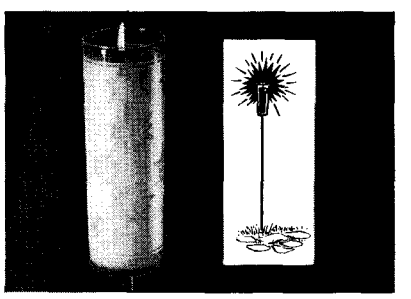
Big, bright mugs for 6
Set of six imported mugs of white oven-proof china, each with a bright border in a different color. Full 10-oz. size for tea, coffee, milk, soup, toddies. Just perfect for holding pencils, candy sticks, flowers. 6-pc. set $3.98 ppd.



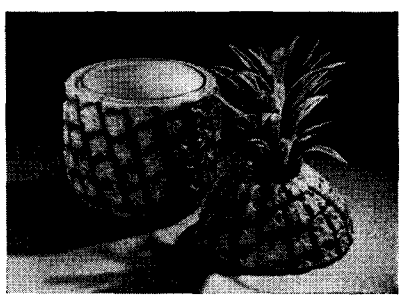
Beach towel and bag set
Matching terry cloth beach-mates with big, beautiful seashells in splash of hand-printed, vivid colors on white. Fringe-edged towel in sweeping 36x 72″ stretch-out size. Deep, roomy plastic-lined tote bag; drawstring. Set $6.98 ppd.



Early American comfort
Delightfully decorative cricket stool serves as extra seat for TV viewing or conversation, also for leg-stretchout comfort. 13″ seat covered with Early American type "hand-hooked" multicolored pad. Maple-finish legs. 10½″ h. $5.98 ppd



Candles glow, insects go
New 50-hours citronella candles in yellow color to light up outdoors, to repel annoying insects. Safely enclosed in windproof glass holder, fireflies-flicker design. 43″ tall on aluminum stake, 7″ stuck in the ground. 4 for $7.50 ppd. Refills 98¢.



The talk of any party
Imaginative ice bucket looks like a big, lusciously ripe pineapple for decorative usefulness. Golden yellow vinyl plastic crowned with green. Foam-insulated glass liner, removable for washing. Cubes last 5 hrs. 1½-qt. size. 15″ h. $9.98 ppd.

Shop by mail with
Susan Dale

Mail this ORDER FORM Today! Satisfaction Guaranteed!
SUSAN DALE, Dept. B17-62, 195 North St., Teterboro, N.J.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

How Many	Name of Item	Price

Orders sent Postage Paid in U.S.
No C.O.D.'s. No stamps, please.
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED ▶

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
293 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Enclosed are orders for four 2-year SATURDAY EVENING POST subscriptions and my remittance of $43.80. Please ship the bowling ball as follows:

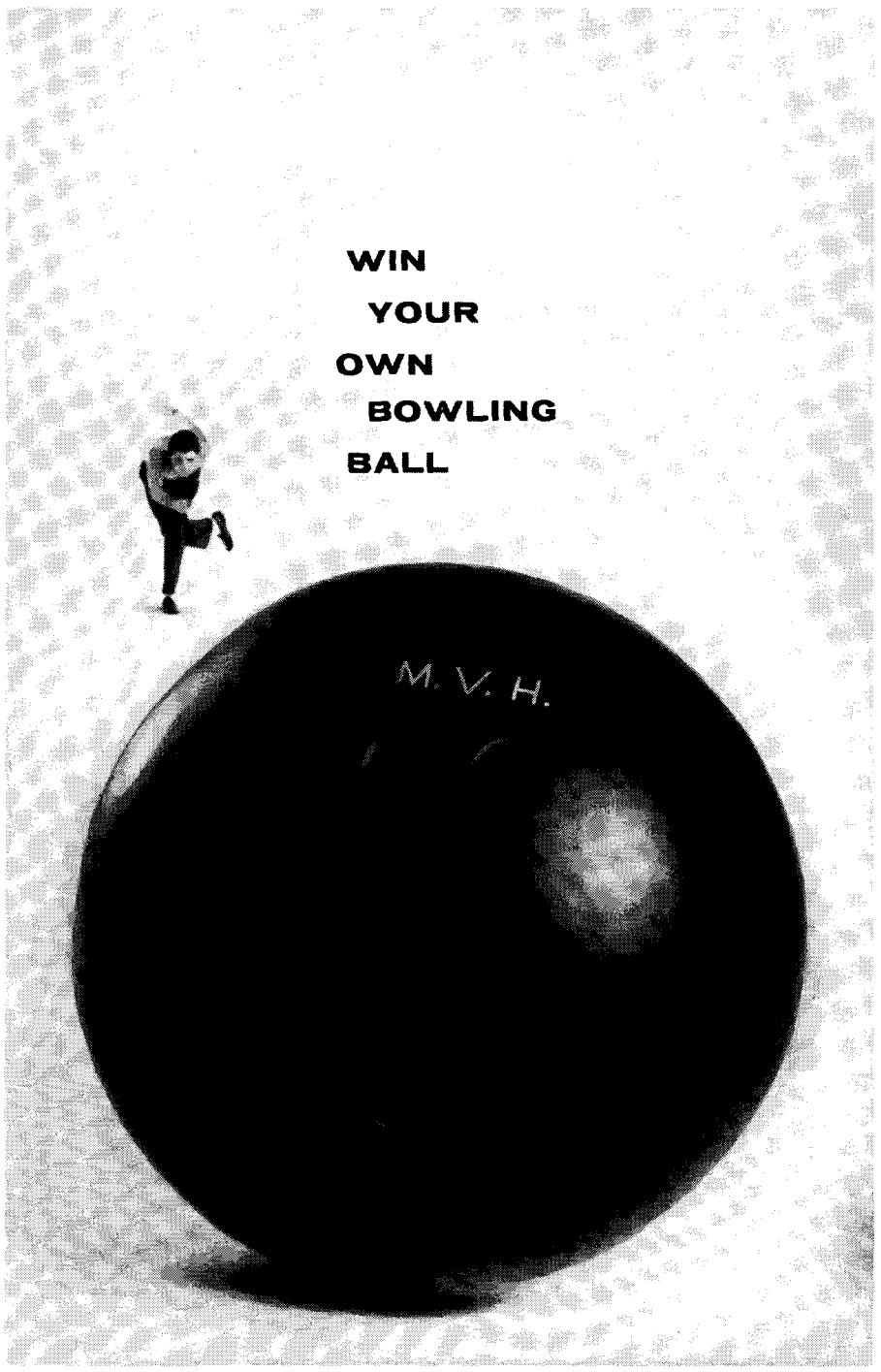
NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

Check weight desired:

Heavyweight ☐ Lightweight ☐ Featherweight ☐



Within a single week YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year SATURDAY EVENING POST subscriptions at $10.95 each and we'll send your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewal subscriptions count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball of your choice. Be sure to specify weight desired. When you receive your ball, take it to your local bowling alley and use the manufacturer's authorization which accompanies it to have it bored to fit your hand and your initials put on without charge.

This offer is good in the U.S. only, until September 30, 1962.
Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

SHEPHERD

"I know, Evan, lad." He fumbled for his pipe. I waited patiently until the bowl of dark shag was lighted. "Evan," he spoke around the stem gripped in his square teeth, "because I did not thrash Robin Guy, the talk is that I was afraid. Do you agree?"

I looked at the floor. "It is the way of Price Hill, sir."

He came to his feet and paced back and forth. "To strike a bully is one thing; to strike a troubled derelict when what he needs is help in body and soul—that I cannot do." He shook his head. "Will they ever understand? That sometimes it takes a greater courage to refuse a thing than to blindly accept? That love is stronger than hate, and compassion overcomes revenge?" He came and took me by the shoulders. "There is a good lad you are, Evan. Sorry I am for this part of it; brother against father; Glynnis, your good mother and the rest torn both ways—and because of me." He was silent a moment. "Go now. And tell Glynnis this—that I love her, but by my choice I am a minister first and a man second. And given the second chance I would act as I did to Robin Guy."

He came with me to the front door. I was standing there, my eyes marking the warped porch boards in the moment when the whistle up at Number Nine screamed in the summer afternoon and ran on and on. I looked to the reaching headframe of Number Nine, and I thought of my father and Rhys somewhere below and my feet would not move. Then Dylan Vaughn had my arm and we were running together.

They had the area at the main shaft roped off and guarded by the time we got there. Pushing through the crowd, I heard a man call to another, "A series of cave-ins and they say there may be twenty of the boys in the pinch, mind."

I shook the man by the shoulder. "What section?" I yelled. He opened his mouth, then shut it. "Be you Glynn James's boy?" he said. At my nod he turned away—a better answer than words. And if my father were trapped in Section Ten-East, then Rhys was with him.

The waiting is the worst—standing in the hot sun with the sweat like tears in your eyes and a little prayer tearing its agony each time the cage comes up and the stretcher-bearers move out. I said to Dylan Vaughn, "I must go in, if they will let me. To hell this waiting."

"Good old boy, Evan. And I with you. Fetch lamps, can you?"

I brought two caps and two lamps from the washhouse. Even then it seemed no good. "I let you by, reverend," Sim Williams on guard shouted, "and there'd be hell to pay. You'd only be in the way or get lost, and then my neck would be in the gravy for fair."

"I loaded four summers. Pennsylvania hard coal. Fair enough?"

"Why the hell didn't you say, reverend?"

"Nobody asked me. Please to move aside now?"

To myself I wondered if Dylan Vaughn had run a bluff to get us inside. He stepped on the swaying cage of heavy timbers bound with strap iron. The hoisting engineer kicked the brake and started a fast trip to the bottom with a sickening drop, and Dylan Vaughn only stood there, calm but alert-eyed. I had my answer.

On the bottom it was a bedlam of shouting voices, signal bells, mine mules and carbide lamps bobbing above blackened faces. They had just cut through, and the first men came stumbling down the main entry. I saw Elias Prosser come by on a stretcher, one boot turned at right angles to his knee.

I tried to count the men walking and carried as Dylan and I pushed ahead up the crowded entry and turned off on the parting leading to Section Ten-East. I counted seventeen and stumbled on with fear quickening like a knife twisting inside me. On the second leg of a long S turn in the parting, I collided with a man hurrying head down, his lamp gone, and we fell together across the rails. The yellow wash of my lamp touched at a gray beard stubble on a face smeared with blood, and I screamed, "Da! Da!" And then there was the voice of Rhys shouting my name, and arms—whether those of my father or brother or both, it mattered not—were crushing me.

"There, there, Evan," my father said. "Stop those old tears, boy, lest we all get going." He nodded to Dylan. "This is my fourth of these and nothing worse than cuts. God is not ready for me yet."

"Let us get from here, Da," Rhys urged. "Yonder the whole roof is working. If it goes, then five is your unlucky number. Well?" He hesitated as Dylan tugged at his arm, saying, "We figure there is still one man missing. What of him, Rhys?"

"No good there. Working alone, and the roof had him from the waist. We did what we could; then he told us to go while we had time."

My father shook his head. "He has my lamp and a bit of water. Beyond help—poor devil—poor old Robin Guy."

"Robin Guy," Dylan Vaughn said softly. "Like a rat in the trap now." He turned. "I cannot leave a man to die like this. If I pretend to be a servant of God, I cannot."

Rhys's blackened face worked. "Then either you are a damn fool, Dylan Vaughn, or shame us now with courage." He pointed into the darkness alive with the groaning of the earth overhead, the gurgle of water in the flooding rooms and the rifle-shot echoes of mine props snapping; and musty in our faces the smell of sulphur and coal and sweat as we gauged each other's eyes. But already Dylan Vaughn was hurrying away.

I looked back to the others; then I hurried after him. Now he was running, and I ran too, frightened as never before with the waiting blackness pressing in from the gaping mouths of the silent workings, and shale falling like mist from the widening cracks above. Once I looked back. The single lamp, weaving, cast slivers of light on the two men beneath; then my sob was of relief and of pride, too, in my father and my brother.

The trail ended in an upheaved tumble of gray muck and shattered timbers. Our lamps cast away on the muddy surface of water up to our knees, and our voices ran echoing back to us when we spoke.

Dylan and I continued forward—he leading—picking our way up the jagged rise of a smashed lateral to the little opening and a wavering light in the telescoped working where Robin Guy lay. We went the last ten feet on our bellies; then there was a hole just big enough to get head and shoulder through, and Robin Guy pinned to his side not five feet from us. Even I could see by the pinched gray of his face that the sands were almost out the glass for him. A light moved behind the dull stare of his gray eyes as he murmured, "Too late, Dylan Vaughn."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I come to help, Robin. What can I do then?"

"Leave, for the love of God!" Robin said, and beads of sweat grew bright on his forehead. "While you can. I am not worth that risk."

"In the sight of God you are a man; reason enough for me to stay."

Robin spoke with eyes closed. "When they are gone, a man thinks of second chances." He arched his neck and now there were dribbles of bright crimson coming from his ears and eyes and nose and mouth. Still we heard him. "I am not afraid. But steady me with your hand and do what you will and—" he broke off and I thought it was over—"forgive me—true shepherd of his flock."

"Evan!" Rhys yelled. "Tell him to come now! Come now!"

I opened my mouth then shut it again, as I saw Dylan Vaughn's white hand reach out and hold with the blackened hand of Robin Guy. "Hurry!" I whispered, suddenly afraid; for all luck runs out sometime.

Over the sound of creaking props and sucking waters raised the voice of Dylan Vaughn. "Hear me, Robin. 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth ——'" And in that moment the hand of Robin Guy went limp and he was beyond our help. I saw Dylan's head bow, and I backed away, for this moment belonged to them.

When at last he slid down into the water where we stood tense with the strain of waiting, his eyes seemed to look through us. "The parable of the lost sheep," he said wearily, as though speaking to himself. "And how Heaven rejoiced more for the lost one that was found than the ninety-nine safe in the fold." He seemed to notice us as he said, "Because of that I came; for he too was of the flock."

"Come, man," my father urged. But Dylan stared intently down the water, his thoughts miles away and blind to the danger closing in.

We went a few yards and turned. He had not moved. Like a statue he stood, the black outline of his face shadowed by the lamp sputtering on his cap. Rhys's voice roared. "Dylan—come!" Then, like an echo coming back, came the soft swishing sound of falling shale, driving Dylan Vaughn face down in the muddy flood water.

Rhys was on him like a cat pouncing and dragged him free. His eyes were closed, with one goose egg behind an ear and another over one eye where he had stuck on the submerged rail. He moaned, then grew still as Rhys bent and slung him over one shoulder and led the way. Free of the water he dogtrotted, my father behind him and I in back, and now the shale, falling faster, lifted the dust choking in our throats while the yards turned to miles.

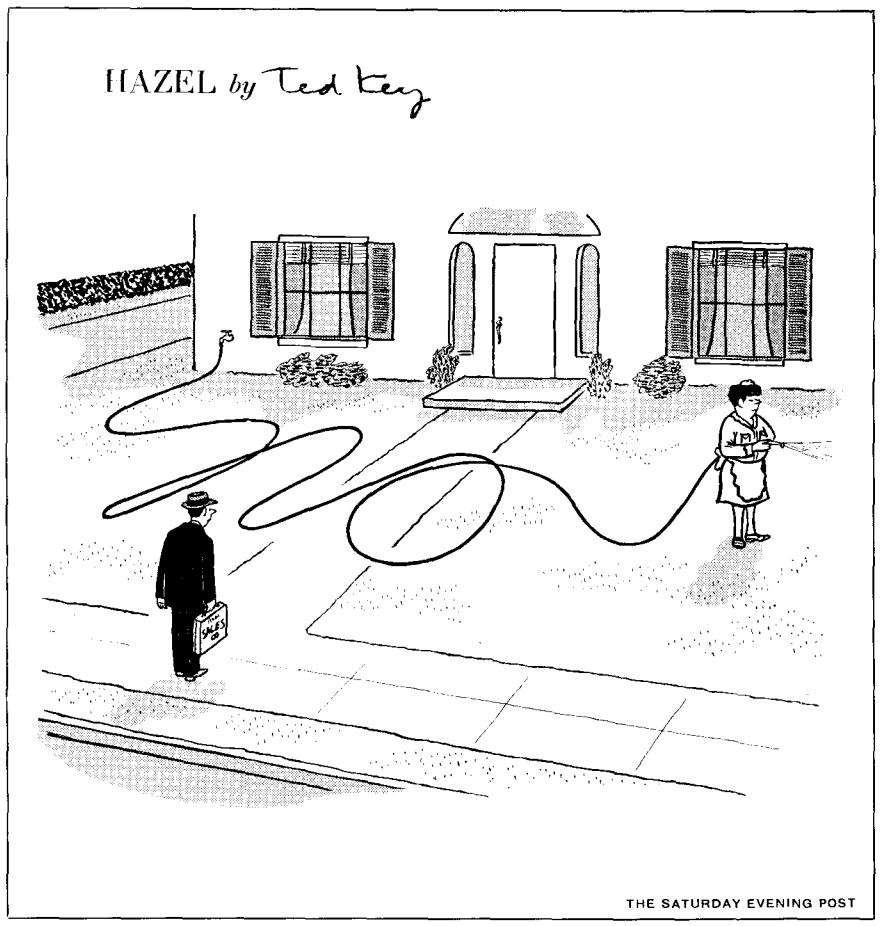
Out of the nightmare into the sweetness of reality we moved as before our eyes lights bobbed at the bottom of the main shaft. "Da," Rhys said, slowing us to a walk and fighting to get his wind, "surely Glynnis will be waiting with the others on top." He patted Dylan's slack figure on the rump. "Then I will dump this load in her lap and tell her she has had a fool for a brother and will have as much a man for an old husband as Price Hill will ever see." He looked at the ground. "And Da, if there is still a place for me at the table, I am coming home—tonight at suppertime."

"There is good, my son. But dinnertime—not supper—remember?"

"Dammo! Dinnertime to be sure," Rhys said, hitting at Da's shoulder. Then my father put his arm down and swept me tight against him and tried to talk, but the words stuck in his throat.

And as we stumbled on toward the light, my heart sang within me, and I knew that no matter how long I would live or how I would fare, never would life be sweeter and dearer than this; and never would I walk in the company of braver men. THE END

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

QUICK
ANSWERS TO
YOUR BIGGEST
TRAVEL
QUESTIONS

Here's the unique new series of guides recently published by HOLIDAY Magazine especially for the traveler who wants concise, practical travel information always at his fingertips.

Already thousands of travelers are finding the HOLIDAY POCKET GUIDES invaluable aids to smoother, more enjoyable trips throughout the world. Each Pocket Guide is bound in a colorful leather-like cover and measures only 2" x 3"—perfect for carrying in purse or pocket.

FIVE HANDY BOOKLETS—Each packed with 64 pages of useful travel information:

1. How to Get a Passport, including: A one minute history of the passport . . . Where to get your passport . . . What to do if you lose your passport . . . What shots to get . . . Where and when you'll need a visa . . .

2. Currency Converter and Tipping Guide, including: Currency equivalents for 138 countries . . . When to buy foreign currency . . . Tipping suggestions for traveling by sea or air . . . When, where and how much to tip throughout the world . . .

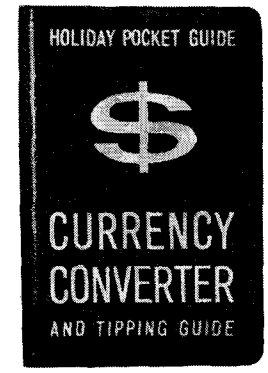
3. Travel Wardrobes for Women, including: Baggage weight allowances for air, rail, ship . . . Basic cool and warm weather travel wardrobes . . . Wardrobe suggestions for traveling by sea and air . . . Regional dress suggestions throughout the world . . . Climate data for 83 key cities . . .

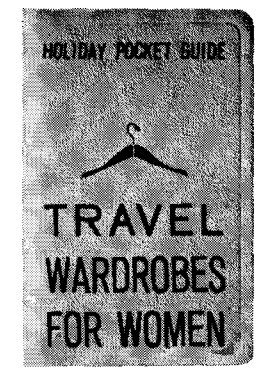
4. Travel Wardrobes for Men, including: Baggage weight allowances for air, rail, ship . . . Basic cool and warm weather travel wardrobes . . . Wardrobe suggestions for travel by sea and air . . . Regional dress suggestions and climate data for 83 key cities . . .

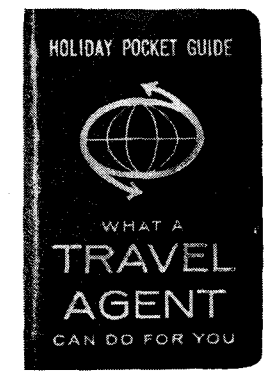
5. What a Travel Agent Can Do for You, including these chapters: Who needs a travel agent? . . . How much does he charge? . . . Choosing your travel agent . . . Choosing your travel plan . . . Special travel agent services . . . Shopping for space . . .

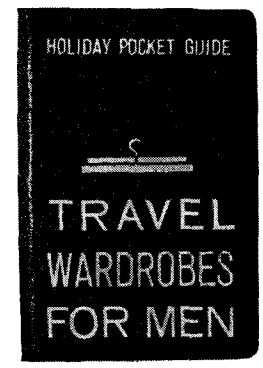
HOLIDAY POCKET GUIDES ARE WONDERFUL TRAVELING COMPANIONS. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR COPIES TODAY! PLEASE DO NOT ORDER THEM FROM HOLIDAY.

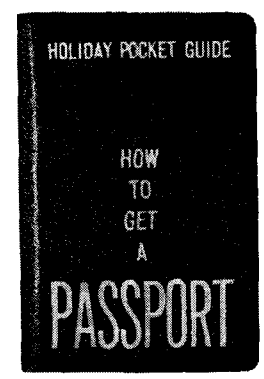
HOLIDAY
POCKET
GUIDES







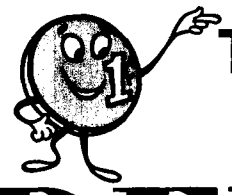




TRAVEL AGENTS:

If you don't already have your HOLIDAY Pocket Guide display unit, write for full information and sample copies: Promotion Dept., HOLIDAY Magazine, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THROUGH MAY 5 · 10 DAYS ONLY!

(These sale dates and prices are applicable only in the United States)

REXALL 1¢ SALE

JUST A FEW OF THE BARGAINS AT TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE PLUS A PENNY!

REXALL ASPIRIN — 100, reg. 64¢ — **2 for 65¢**
No finer aspirin at any price! 5-grain. Also: tin of 12, reg. 14¢, **2** for **15¢**

Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH — Pint, reg. 89¢ — **2 for 90¢**
Kills contacted germs within 30 seconds. Amber color; fresh, spicy taste.

PANOVITE VITAMINS — 100 tabs., reg. $2.98 — **2 for $2.99**
Provide adults with more than their daily needs of all essential vitamins.

RUBBING ALCOHOL — Pint, reg. 79¢ — **2 for 80¢**
Rexall formula soothes aching muscles. Now in new unbreakable plastic!

MONACET APC COMPOUND — 100 tabs., reg. 98¢ — **2 for 99¢**
Gives 3-way relief from headaches and cold discomforts, reduces fever.

AEROSOL SHAVE CREAMS — Reg. 98¢ — **2 for 99¢**
Rexall Ready Shave or Lavender creams, reg. or refreshing menthol.

CHILDREN'S LIQUID VITAMINS — 4-oz., reg. $1.25 — **2 for $1.26**
Polymulsion. Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, B_{12}, C, D. Pint reg. $3.89, **2** for **$3.90**

SUPPORT STOCKINGS — Reg. $4.95 — **2 pair $4.96**
Durable, all-nylon "Sheer Comfort" by Spuntex. With seams or seamless.

GARDEN PARTY MIST COLOGNE — Reg. $1.50 — **2 for $1.51**
Four aromas, Dusting Powder, **2** for **$2.01,** Mist Perfume, **2** for **$1.51**

BOXED STATIONERY — Reg. $1.00 — **2 for $1.01**
Gift quality. Choose from 7 smart designs, including airmail markings.

HOUSEHOLD GLOVES — Reg. 89¢ pair — **2 pair 90¢**
Pink; natural latex rubber. Non-slip surface, curved fingers. Sm., med., lg.

TOOTH-BRUSHES — **2 for 50¢**
Nylon bristles. Child's, **2** for **30¢.** Youth's, **2** for **40¢.** Adult's, **49¢**

MEDICINE CHEST

- ☐ **REXALL BUFFERED ASPIRIN.** For people who can't take reg. aspirin. 100's, 98¢, **2** for **99¢**
- ☐ **KLENZO ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH.** Ruby-red; spicy cinnamon flavor. Kills contacted germs in 30 seconds. Full pint, 79¢, **2** for **80¢**
- ☐ **REXALL EYELO.** Relieves eye irritations due to smoke, dust. 8-oz. with eye cup, **2** for **99¢**
- ☐ **FUNGI-REX** for athlete's foot. 1½-oz. Salve or Ointment, reg. 98¢, **2** for **99¢.** 2-oz. Liquid, **2** for **90¢.** 4-oz. Aerosol, $1.69, **2** for **$1.70**
- ☐ **ALCO-REX** alcohol rub, 16-oz., 59¢, **2** for **60¢**
- ☐ **HISTACALMA LOTION.** Soothing skin anesthetic with antihistamine. 6-oz. liquid, reg. $1.10, **2** for **$1.11.** 1½-oz. cream, **2** for **97¢**
- ☐ **REXALL WITCH HAZEL.** Pint, 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
- ☐ **ELIXIR TERPIN HYDRATE.** Ammonium chloride and antihistamine. 4-oz., 79¢, now **2** for **80¢**
- ☐ **BIOKETS** for minor throat irritations. Vitamin C plus antibiotic and anesthetic. Vial of 15 Troches or 10 Lozenges, reg. 79¢, **2** for **80¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA.** Plain or mint-flavored. 12-oz., regular 59¢, now **2** for **60¢**
- ☐ **REXALL FOOT POWDER.** 4-oz., 49¢, **2** for **50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL DIAPER RASH OINTMENT. 2** for **76¢**
- ☐ **EUDICAINE SUPPOSITORIES.** 12, **2** for **$1.40**

TOILETRY SAVINGS FOR MEN & WOMEN

- ☐ **BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY.** $1.25, **2** for **$1.26**
- ☐ **REXALL RO-BALL DEODORANT.** 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
- ☐ **CARA NOME FACE POWDER.** Loose or compact. Each shade, reg. $1.25, now **2** for **$1.26**
- ☐ **DUSTING POWDER.** Lavender Dusting or Adrienne Bath Powder, with puffs, **2** for **$1.76**
- ☐ **CARA NOME FACE CREAMS.** Cold Cream or Special Dry Skin Cream. $1.25, **2** for **$1.26**
- ☐ **MASCARA NOME** automatic applicators. Black, blue, green or brown. **2** for **76¢**
- ☐ **SPRING LILY FRAGRANCE.** Dusting Powder, $1.75, **2** for **$1.76;** Cologne, **2** for **$1.51;** Beauty Soap, 4-cake box, **2** for **$1.51,** and dainty Mist Cologne, reg. $2.50, **2** for **$2.51**
- ☐ **CARA NOME HAND LOTION,** now **2** for **99¢**
- ☐ **FAST DANDRUFF TREATMENT SHAMPOO.** New 8-oz. plastic bottle, reg. 98¢, **2** for **99¢**
- ☐ **REXALL AEROSOL TOOTHPASTE. 2** for **99¢**
- ☐ **POWDER PUFFS.** Wide choice, now **2** for **26¢**

VALUES IN VITAMINS

- ☐ **REXALL VITAMIN B_1.** 50 mg., 100's, **2/$2.26**
- ☐ **REXALL VITAMIN C.** 100 mg., 100's, **2/$1.20**
- ☐ **GER-RITE VITAMIN & IRON TONIC.** 12-oz. liq., $2.79, **2** for **$2.80.** 80 tabs, **2** for **$4.80**
- ☐ **REXALL B_{12} CONCENTRATE,** 100 tablets: 50-mcg., $7.95, **2** for **$7.96;** 25-mcg., **2** for **$4.86;** 10-mcg., **2/$2.31;** 5-mcg., **2/$1.21**
- ☐ **PANOVITE CHEWABLE VITAMINS.** For people who can't swallow vitamins. Gives 1¼ to 2½ times minimum daily requirement of all vitamins with known minimums. 60, **2/$2.01**
- ☐ **PANOVITE VITAMINS WITH MINERALS.** Helps insure balanced vitamin-mineral nutrition. Bottle of 100, reg. $4.95, now **2** for **$4.96**
- ☐ **BREWER'S YEAST TABS.** B_1, B_2. 100's, **2/80¢**
- ☐ **REXALL COD LIVER OIL.** Pint, **2** for **$1.60**

FOR FIRST AID

- ☐ **REXALL ADHESIVE TAPE.** Wide or narrow. ½" x 5 yd., **2** for **26¢;** 2" x 5yd., **2** for **76¢;** ½" x 10 yd. or 1" x 5 yd. roll. . . **2** for **44¢**
- ☐ **REXALL NEOMYCIN BACITRACIN,** antibiotic skin ointment. ½-oz., reg. $1.42, **2** for **$1.43;** with Polymyxin, ½-oz., $1.58, **2** for **$1.59**
- ☐ **AEROSOL MERTHIOLATE.** For cuts. **2** for **99¢**

STATIONERY AND GIFT WRAPS

- ☐ **BALL PENS,** disposable type. 39¢, **2** for **40¢**
- ☐ **ALL-OCCASION GIFT WRAPS,** now **2** for **16¢**
- ☐ **DELUXE BOXED NOTES.** Now **2** for **$1.01**
- ☐ **RAYON CURLING RIBBON.** 75-ft. spools. Regular or self-adhering type, reg. 25¢, **2** for **26¢**
- ☐ **TYPEWRITER TABLET.** Regular 39¢, **2** for **40¢**
- ☐ **DELUXE BOXED STATIONERY. 2** for **$1.51**
- ☐ **CRUSHED RIPPLE POUND STATIONERY.** Pkg. of large flat sheets or envelopes, **2** for **90¢**

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

- ☐ **AEROSOL AIR REFRESHER.** Reg. 98¢, **2** for **99¢**
- ☐ **PINE OIL DISINFECTANT.** Pint, **2** for **$1.30**
- ☐ **TARGET INSECTICIDE.** 7-oz., 87¢, **2** for **88¢**
- ☐ **AEROSOL MOTHPROOFER.** $1.95, **2** for **$1.96**
- ☐ **INSECT REPELLENT AEROSOL. . . 2** for **$1.20**
- ☐ **FLASHLIGHT,** 2-cell, plastic, 59¢. . . **2** for **60¢**
- ☐ **EXTENSION CORD,** 6-ft. Reg. 59¢, **2** for **60¢**
- ☐ **NEW "2-TON" EPOXY GLUE,** now **2** for **99¢**
- ☐ **CASCADE CELLOPHANE TAPE.** 39¢, **2** for **40¢**

☐ **GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES** Rexall. Adults' or infants'. Jar of 12, reg. 53¢, now **2 for 54¢**

☐ **SACCHARIN** 1000's: 1-gr., **2** for **$1.60;** ½-gr., **2** for **$1.31;** ¼-gr., **2** for **$1.20.** 100's: 1-gr., **2/56¢;** ½-gr., **2/46¢;** ¼-gr. **2 for 36¢**

☐ **ENVELOPES** White, jumbo packs. Business or Social size, **2** for **26¢** Business, **2** for **16¢.** Social size, regularly 10¢, now **2 for 11¢**

☐ **PLAYING CARDS** Double-deck bridge, reg. $1.98, **2** for **$1.99.** Single-deck for bridge, poker, pinochle, $1, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **HAIR NETS** Nylon mesh in regular or bob size, regular or extra-fine mesh. Choose from popular shades. Reg. 10¢ each, now **2 for 11¢**

☐ **REX FILM** High-speed Panchromatic all-purpose film. Gives sharp, clear pictures. 620, 120, 127 size. Regularly 55¢, now **2 for 56¢**

☐ **MOTH FUME CRYSTALS** Elkays. Kills moths and larvae. Big pound can, reg. 89¢, now **2 for 90¢**

YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE IN A REAL DRUG STORE

BARGAINS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

- ☐ **ELITE LINEN TABLETS.** Letter or note size, plain or ruled, regular 25¢, now **2** for **26¢** Pack of matching envelopes, now **2** for **26¢**
- ☐ **BILLFOLDS.** Genuine leather. Men's and Ladies' styles. Reg. $2.00, now **2** for **$2.01**
- ☐ **REXALL PEROXIDE.** 3%. 10 Vol., Pt., **2** for **46¢;** Bleach, 6%, 20 Vol., 4-oz., **2** for **26¢**
- ☐ **QUIK-SWABS.** 100 single or 54 double-tipped cotton applicators, 3" long, now **2** for **40¢**
- ☐ **LIGHTER FLUID.** "Kleer Flame," 49¢, **2** for **50¢**
- ☐ **COMBS.** Choice of styles, colors. Nylon: 49¢, **2** for **50¢.** 39¢, **2** for **40¢.** 29¢, **2** for **30¢** Hard rubber: 35¢, **2** for **36¢.** 23¢, **2** for **24¢** Contour, **2** for **26¢;** Plastic, 10¢, **2** for **11¢**
- ☐ **HAIR BRUSH.** Many styles. Now **2** for **$1.01**
- ☐ **SYRINGES.** 2-year guarantee. Fountain type, regularly $3.89, now **2** for **$3.90.** Combination Syringe and Hot Water Bottle, $4.59, **2** for **$4.60.** Handy, easy-to-pack Hydaway Travel Syringe, reg. $1.98, now **2** for **$1.99**
- ☐ **REX RAZOR BLADE DISPENSER.** 20-double-edge, fine quality blades. Reg. 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
- ☐ **REXALL "BABY CARE" LINE.** Large 10-oz. Lotion, Oil or Shampoo, reg. 89¢, **2** for **90¢**
- ☐ **REXALL BABY TALC.** 1-lb. can, 89¢, **2** for **90¢**
- ☐ **COTTON BALLS.** Rexall's sterilized surgical cotton for nursery needs. 130, now **2** for **70¢**

SURPRISE BUYS
NOT 1¢ SALE ITEMS, BUT EXTRA VALUES DURING THIS SALE

- ☐ **REXALL LOW CALORIE DIET AID.** Delicious, balanced liquid diet. 3½-lb. powder, $6.75 val., **$3.83;** 8-oz. powder or powder packs, **68¢;** Liquid 8-oz. 6-pack, just **$1.44**
- ☐ **WOODBINE STATIONERY.** 100 sheets, 50 matching envelopes. Regular $1.98, **98¢**
- ☐ **FLASH BULBS.** Westinghouse. 12 M2, reg. $1.56, **$1.14;** No. 5, reg. $1.80, **$1.29**
- ☐ **EVERAIN OSCILLATING SPRINKLER.** Gives rectangular coverage. $6.95 val., **$3.99**
- ☐ **50-FT. GARDEN HOSE COMPLETE WITH LAWN SOAKER.** A $4.98 val., only **$2.99**
- ☐ **QUIK-BANDS,** adhesive band. 45's, **43¢**
- ☐ **QUIK-TEL THERMOMETERS.** Easy-to-read. Oral, rectal, stub types. Reg. $1.89, **$1.09**
- ☐ **REXALL FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE.** Fortifies teeth enamel against harmful acid-causing bacteria by use after eating. **3/89¢**
- ☐ **MARASCHINO CORDIALS LIPSTICK.** Vivid, moisturizing. Reg. $1.00, now **3** for **$1.25**
- ☐ **AEROSOL DUSTING POWDER.** Only **98¢**
- ☐ **REX WATCHES.** Men's, ladies'. . . . **$8.88**
- ☐ **REX COLOR MOVIE FILM.** 8mm. Price includes proc. by Technicolor. $3.98, **$2.85**
- ☐ **PLAYTIME POOL SET.** Big 6-foot pool, 5-piece set. A $9.95 val., now only **$5.99**
- ☐ **CAR SEAT,** spring-cush., $2.98 val., **$1.69**
- ☐ **MIST COLOGNE.** 4 aromas. $2.50, **$1.19**
- ☐ **AIR MATTRESS.** A $3.98 val., now **$2.99**
- ☐ **BATH SCALE.** $6.49 value, now. . . . **$4.49**
- ☐ **NYLON HOSIERY.** 87¢ pr., or **3** for **$2.61**
- ☐ **BUBBLE BATH.** Reg. $1 boxes, **3** for **98¢**
- ☐ **PICNIC SET.** Plastic 22-pc., 98¢ val., **79¢**
- ☐ **MINERAL OIL.** Quart, **75¢;** Pint. . . . . **49¢**

This advertisement is run on behalf of 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective April 26 through May 5, 1962, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities, subject to compliance with applicable laws. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, California.

Rexall products are sold only at Rexall stores. Ask for the Rexall Brand in the store with this sign.

YOUR Rexall STORE

NOW . . . YEARS . . . EVERY REXALL PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOT WEAPON IN THE COLD WAR

At President Kennedy's urging, the Army is beefing up its Special Forces, the politico-military experts who are trained to combat Red guerrillas around the globe. • BY JOSEPH KRAFT

Camouflaged assault: tough troopers on amphibious maneuvers in the swamps near Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Into the rugged mountain country of northeast Laos one day last year a military helicopter dropped a Thai interpreter and a small party of American soldiers, headed by Capt. James Ibsen, Special Forces, United States Army. While his men hacked out a base camp, Captain Ibsen, a medical sergeant and the interpreter set out to make the rounds of the nearby villages. Their mission was to organize a native force for resistance to Communist guerrillas. It was, to put it mildly, a difficult and dangerous assignment.

The captain and his men were in the fluid no man's land between the pro-Western Royal Laotian Army and the Communist Pathet Lao. The local natives were Meo tribesmen, traditionally hostile to both the Lao and the Pathet Lao. Ibsen had never met any Meos. He knew little of their country, less of their tongue. A full day's march separated him from the nearest allied forces.

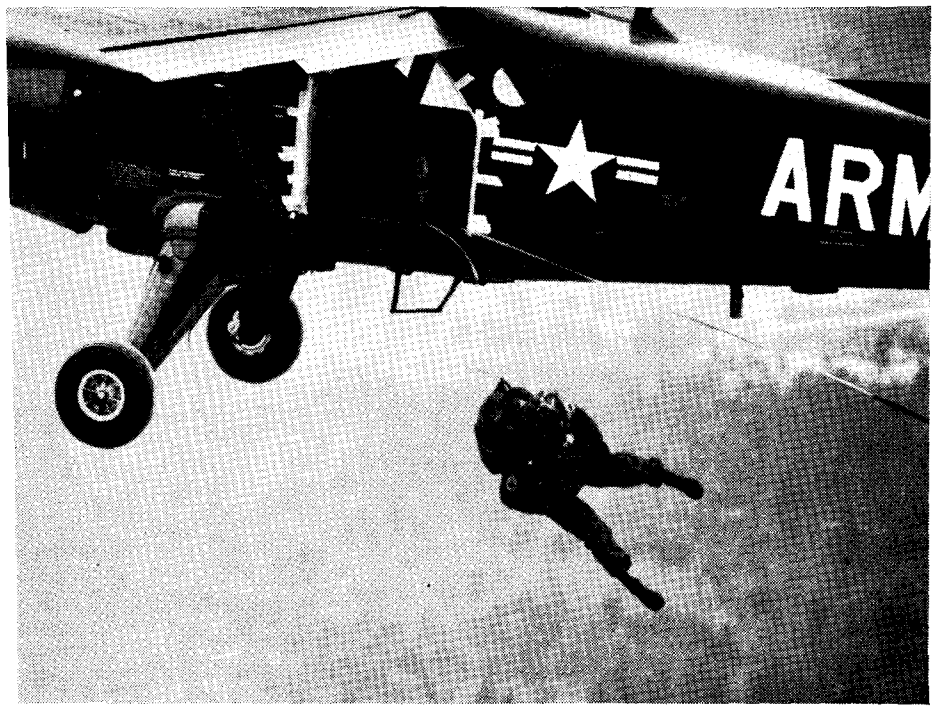
In approaching the Meos, the captain first gave gages of friendship. Medical services—at the rate of 250 treatments daily—were made available. Demolition equipment was handed over for village construction projects. Instead of taking food, the Americans shot their own game, caught their own fish, and paid generously for rice and fruit. In that climate of good will, Captain Ibsen raised the question of recruiting a force.

The Meos were not enthusiastic. They asserted that in the past soldiers of both the Royal Lao and Pathet Lao forces had marched over their lands and taken their food. They feared that letting men go away for training would expose the villages to attack. They also feared that a commitment to one side was bound to bring reprisals from the other. In rejoinder, Captain Ibsen pointed out that, whatever happened, the Meos would be better off with trained men than without them. He arranged a revolving training schedule so that only a few men from each village would have to be away at a given time. He promised continuing protection and, if need be, evacuation of the Meos to safety. And all the while he kept distributing medical aid and supplies.

When the Americans pulled out of the area three months later, they left behind three companies—or about 600 Meos—trained in basic discipline, in the use of small arms and in guerrilla tactics. The Meos, thus trained, had chased all Pathet Lao bands from the immediate neighborhood. They were bringing in daily intelligence reports on Pathet Lao movements in adjoining areas. They had stimulated other Meo tribesmen all across northern Laos to ask for similar training. The mission, in short, had been accomplished.

Its success symbolizes the addition of a new weapon to this country's defense arsenal. Through its Special Forces, the U.S. Army is developing in all corners of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Jump exercises are routine for the Special Forces, all of whom are paratroopers. The organization's 3000 soldiers are scattered across three continents and are trained to operate in independent groups behind enemy lines.

Foreign-language training is part of the course for the "Harvard Ph.D.'s of warfare," whose job is helping civilians resist guerrilla control in remote areas.

the world the capacity to organize, train and guide low-level but effective resistance to penetration by Communist guerrillas. "These men," one of their top leaders, Brig. Gen. William Yarborough, has said of the Special Forces, "are the Harvard Ph.D.'s of the Special Warfare art. They represent a universal weapon as good in cold war or in periods of subbelligerence as they are in hot war."

There is nothing new about resisting guerrillas. Caesar did it. But Special Forces are an export item, designed to be sent abroad to the assistance of friendly governments. Like most American exports they bear a distinct trademark. With the use of force they combine the doing of good works, the bringing of medical care and all the other arts of progress.

Behind the development of this new American weapon lies a long record of success by unconventional forces in the postwar years. According to one Defense Department analysis, there have been twenty-eight different armed conflicts since the end of World War II. Only two—in Korea and at Suez—were fought along conventional lines, and both were inconclusive. In China, Indochina and Cuba ragged and ill-equipped forces achieved decisive victories over more modern armies. In Cyprus and Algeria irregular forces tied down large numbers of regular troops for long periods, and into the bargain won important political victories. In only three campaigns—against the Communist guerrillas in the Philippines, in Greece and in Malaya—have regular forces been able to win decisive victory.

Not all the guerrilla forces, of course, have been Communist-dominated or even Communist-inspired. But as in so many other fields, the growth of a successful child has occasioned a Communist claim of paternity. Mao Tse-tung's extensive writings on guerrilla warfare have been billed as the bible on the subject; Ché Guevara's book—*The War of Guerrillas*—as the work of an apostle.

But in actual fact, the United States has a better claim to a patent on guerrilla warfare. From the French and Indian wars through Marion in the Revolution, Mosby's Rangers in the Civil War and Merrill's Marauders in World War II, Americans have always shown a gift for unconventional tactics. When the Korean war touched off this country's postwar rearmament, the Army, as part of its general expansion, established a Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Its mission was to train units for guerrilla operations behind Soviet or Chinese Communist lines in the event of an all-out war. "If they started something big," one Special Forces colonel says, in describing the operation, "we'd be in their backyards."

"They" did not start "something big," and, while training continued, the Special Forces in effect withered on the vine. Under the joint pressure of financial stringency and the doctrine of "massive retaliation," the Army concentrated its resources on missilery. The remaining energy went into the big battalions and their tanks, jeeps and artillery. The possibility that Special Forces might be used *against* Communist guerrillas was simply neglected. An ex-Army Chief of Staff, commenting on the Indochina war in 1954, observed: "It's a guerrilla war, and you know what that means. It means we can't win it."

The turning point came early in the Kennedy Administration. At a White House meeting with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the President observed that, while there was much talk about nuclear warfare and conventional warfare, he was actually faced in Laos and Vietnam with two unconventional, or guerrilla, wars. In effect, the President asked the Joint Chiefs what was being done to prepare for these wars. Caught unprepared, the Chiefs at first had no answer. Under prodding, they rallied to the idea of using Special Forces. Since then the green light has been on.

The President himself has watched a Special Forces demonstration at Fort Bragg. Widely publicized speeches supporting the Special Forces have been delivered by two of his appointees: Walt W. Rostow, former deputy special assistant for national security and now policy-planning chief in the State Department, and Roger Hilsman Jr., State Department director of intelligence and research. The chief military exponent of the Special Warfare concept, Brig. Gen. Edward C. Lansdale, sits as an assistant to the Secretary a few doors down the hall from Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara. The ceiling on Special Warfare manpower has been raised by 150 percent—up from 2000 to 5000. Special Warfare troops have been authorized to wear a headgear unique in the U.S. armed services—a green beret.

Besides the beret one of the things that is most special about the Special Forces is organization. Though still very small—probably fewer than 3000 effectives currently—the Special Forces are scattered across three continents. They include four Special Forces groups: the 1st based in Okinawa; the 10th based in Bad Tölz, Germany; and the 5th and 7th based at Fort Bragg. They also include two schools for training American and foreign officers: one teaching in English at Bragg; the other, in Spanish at Fort Gulick in the Canal Zone. A Psychological Warfare battalion at Bragg completes the picture.

The business end of the operation lies in the four Special Forces groups, each numbering about 500 men. All volunteers, they are, according to Col. Clyde Russell of the 7th Special Forces Group, "the finest soldiers in the United States Army." Their training includes stints at Army schools in amphibious, arctic, mountain, desert and jungle warfare. All are paratroopers. Experienced in judo and other forms of hand-to-hand combat, they have a detailed knowledge of weapons ranging from the bow and arrow to the howitzer.

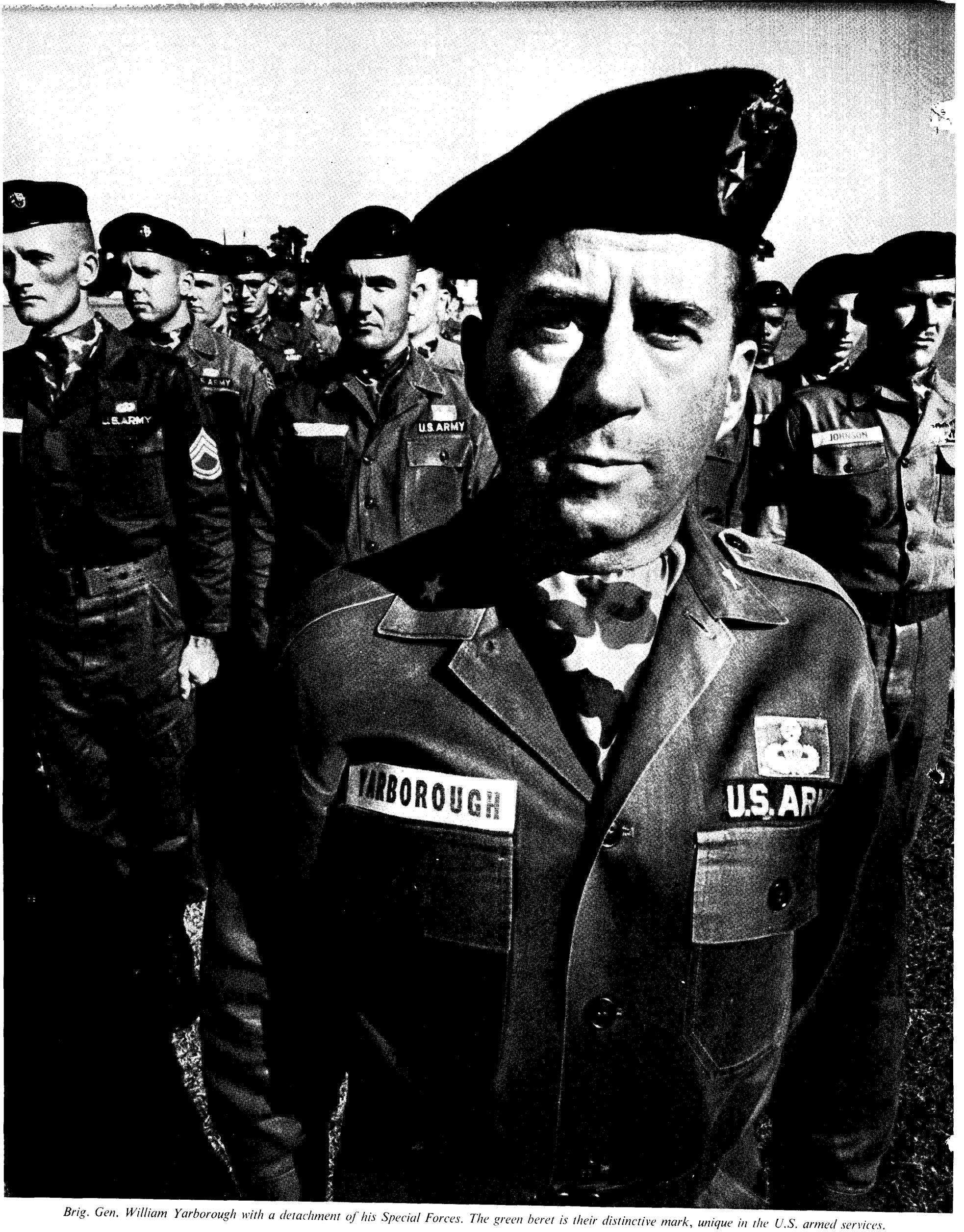
Above all, the Special Forces are expected to be able to work in small groups far from friendly bases. The basic unit of the Special Forces is a team of two officers and ten enlisted men—two intelligence specialists, two demolitions men, two weapons men, two medics and two communications men.

In selecting the men, maturity counts at least as much as courage; the average Special Forces trooper is thirty-two years old and has eleven years in the service. Half are married men with families. Their ability to take care of themselves in a pinch has astonished even veteran officers of other units. A captain who jumped with a Special Forces unit into a Georgia swamp recalls that when they reached the base camp, only ten of the twelve men were on hand. He pointed out that two were missing, expressing apprehension that they might be lost or in trouble. "If they can't find their way back alone," the Special Forces officer countered, "they're no use to me anyway." Several hours later they did come back, one at a time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grueling conditioning at Fort Bragg develops endurance and fast-strike mobility, essentials for keeping constant pressure on hit-and-run guerrillas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Brig. Gen. William Yarborough with a detachment of his Special Forces. The green beret is their distinctive mark, unique in the U.S. armed services.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because the Special Force Groups are geared less to doing the fighting themselves than to training others, their activities involve large numbers of staff officers in both the American military and in the forces of those countries receiving training. Captain Ibsen's mission, for example, had to be co-ordinated with the general staff of the Royal Laotian Army by American officers of the MAAG (Military Assistance Advisory Group) in Laos. The education of these staff officers to the possible opportunities for antiguerrilla operations is one object of the Special Warfare schools.

To date, the school at Bragg has graduated more than 700 officers from forty-two countries. American graduates include officers of all three services and a wide variety of civilian agencies, including the Central Intelligence Agency. Most of the military graduates go out to work in the MAAG's which the U.S. now maintains in more than forty countries.

The school at Bragg is equally, if not more, important as a source of doctrine for the guidance of field units. The teachers—many of them holders of advanced degrees in the social sciences as well as combat veterans—have studied exhaustively all the postwar guerrilla conflicts and notably the successful campaigns against Communist guerrillas in Greece, Malaya and the Philippines. On the basis of these studies they have put together field manuals and teaching handbooks of strategy and tactics for counterinsurgency operations—an American rejoinder to the works of Mao and Guevara.

The tactical doctrine concentrates on beating the guerrilla at his own game. It lays great stress on taking the offensive against guerrilla bands. "The big mistake of most modern armies," one instructor at Bragg asserts, "is to sit back, guarding the roads and the big towns; they give the countryside away." Emphasis is also put on hunting guerrillas in small packs. According to Army Field Manual 31-15 on *Operations Against Irregular Forces*, "the majority of operations consist of small unit actions." [Another Special Forces handbook says:] "Penetration of the dense guerrilla jungle requires the endurance and performance of small units whose principal strength lies in the foot soldier and his individual weapon."

Acquiring—by helicopter, boat, auto, bicycle or even mule—greater mobility than the guerrillas is considered of vital importance. It is equally vital to keep the guerrillas always on the move. FM 31-15 suggests the maintenance of "constant pressure" by "vigorous combat patrolling and continued attack." The handbook says: "Attack, attack, attack directly into the guerrillas, vigorously at all times. This will surprise them and take the initiative away."

Political doctrine, however, has inevitably eclipsed tactical concepts. Special Forces come into play only at the request of a foreign government beset by guerrillas. Once committed, the Special Forces men appear in uniform, working side by side with the forces of the beleaguered government. Thus the commitment of Special Forces is itself a political act.

There is, moreover, something intrinsically political about the nature of guerrilla fighting. Even when heavily supported by an outside power, guerrilla forces rely on friendly segments of the local population for concealment, for food, for medical assistance and very often for new recruits. The guerrillas may use terror tactics to bend the local population to their will. But almost always they also manage to represent some cause; they appear, in other words, to be fighting against the central political authority on behalf of a local political, social, economic or religious grievance. In that way they "identify" with the local population.

Special Forces counterguerrilla doctrine accepts the political challenge head on. It acknowledges—in FM 31-15, for example—that "the growth and continuation of an irregular force is dependent on support furnished by the population." The task of counterguerrillas, therefore, is to sever the link between the guerrillas and their civilian support.

One obvious way to break the tie between guerrillas and their civilian support is by what the military calls "population control." As set forth in FM 31-15: "The activities and movements of the civil population are restricted . . . to prevent a guerrilla force from mingling with it and receiving support." Among the possible restrictions cited are these:

1. Prevention of illegal political meetings or rallies.
2. Registration and documentation of all civilians.
3. Inspection of individual identification documents, permits and passes.
4. Restrictions on public and private transportation and communication means.
5. Curfew.
6. Censorship.
7. Controls on the production, storage and distribution of foodstuffs.
8. Controlled possession of arms, ammunition, demolitions, drugs, medicines and money.

All this sounds like the charter of a police state, and it must be added that Special Force training does not emphasize such measures. On the contrary, the Special Forces have been criticized for failing to explore fully the possibilities of police control. But rightly or wrongly they are not interested in holding a hostile population in check. They seek to win positive voluntary loyalty. As one Special Forces trooper puts it: "We want to be liked, not feared." To that end, it is a key part of Special Forces doctrine that any government they are helping must undertake basic reforms to remove, or ease, the causes of dissatisfaction. The reform measures are defined in Special Forces terminology as "the positive program." It includes measures for development of housing, education, public health, public works, public administration, industry, commerce and transportation. These reforms are designed to forestall movements for radical change. As one of the Special Forces handbooks says: If a way can be found for *evolutionary* changes to satisfy the people's demands, there will be small chance of a guerrilla force getting enough support for violent, *revolutionary* changes."

In the application of the positive program for social reform, Special Forces doctrine assigns a key role to the military. Special Forces literature is crowded with examples of public services undertaken by the armies of underdeveloped countries: building roads in Vietnam; teaching school in Turkey; setting up bus services in Burma; constructing power plants in Colombia; clearing playing fields in Peru; supervising free, honest elections in the Philippines. General Lansdale maintains that when the army of a new country undertakes missions of public works, welfare, health and education, it is "on the true field of combat in the Cold War—among the people of the rice paddies and the villages." In his view, and in that of most of the Special Forces men, the army is the natural vehicle of progress in the underdeveloped world.

In carrying out their duties, moreover, Special Forces make a point of what high schools call "good conduct." "Courtesy, deportment and other such traits must be excellent," says one of the Special Forces handbooks. Whether these tactics of the Special Forces can turn back Communist guerrillas is still to be seen. In Laos and Vietnam the results are not yet in. The chief models for Special Forces doctrine—the campaigns in Greece, Malaya and the Philippines—are all special cases: the Philippines and Malaya, because remoteness from Communist territory complicated guerrilla logistics; Greece, because the guerrillas were cut off when the Yugoslavs closed the border after quarreling with Moscow.

One general area of difficulty, however, is apparent. It springs from the enormous difference between what is applicable to this country and what can work in the underdeveloped world. The very fact of color difference imposes enormous handicaps. In Asia and Africa, as Prime Minister Nehru reminded President Kennedy, white troops are generally viewed with great suspicion. Equally important differences arise from the marked gap between the level of civilization in this country and the underdeveloped nations.

A striking example of the gap lies in the psychological-warfare aspect of Special Forces work. The Psychological Warfare Battalion at Bragg has one of the most modern printing setups in the country. Besides printing in several colors, it folds, cuts, binds and bundles leaflets. But it also weighs many, many tons. It will probably never leave Fort Bragg. It will certainly have no effect in the jungles of Laos or Vietnam, where hardly anyone can read.

There is also a political disjunction. Leaders in many of the underdeveloped countries take the view that they can come to terms with the Communists outside their border while containing those inside. That policy has been applied—with results that are at least not disastrous—by Egypt, Iraq, India, Burma, Cambodia and others. It is the essence of neutralism. But this country's responsibilities are global. It is in America's interest to hamstring the Communists, not only within a particular country but all along the international front. American armed forces, of course, are committed to that job—and none more so than the Special Forces. Accordingly, what seems to neutralist leaders sensible compromise often seems to Special Forces men humiliating retreat. Thus, in direct conflict with the neutralist creed, one of the Special Forces texts proclaims that "Communism is the enemy." Another shows a map of Southeast Asia with this caption under Cambodia: SEES RED RULE AS INEVITABLE NOW, AND ITS RULERS HOPE TO STAY ON AS STOOGES FOR RED EMPIRE.

No doubt some accommodations can be made to harmonize American custom and outlook with conditions in the new countries. "If they wear Buddhist charms," one Special Forces soldier says, "so can we." But geography, tradition and race impose limitations. It is clear that this country's antiguerrilla role will always have to remain that of an assistant helping other countries, at their invitation. As Walt Rostow says: "The primary responsibility for dealing with guerrilla warfare in the underdeveloped areas cannot be American." THE END

Photographs by Larry Fried

EYES IRRITATED BY
SMOKE?
SOOTHE
YOUR EYES WITH
MURINE
Handy squeeze bottle
MURINE For Your EYES
Also in glass bottle with dropper
Murine is isotonic, which means that it blends perfectly with natural eye fluids. That's why it soothes so quickly, floating away discomforts of smoke, dust, glare, etc. Keep Murine handy at home, at work, in your car. Use it often to relieve that "tired eye" feeling.
The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. ®Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

Our Watered-Down School Books

What is the purpose of education in a democracy? Is it to fill people's heads with facts and figures that will be filed away and forgotten? Or is it to try to provide them with some insight and understanding for the problems they will have to face and the decisions they will have to make?

Three centuries ago John Milton said in his famous essay, *Of Education*, "I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War." No one has yet improved upon that definition. Never before have we so badly needed men who could perform "justly, skilfully and magnanimously." Even the best that our society can produce will find it hard enough to cope with the problems of the nuclear world.

Yet there is disturbing evidence that we are deliberately impairing the understanding and insight of our young people in two of their most important studies: civics and history. In a recent article in *The School Review*, published by the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Education, Prof. Mark Krug poses this question: "Does not the exaggerated objectivity of the textbook writers . . . fail to stimulate in students a genuine knowledgeable commitment to the democratic system of government and way of life, fail to imbue them with a desire to improve our society, and fail to prepare them for intelligent choice making, which should be the basic characteristic of a citizen in a free democracy?"

Professor Krug is not the only authority who is concerned about "exaggerated objectivity" in our civics and history books. Henry Steele Commager, the eminent historian, says, "The whole purpose seems to be to take out any ideas to which anybody might object and to balance all sections and interests."

A textbook analyst of the Board of Education of New York City says: "Many of the textbooks are strangely dull, lifeless and bear striking resemblances to one another. . . . Critical of neither the past nor the present, they encourage little respect for the historian's craft. . . . They betray a basic lack of confidence in presenting this country full face because some of the warts may show. . . ."

These are serious charges. How can our young people understand the difficulty and the complexity of the world they live in if we oversimplify its problems and water down every controversy to suit the popular taste?

As an example of this bland treatment of a controversial issue, Professor Krug points to the textbook, *Our American Government*, and the way it handles the Supreme Court decision of 1954, which outlawed segregation in the public schools. This, he says, is "in many ways an admirable book." Here is an excerpt:

> The problem of educational opportunity is especially real in some sections of the country where different schools are provided for children of different races. In such cases the minority group often suffers because of its inferior schools.
>
> In 1954 the United States Supreme Court made a decision that separate schools for Negro children were unconstitutional. This decision caused much controversy, but there was general agreement, however, that some system must be developed to provide equal educational opportunities for all children.

The decision caused a great deal more than "much controversy." It caused Little Rock and massive resistance. It caused the President of the United States to order the 101st Airborne Division into Little Rock, because we are a government of laws, and ultimately it caused people to obey the law. It is misleading to say that "there was general agreement that some system must be developed to provide equal educational opportunities for all children."

This statement leaves room for the "separate but equal" doctrine, which is the very thing that the Supreme Court outlawed, and there was violent disagreement about that.

Another popular textbook, *Civics for Americans*, cited by Professor Krug, explains the poll tax as follows:

> . . . several states require the payment of a *poll tax*. This means that a voter must pay a certain amount of money in order to vote. The amount is small, perhaps one or two dollars. However, some states which require a poll tax also require that it be paid for a certain number of years before an election. If a voter has neglected to pay his tax, he may find that he owes ten dollars or more. If the voter is poor, he will probably not be able to pay his poll taxes and therefore he will lose his vote.

The truth about the poll tax is that it is an iniquitous device that has been used through the years to deprive Negro citizens of the right to vote. The truth also is that it is wholly incompatible with democracy. It now appears that it finally will be repealed by constitutional amendment.

The genius of the American system is its capacity for self-improvement. If we do not like something, we can change it without shooting our leaders. We believe in the truth. Unlike the Communists and other totalitarians, we admit our faults and our failures, because admitting them is the first step toward correcting them.

When John Glenn sat in his capsule waiting for the Atlas rocket to hurl him into outer space, no one knew for sure whether his mission would succeed. Yet we told the whole world, because as Colonel Glenn later said, "We are not ashamed of what we are doing, and we don't feel we have to hide it." To us that was the greatest glory of the event—greater than the technical achievement, greater even than the courage and the dignity of John Glenn.

If we can tell the world the whole truth at a time like that, how can we do less for our schoolchildren?

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1962 PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

You can't miss the change that's come across the nation—today people are full of modern ideas, full of vitality. Call it thinking young. It's the right life for light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. Think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"

Pepsi-Cola

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get Lucky

the taste to start with...the taste to stay wit

The taste of a Lucky spoils you for other cigarettes. Here's all the taste a man could ask for—the fine-tobacco taste of Lucky Strike. Taste is the reason Luckies are the favorite regular cigarette of college students... the reason Lucky smokers stay Lucky smokers. Get the taste you'll stay with. Get Lucky.

REMEMBER HOW GREAT CIGARETTES USED TO TASTE? LUCKIES STILL DO

© A. T. Co.

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED